

'The Unutterable Message

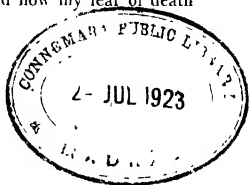
By the same author

THE QUEST FOR THE GENUINE

By a Votary of the Spirit of this
Quest

The Unutterable Message

("I have a letter from my Beloved : in this letter is an 'unutterable message, and now my fear of death is done away.'"—*Kabir*)



BY ONE WHO CAN ATTEMPT
TO UTTER THE MESSAGE
BECAUSE HE *must*

REFERENCE

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REFERENCE

FOREWORD

When reading this book, it must be apparent to one who is thoroughly *au fait* with Schopenhauer's metaphysic, that behind all the somewhat inaccurate gag and patter contained in it is to be found an initiation of deliverance. Gleams of enlightenment which many seekers in many ages have sought in vain. A whisper of the glad tidings which have been told repeatedly all along the ages, but which have fallen (with scarce an exception) upon deaf ears, or have been only partially understood. And for the lack of this saving understanding the world to-day groans in anguish ineffable! The inaccuracy of the gag and patter arises through an attempt to translate into popular phraseology that which can be accurately expressed only in a highly technical jargon. On the other hand, to one who is not thoroughly *au fait* with Schopenhauer's metaphysic, these writings may appear to be no more than the vagaries of a disordered mind! Consider it well! There is all that difference!

The metaphysic of A. Schopenhauer is a transcendental analysis of *empirical* reality. It tells us the truth (however unwelcome this may be) about the illusion of mortal selfhood and its supposed objective reflex (the world of mortal experience). It is rarely that Schopenhauer indulges in conjectures as to what might be. It is the grand privilege of his successors to discount the accident of the illusion that the metaphysical—the will—the moving-spirit—could be divided against itself, and to reach in fervent hope, with glowing conjecture, beyond the grave and death. Easy to say! Yes! But by the saving grace of seeking first instinctive understanding, both easy and grateful to achieve!

EPITOME

"The New Psychology" by empirical methods arrives at the startling conclusion that human conscious being is (in the main) dominated by the "unconscious." Prevalent "Realism" postulates that each object-in-itself human possesses an "unconscious" of his (or her) own. From the standpoint of "Transcendental Idealism" all "unconscious" in its innermost being must be One!

The instinctive subjective belief in many "unconsciouses"—in many wills—in many souls—in many spirits—each an object-in-itself, having no bond of union between them, has as its objective reflex or correlative an actuality fraught with possibilities of the empirical reality of discord. Believing is seeing! Misunderstanding is dis-ease, death, bondage!

The instinctive subjective understanding of the transcendental at-one-ment of all "unconscious" being—of all willing—of all moving-spirit—has as its objective reflex "the genuine"—actuality fraught with ineffable concinnity—made perfect in One! Understanding is the resurrection and the life! Understanding is life, peace, freedom!!

(Note.—The term "concinnity" should be construed to mean not only complete harmony, but also graceful ease, fitness, convenience, perfect adaptation of means to end!)

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INTRODUCTION

When writing a book it is somewhat difficult to avoid appearing in the character of a didactic doctrinaire. To inaugurate a new dead letter of dogmatism is the last thing which the author of this book desires. These pages contain a number of suggestions submitted for the consideration of the reader!

A word of caution! In those chapters and passages which deal in metaphysical subtleties, that which other authors (*e.g.*, Schopenhauer) have extended over, say, ten pages, is frequently condensed into one or two lines. To one who is not familiar with the extended reasoning of the ten pages, the one or two lines can mean no more than cryptic hieroglyphs. Moreover, the one or two lines must appear to be mere dogmatic utterances without a shread of justification. To recapitulate in extenso that which has already been adequately dealt with by other authors (*e.g.*, Schopenhauer) would needlessly enhance the cost of this book. Suffice it to say that the statements made, although they may herein appear to be mere dogmatic utterance, are linked up with the most profound investigation. Moreover, be it remembered that the aim of this discourse is not to promote unstable-minded introversion—high-browism, intellectualism—of the type which harasses and embarrasses, but to advocate a quest for the genuine by the simple and comfortable process of autosuggestion of transcendent truth in response to the promptings of daily mundane experience. The simpler the method of procedure the better! It is the feet of one and of all which need to be washed, not the head! Vide John 13. The pseudo-events in one's own immediate surroundings, the fortunes (termed good or bad) of one's intimate friends, the news which one may receive by letter or read of in the daily

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press—all the signs of the times—constitute pages in one's own especially appropriate Child's Guide to Understanding, by the incessant use of which emancipation from the dread illusion of mortal selfhood, for one and for all, can certainly be attained to.

To correctly differentiate between legitimate use of The Child's Guide and that which I have termed monkeying with "The Monkey's Paw," requires refinement of subtilty. On the one hand, the very simplest autosuggestion of transcendent truth by the most simple-minded and unlearned person if undertaken with the sole aim and object of attenuating the illusion of mortal selfhood, universally, is a rift in the clouds, is a Lux Mundi—washes the feet of one and the feet of all! The efficacy of the Lux Mundi depends entirely upon the spirit in which the autosuggestion is undertaken—upon the spirit which prompted it. If in making use of it there is the slightest suspicion of an attempt to "help" anyone outside there, to put things right outside there, the Lux Mundi is stultified. In making use of the autosuggestion with the aim of putting things right outside there, one is—all-unconsciously may be—arrogating to oneself the prerogatives of a deputy Providence. Do you not think it possible that the normal dispensations demonstrating that misunderstanding is dis-ease, death, bondage, may be wiser than the dispensations of human myopy?

The Transcendental Analysis of Empirical Reality as made by the metaphysician profoundly modifies conventional notions respecting the world which the mortal inhabits. For it reveals the objects severally comprising all actuality to be (not irrelative objects-in-themselves, but) ideas—my relative ideas concerning this which in its innermost being is the totality—the alpha and the omega—the potentiality of all actual being, knowing, and doing.

Viewed from the standpoint of idealism (using the term "idealism" in the strictly philosophic meaning) the daily round and common task become invested with sublimity: the most ordinary every-day environment becomes a work of art fraught with possibilities of revelation of "the un-

INTRODUCTION

utterable message." On the other hand, even the fourth gospels, viewed from the standpoint of "Realism," may be misinterpreted to constitute the deadliest poison! **May** be with the best intentions, Theological Realism has, submit, taken this cryptic message of consummate initiation, ground it to powder, and for nigh on two thousand years has been busily employed in flinging the dust so engendered in the eyes of humanity. Moreover, to heap horror on horror's head, during the 19th century, *some* of the dustmen of theological realism entered into an unholy alliance with another (totally independent) army of dust throwers—the pseudo-scientists. And the blend of their respective dust-bins has been flung far and wide to constitute a dust-storm in the desert. (N.B., the legitimate function of the churches is to present the eternal verities in the guise of beautiful allegory. So long as the churchman confines himself to this legitimate activity, who shall gainsay him? But when he proceeds further and claims infallibility for his literal interpretation of these allegories he becomes numbered amongst the dust throwers!)

Through these blinding clouds of dust has the true seeker groped his way along the pathway of his quest. Now is the dust storm in some measure abating around the true seeker, and in the lull his thankful eyes receive the kindly light—in his bosom grow content and quiet!

Respecting the pseudo-scientist, in justice to him it must be registered that the empirical reality of mortal experience is the legitimate sphere of his investigations. He is justified in accepting the so-called facts of the empirical reality as known to the mortal as his data. So-called natural science has no other data from which to set out upon its investigations. The transcendental analysis of empirical reality lies within the metaphysician's sphere of activity and investigation.

It is on record that two eminent German chemists fully investigated the contents of a ~~ding~~ dung-heap! It is scarcely to be expected that amongst these unsavoury waste-products they found the beauty and the perfume of the rose! Nevertheless, the results of their labours have been of great benefit to farmers throughout the world. So-

called natural scientists are (in the main) occupied in investigating the contents of a dung-heap—i.e., the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding. The fruits of their labours may be of the utmost value from the standpoint of human expediency. Let us award merit where it is justly due! The results of the investigations of pseudoscience may be gloriously useful to humanity in the pursuit of that which is, humanly speaking, advantageous and expedient. But in the contents of a dung-heap can never be found the beauty and perfume of the rose. The elixir of life can never be found amongst the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding (at least, only negatively so). All that can be attained to by mole-like burrowing in the earth earthy is the means to “carry on” after some sort of fashion the unnatural existence misnamed life! The activities of the pseudo-scientist may enable the mortal to progress with greater rapidity and convenience round the vicious circle of mortality, (directly) they can never indicate a means of exit from this vicious circle. And yet—all roads lead to Rome! Indirectly, the conclusions arrived at by investigating the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding may serve the true seeker in the capacity of a mental spring-board, off which he may take a flying leap out of the vicious circle of mortality.

To the credit of the pseudo-scientist let it be affirmed that he is, in the main, an open-minded investigator, honestly seeking for truth, pledged to maintain no shriek of faction. And though the results of his investigations may have led him to suppose that (in a manner of metaphor) the sun moves round the earth, immediately that reliable evidence were forthcoming that it is the earth which moves round the sun, he would be prepared to forsake his former hypotheses. Can the same be averred respecting the devotee of established religion? To an unbiassed critic of the religious systems termed Christian, it must appear that these affirm that (in a manner of metaphor) the sun moves round the earth. How so? Somewhat on this wise! According to these, each object-in-itself human is postulated (*qua* an actual human) to possess a free will of his own. Now although it is admitted

that the free will of the human can be made to accord with the alien will of an object-in-itself Deity only through the usage of certain supernatural means of grace, nevertheless the human is free to conform with the alien will of the object-in-itself Deity or not as he elects and chooses. Failing conformity of the human free will with the alien will of the Deity, object-in-itself earth must remain foul and the human anything but glad and wise. So that virtually the harmony or the discord of object-in-itself actuality depends upon the good (free) will and pleasure of innumerable object-in-itself humans!

The same inversion of fact is registered in the advice tendered to the human urging him to stand porter at the door of "thought," and to admit only such "thoughts" as are good and true. From the standpoint of human expediency, there may be some relative virtue in the proceeding. But I should like to point out that a profound consideration of the subject reveals that it is not the quality of "thought" but the quality of "feeling" which reflexes itself in the environment of the human. It is the quality of "feeling" (i.e., that which is present in consciousness which is *not* abstract rational knowledge) which reflexes to itself auspicious or inauspicious environment. Then it is expedient for the human to stand porter at the door of "feeling" and to admit only such feelings as are ennobling, invigorating, and cheering. An excellent counsel of perfection! But pause awhile and ask yourself this pertinent question:—Is it possible for the human to stand porter at the door of "feeling" and admit only desirable feelings? I think, if you be honest and discerning, you must admit that, in this connection, vain is the human, vainer is his force! The whole proposition is an inversion of fact—a postulate that the sun can be forced to move round the earth.

Supposing that you take a flying leap out of the vicious circle of mortal misunderstanding misrepresentation and postulate that the earth moves round the sun. That, in a manner of metaphor, there is One-porter standing eternally at the door, who decides (unconsciously) what is to come out of the door into "feeling," conscious and uncon-

scious. That as regards the prevention of anything undesirable coming out at the door, the office of the One-porter is a *sinécure*, for there is nothing but the altogether lovely and the altogether sweet, nothing but the ineffably perfect, to come *out* of the door ! For the door of " feeling " is none other than the natural miracle of reflex-ness within the One-point and which the One-point is within again.

Thus does the earth and everything that's in it move round the sun ! Any postulate to the contrary is pure illusion ! It is One-porter who decides what is to come out of the door of reflex-ness (not a footler of a human). There is room for infinity to come out into an infinity of reflex-ness ! Moreover, in this reflex-ness definitely conditioned supply is the inseparable correlative of definitely conditioned demand. One-moving-spirit (in its innermost being the totality unconditioned) " within," having as its objective reflex a substantial infinite universe wherein the moving spirit may move and disport itself, " without ". Thus does the earth and everything that's in it move round One-sun. Nevertheless, does the earth and everything that's in it " feel " free, because all are at-one in the innermost being with the unconditioned One. Through the interposition of the *Mayas, is the unconditioned Un-attainable One felt, seen, and known as the conditioned attainable many, all perfect in One !

* Properly written " Mâyás," the " â " being pronounced as in " father."

THE LOVE LETTER

I know a fellow in whom the bump of fox-hunt-ative-ness is abnormally developed ! Hunt he seemingly must, and not only that, but in a hunt, he must keep in the same field as the hounds, or as near as makes no matter. Now, although his annual receipts in the shape of salary, dividends, and interest on capital are small, the means at his disposal are immense, to wit, an imperturbable assurance coupled with no mean skill in horsemanship. Hence it comes about that his stud usually consists of the "Ercles," the Multum in Parvos, the Zimris, the Jehoiachins, and the Jezebels, of the hunting field. The only qualification essential to obtain the entrée into his stud is that these Artful Dodgers must be able to get about the country—quick. One day he received a missive from a horse-coping acquaintance requesting a visit. On arrival he was informed that the purveyor of steeds had just the very mare for him—cheap. Said the coper :—
"When you get to the meet on her, you won't covet any horse there. It's getting to the meet on her which is the slippery uncertainty. I would not let you take her without warning you because good folk are scarce." "What is her special villany," asked my friend, "what does she do?" "Do? Why she'll do for you if you don't watch it!" was the reply. "She is a senior wrangleress in manslaughter. There isn't a move on the board for dislocating human necks and breaking human backs that she is not an adept at. Take her and try your luck or leave her!" My friend took her! Of course there are many ways of getting a horse to the meet besides riding him there—you can send him in a bullock-float—but that would not have suited my friend's book. Horse taming was his special hobby, so here was an opportunity of adding to his

lore scarcely to be missed. Having daily endeavoured, by every possible means, to ingratiate himself with his new purchase, after a while, he determined to try conclusions with her. Starting in plenty of time, to allow for delays, he sallied forth. The mare trotted along, all springs and sprightliness. All went well until they reached a cross-roads, where on a small grass plot full at the intersection of the roads, stood a large sign-post furnished with many arms. Now a sign-post well provided with arms was the mare's trusty coadjutor in getting rid of her passengers. For her manœuvring on these occasions had as its design, to get herself and her victim under the arms of the sign-post and then to buck. If she miscalculated her distance and one arm missed the passenger's back, another would dot him one on the head. Quite suddenly, on reaching the cross-roads, she thumped her fore-feet down on the road, as much as to say :—" I'll go anywhere but where you want me to go, and that's that ! " My friend was seized of a sudden inspiration ! Unconcernedly, he took a letter from his pocket and proceeded to read it aloud in a monotonous voice. Every now and then, the mare would look round, rolling her wicked eye, as much as to say :—" When is the pyrotechnic display going to begin ? " You see, on former occasions, when she had delivered her ultimatum, some overweening fellow, not counting the cost in equine devilry, had tried to fight with her—result, sooner or later, an ambulance or a coroner's inquest. As a fact, even the most skilful horseman on the back of a four-legged monster, armed with the cunning of a fiend, stands a precious poor chance ! If the arms of a sign-post or the stout branch of a tree happen to miss him, there are such things as gateposts and walls to bump his legs into ! The peculiar thing about this mare was that you had to start the racket, to hit her, or spur her first, before she would be up to her devilments. On this occasion, finding that no attempt was made to fight with her, she walked on as suddenly as she had stopped. She tripped off to the meet as though she had never contemplated manslaughter, and when it was a case of hey ding-dong and away pop with them all, she fully lived up to the description of her given

The reading of the letter instead of fighting with her always got her to the meet near or about on time. There were trials in patience, now and again, and occasional backslidings, some bad quarters of an hour, or even half hours, fraught with peril; but these occurrences gradually became fewer and fewer, rarer and rarer, till, at last, the mare seemed to have forgotten all about her manslaughtering propensities. And she lived to enjoy a respected and honoured old age!

Now note these points! (1) It was not that the mare had any well grounded objection to hunting on principle. On the contrary, no mare that ever looked through a bridle enjoyed it more. Locked gates of Gargantuan proportions were nuts to her; nuts, however, which she seldom touched, leave alone cracked. I'm convinced that she fairly revelled in boring through a regular snorter of a bullfinch, with a real nasty take off, leaving a disgruntled, pounded, field behind her. No! It was just pure cussedness, a streak of "the Simon pure cuss" in her. She just loved to be contrary for contrariness sake, she only did it to annoy, because she knew it teases! (2) It was the attempt to forcibly coerce her, to drive her, to bully her, which shed the wigs, the scalps, or the mangled corpses, on the green!

This story points a moral. If you appreciate the moral, it will adorn for you that which you might otherwise consider to be a sign of senile anecdote creeping on!

Considered impartially and with profundity, the conscious human pseudo-being and the unconscious human pseudo-being are just a pair of miscreants at loggerheads with one another. In their mutual antagonism, the one to the other, is registered the divided-against-selfness of the illusion of mortal selfhood. It is not that one of them is all right and the other all wrong! Not a bit of it! They are just a pair of miscreant thieves! First one of them, and then the other may be advocating the pursuance of that which is expedient. They do not share a common criterion as to what is expedient. At times the conscious pseudo-being may be urging the adoption of a course of conduct, which, humanly speaking, is very inexpedient,

which sacrifices personal human immediate advantage for the general advantage in the future; the unconscious pseudo-being may strongly oppose this course of conduct, and hold for the immediate satisfaction of its requirements. Sometimes, the converse conditions may obtain, the conscious pseudo-being may advocate the pursuance of that which is humanly expedient and humanly advantageous, whilst the unconscious pseudo-being may hold for that which though humanly inexpedient at the time is fraught with genuine benefit later on. In this latter case, the heart instinctively "feels" what is the right thing to do and disregards the plausible advocacy of the head. But frequently, whatever the one wants to do, the other doesn't want to do—just out of pure cussedness. Just because it is the pseudo-nature of the one to be contrary to the other, for these purport to be nature divided-against-itself. It is not that the one has any well grounded objection to doing what the other wants to do. Not a bit of it! We sometimes see this forcefully illustrated. These two have long been wrangling with one another, to their mutual stultification, over the line of conduct which they shall adopt in co-partnership, when so-called fate takes the matter out of their hands and decides for them. Take as an example the case of a human who has an instinctive aptitude for being busy, an instinctive love for constructive work and for the exercise of the faculties employed in fashioning, constructing, organising. The divided-against-self-ness of mortality (sometimes dignified with the name of "fate") has decreed that this human being, possessed of an instinctive love for labour, and for seeing things grow under the deft manipulation of hand guided by active brain, shall be heaped about with the "callosities of habitual opulence." Whatever his insipid inclination thinks it would like to dally with, there's naught to do but ring the bell or write his name on a piece of stamped paper. And then whilst someone else is busy providing whatever may be required, there is ample time to "loiter, lounging, lank an' lazy; Tho' deil-haet ails them, yet uneasy:"—and grumble because some other human being is not a perfect machine for executing the

sublime commands. It seems an easy solution of the problem for him to become engrossed in one of a score of hobbies. But mortal divided-against-selfness, with the cussedness indigenous to it, holds out the specious lure that happiness is to be found, only, in sports, and balls, and races, in "galloping through public places." That it would be dull, and that he would be a mug, not to avail himself to the full of his opportunities to indulge in these pastimes. These things must be the cream of existence, because so few can give themselves up wholly to amusement! Is he to be condemned and disparaged because he hearkens to the sophistry of human conscious pseudo-being? No! He is to be sympathised with and helped to abate the craving for fancy sweetmeats which turn to gall as soon as they are tasted, shown how to deliberately savour the bread which satisfieth "Our daily bread" is more than mere comestibles! How is it that he cannot see which side his bread is buttered? Because, *qua* a human, he is of his father the devil—a will purporting to be divided-against-itself—and the lusts of his father he *must* do! That illusion that the will could be divided-against-itself is the only murderer, when he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own, for he is a liar, the father of lies and of all lying! But supposing that circumstances, however these may supervene, take that fellow, clothe him in blue jean and set him at a bench. He then and there discovers, to his intense surprise, that the regular work which he formerly held to be the misfortune of the unprivileged many, is a great privilege—a fortune well worth the finding. Although in his erstwhile idleness, the slightest exertion which was not part of some exciting game was a weariness and a burden, he now finds that regular work is the very breath of his nostrils. A mid-day snack at the bench tastes just as sweet as a Champagne luncheon on a race-course. May be, the costly education, which formerly served only to make the bigger fool of him, will be turned to good account. It may enable him to sponsor many inventions, to contrive, scheme, create—and thrive! His heart (the unconscious) is in his work, hence he pursues it with ardent zest. Extraneous circumstances have brought

it to pass that the conflict between two fractions of a will purporting to be divided-against-itself is allayed. The two thieves, willy nilly, have been forced to agree, and something remotely approximating to the honest man comes by something remotely approximating to his own! I have personally known of such a case.

Again, take the case of that much to be commiserated party, the abnormal, highly-strung, hypersensitive. His hypersensitiveness renders him liable to be subjected to the acutest suffering by seemingly trifling events. And his daily existence may be a continuous purgatory in anticipation of the suffering to which his delicacy renders him liable. To the superficial observation of the hardy venturer this hypersensitiveness may appear contemptible and give rise to jeers. But pause before you join in the jeers! That extreme sensitiveness may be the qualification indispensable to performing some special work of the most minute delicacy. Mortal divided-against-selfness may purport to have separated supply and demand—the demand for the special kind of work requiring this sensitive delicacy may not be in evidence. But should circumstances bring demand and supply together, should that fellow and his own peculiar *métier* be brought together, so that at last he have a sphere of utility after his own heart, he may no longer care a rush about his creature comforts. He may be entirely engrossed in the pursuit of his quest to the exclusion of every other consideration. The boot may be on the other foot, it may become imperative to adopt measures to ensure that he take some reasonable care of himself. Or circumstances may set him campaigning, and after the first plunge, which costs so dear to the hypersensitive, he may be discovered to be possessed of secret springs of energy and fortitude hitherto undreamt of. (Just as a thoroughbred horse is all nerves and sensitiveness, but he has reserves of endurance which are lacking in the cock-tail.)

The human is always more or less possessed of his father the devil—divided-against-selfness. Sometimes the conflict between the fractions of will is in abeyance, and the human is apt to award an order of merit, because in con-

sequence of the lull in a particular arena, some sort of order, method, and expedient activity, becomes possible in the arena which constitutes that particular human individual. "To him that overcometh," to him who is seemingly in a maelstrom of conflict between fractions of a will purporting to be divided-against-itself, to him are available vast possibilities of overcoming—for one and all! Vast possibilities to eat of the hidden manna, which no human knoweth of, save he that receiveth it. So that to be in a maelstrom of conflict may be an honourable privilege! Certainly, this arena of conflict may cut a precious poor figure from the standpoint of executive human expediency. What of that? He may eat of the tree of life and feed therewith more than five thousand! His unstable-minded ineffectualness (in human undertakings, termed practical) may be attributable to his response with extreme sensitiveness to conflicting fractions of a will purporting to be divided-against-itself, his daily existence a prodigy of overcoming—for one and for all. The much vaunted stable-minded effectualness of another may be but the outcome of dull unimaginativeness—a failure to enter the lists as a knight of the "unshielded heart"!

The conclusion of the whole matter is that it is the universal illusion of mortal selfhood (not mine, nor yours, the personal responsibility for it) which has as its reflex the empirical reality of antagonism between conscious pseudo-being and unconscious pseudo-being. And the only effectual method of stilling the storm is to hearken to the fiat which the Cross—grand Verity—delivers daily:—"There is no illusion of mortal selfhood."

It takes two to make a quarrel! The conscious pseudo-being and the unconscious pseudo-being are always spoiling for a scrap. And in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it's the conscious pseudo-being which starts the pyrotechnic display. It's a busy-body that conscious pseudo-being! A self-righteous bit of bumptiousness, prone to proclaim its superiority over the unconscious pseudo-being, prone to cast aspersions on the unconscious pseudo-being! Prone to attempt to improve it! Forgetting all the while that the imperfection attributed to the

unconscious is in the beam in its own eye, or rather more conspicuous in its own eye than in that of the pseudo-unconscious. Action and reaction are equal and take place in contrary directions ! It is the antagonistic action on the part of one of them (almost invariably the conscious pseudo-being), which brings about the tendency to react on the part of the other. What are they scrapping about ? (Genuinely), nothing worth the racket, nor the candle which lights up the cock-pit ! It is just the streak of cussedness in both of them which sets them scrapping ! Of both of them it might be said :—" For he can thoroughly enjoy the pepper when he pleases ! " To do what the other wants to do, does seem to them like pepper on the hot-plate ! I urge you not to speak roughly to either of the little boys, to beat neither of them " when he sneezes. " The only hope of allaying the antagonism between them is to cast out *first* the beam which purports to be in the eye of each of them. (Although the " unconscious " cannot be said to have an eye, properly speaking, not a consciously expressing and recognising eye, nevertheless, it has an unconsciously expressing and recognising eye.)

Now how are you going to set about casting out *first* the beam out of your own eye (conscious and unconscious) ? Well, supposing that every time the mare won't go (I speak in metaphor), instead of fighting with her, you have a sudden inspiration, take a love-letter from your pocket and proceed to read it imperturbably ! (You have an infinite supply of them there, always, you know ! And always one to hand exactly suitable to the occasion.) Supposing that, like Kabir, you say :—" I have a letter from my Beloved : in this letter is an unutterable message, and now my fear of death is done away. " One moment ! What is death ? Every vestige of impeded activity is some degree of death ! The illusion of mortal selfhood is death ! For the subjective illusion of mortal selfhood has as its inevitable objective reflex impededness. The illusion of mortal selfhood is divided-against-selfness, which is self-

impeded-by-selfness ! To be mortal is to be possessed of the devil—the illusion of mortal selfhood ! Mortality is death ! Human mortality is the illusion that two factions of a will-divided-against-itself—one conscious and the other unconscious—hold one in thrall as the cock-pit of their scrappings. “ And now my fear of death is done away ! ” It is just the *fear* of divided-against-self-impededness which endows it with pseudo-power ! When once the nothingness of the illusion of mortal selfhood is instinctively understood—when once it is instinctively understood how the devil must flee at the sign of the Cross—that the illusion of mortal selfhood is set at naught by one gleam of grand Verity—that where light is, there is no darkness—then, the fear of death—the fear of the mortal illusion—the fear of the darkness—is done away ! Through the reading of the love-letter with its unutterable message from the Beloved, the fear of death is done away !

It is just reading the love-letter, calmly, with imper-turbable assurance, which allays the seeming antagonism between two factions of a will purporting to be divided-against-itself, brings about at-one-ment between them—which makes the mare go ! No matter how fraught with horror and peril the situation may appear, read the love-letter (suitable to the occasion) in calm assurance. (In the passages with the mare of the anecdote, the process was really an ordeal in passive resistance. If her rider had once got rattled, it would have been all U.P. And it is very easy to get rattled when mares that can go won't go !)

Many a time, I have been filled with wonder and admiration at the resource-full inspiration of a policeman. On these occasions, on the spur of the moment, a policeman has done just the right thing, at the right fraction of a second, thereby turning disaster into triumph ! Without in any way detracting from the gallantry of the policeman, let me remark, that he has been trained to do the right thing on the spur of the moment. That training makes a sight of difference ! If one has been carefully trained how to bell a cat under a variety of conditions, and one is in the habit of belling the cat, daily ; one cat, more or less, to bell has no tendency to upset mental balance

nor to impair equanimity. A great deal of that which is attributed to cowardice should, rightly, be put down to lack of training! Now do you see the incalculable value of just ordinary, every-day, training in keeping one's wool on, in keeping one's head, in not getting rattled, under conditions fraught with the direst peril? In learning how to remain calm, and if there is one chance to a thousand to grip that one chance with a firm hand. One cannot learn this practice in a class, can one? It can only be learnt in the rough and tumble school of mundane experience. Just see what an immense asset it is to have acquired the imperturbability habit, should the call come to read the love-letter. The call is always coming in the "still small voice" of love's messengers of joy, but sometimes the call comes in an earthquake or a raging fire, you don't want to miss any chances to read the love-letter, do you? To read it without ceasing, for the benefit of humanity and of the little ones unborn (for that is what it amounts to, from the illusory human standpoint).

What a wondrous thing to become alive to the fact that the love-letters are always in one's pocket—with one alway—and that the daily round and common task furnish all the instructions necessary as to how, when, and where, the love-letter should be read—for the healing of the nations.

When to read it? Without ceasing! Where to read it? At all times and in all places! How to read it? That is not quite such a simple matter for one who is steeped in "realism"—the belief that there could be such a thing as an object-in-itself. Training in how to read is a great asset. Ability to read the love-letter is developed by use and atrophied by neglect. The zest to fully realise the content of the letter mounts with the reading of it!

And what is the unutterable message in the letter? One, grand simplicity, one glorious refrain, susceptible of infinite variation to suit the particular case. "All are in the Father and the Father in all!" Or if the message is delivered in precise, scientific, terms. "Within One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again." If all be pervaded through and through of

One, how could the shadow of death (impededness) creep in? How could there be any sinning, sorrow, pain, or sighing, in an actuality pervaded, through and through, of One (in its innermost being the Totality)?

What method should be adopted in reading the letter? No method can be prescribed. The correct method of reading the letter is an individual flair, an intuition, an inspiration! It cannot be taught! The best occasion on which to start reading the letter is when everything is *couleur de rose*—it is quite easy to concentrate upon it then. When one is utterly thrilled, through and through, just realise that there is no such thing as a subject-in-itself nor an object-in-itself. But that the intense subjective ecstasy and the objective glory are each the reflex of the other, are the proceeds of the process of reflex-ness which is within the Father—the One-point—and which the Father—the One-point—is within again. To attribute the ecstasy to a subject-in-itself, or the glory to an object-in-itself, is to shatter the spirit of all the commandments in the Decalogue, collectively and severally, in one fell swoop! How would you be breaking the ninth commandment? You would be bearing false witness in this respect. You would be attributing merely strictly limited glory to the object, instead of recognising in it the conditioned manifestation of This which in Itself is Unconditioned, therefore in Itself the Limitless! Ah! If only we would make a constant practice of reading the love-letter when all is *couleur de rose*, when every prospect pleases, when all is peace and harmony! Perhaps there never would be aught but peace and harmony. Who knows? Anyhow if we made a practice of reading from the letter when all was going well, the reading of the letter would become a habit, and then when things began to go wrong we should instinctively pull out a letter and read it, without any to do. The purpose of reading from the letter, N.B., is not "to put things right" amongst the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding, no! These must declare the futility of the illusion of mortal selfhood, whose misunderstanding misrepresentations they are. No, the object of reading from the letter is that misunder-

standing shall be swallowed up of understanding, universally.

But when the earthquake, the fire, the pestilence, strife, agony, boredom beggaring description, happen along. (As a fact, these don't just happen. The possibility of the empirical reality of these is the objective reflex of the subjective illusion of mortal selfhood.) Ah! then perhaps we wish that we had spent all the piping times of peace in reading the love-letter, for then all this would not have happened. Do you know, that is about the deadliest notion you could entertain! Consider it well! Illusion is dis-ease. Receive with joy the priceless opportunity to "come out strong" in bearing in your body (the world which is your misrepresentation) the sins of the whole world. (Even if the trouble is that which would be conventionally described as the result of your own viciousness. Consider it well!) No human individual is responsible personally for the dis-ease (including viciousness) inseparable from the illusion of mortal selfhood which is seemingly universal. Consider it well! From the illusory human standpoint, from the standpoint of human empiricism, it seems that individual humans are personally responsible for the empirical reality of wickedness, war, woe, waste, want! Yes! And as a human expedient it is well to strive with all conscionable fervour to avoid being the immediate procurer of any of these wantonnesses. Yes! But learn respecting your so-called own iniquities to look to the Cross, despising the shame. All this (even your so-called own iniquities) should be received with joy as a glorious opportunity to throw the light into the darkest holes and dirtiest corners of the supposed reflex of a supposed illusion of mortal selfhood. The pair of opposites—good and evil—exist only in relation to the divided-against-selfness of the illusion of mortal selfhood. Let not your heart be troubled! Tho' all about you, blame you for the particular instance of the universal dis-ease inseparable from the universal illusion of mortal selfhood. You have not to be pailed to the Cross, yourself! You have only to look to it. Here, in the welter of confusion, is a grand opportunity to realise

the *Lux Mundi* in the darkest place and hour. It is a work of supererogation to add light to an intensely gleaming galaxy of brightness. From the illusory human standpoint, the triumph is to reveal the omnipresent lustre in the seeming of the blackest gloom. In the darkest place and hour, there and then, is your grandest opportunity!

Then when all about you has the empirical reality of being in the direst confusion. You have a letter from the Beloved! Read it! In that letter is the unutterable message, and now your fear of death is done away!

Many folk, now-a-days, are full of faith that if they read the letter from the Beloved, things will be immediately "put right," right in accordance with that which human conscious pseudo-mentality deems to be right. A fig for such faith! No! In the darkest place and darkest hour, have faith, like unto a grain of mustard seed, that the reading of the letter from the Beloved *must* attenuate, or set at naught, the illusion of mortal selfhood, universally. And in proportion to the fervour of *your* faith so will it be unto you and unto all. It is easy to have faith when all is calm and smiling, but when the hurricane is raging and the frail vessel is reeling to and fro, quivering with the blast, or on her beam ends, not quite so easy. But then is the most glowing opportunity to realise that the ship *was* at the land whither they went, before they ever set out to get there.

In the anecdote about the mare, it was reading the letter unconcernedly, without a thought of coercing her which brought it to pass that she walked on of her own accord. And it is the same about reading the letter from the Beloved. Read it unconcernedly. Until one has acquired the letter reading habit, in case of emergency the human conscious pseudo-mentality attempts to force the contents of the love-letter upon an unwilling listener—the human pseudo—"unconscious." That is of little avail! The human pseudo-unconscious is all of a whirl of antagonism to everything. Read the letter unconcernedly. Some of it is sure to stick. And every time the letter is read it becomes easier to absorb a little of its wondrous meaning. The worst that can happen, in the direst

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The mental abstraction which the word "Idealism" denotes at the head of these pages, is something other than this. The word is here used in the strictly philosophic meaning, and denotes that actuality, *qua* actuality, is ideal, an idea of, my idea of, the subject of knowledge's idea of ! The sentence ends with the word "of," a very peculiar way to end a sentence, but it is better so ! By this peculiar diction a snag is avoided !

"The world is my idea :—this is a truth which holds good for everything that lives and knows, though man alone can bring it into reflective and abstract consciousness. If he really does this, he has attained to philosophical wisdom. It then becomes clear and certain to him that what he knows is not a sun and an earth, but only an eye that sees a sun, a hand that feels an earth ; that the world which surrounds him is there only as idea, i.e., only in relation to something else, the consciousness, which is himself. If any truth can be asserted a priori, it is this ; for it is the expression of the most general form

the Father—the One-point—and which the Father—the One-point—is within, again. There it purports to have divided the indivisible against itself and thus to have stultified the sublime process of reflex-ness in which demand and supply—actual definitely conditioned demand and actual definitely conditioned supply—are reciprocally the ineffably concinnous reflex the one of the other. Here, under wheels of a motor-bus purports to be the supply of a dainty child-maiden for which there is no demand. (No-one, neither the bus-driver, nor the bus company, nor the general public, could evince the slightest demand that a child should be crushed under the wheels of a bus.) There (if the child were done to death)—on Daddy's knee—would be an intense demand for curly locks, dimples, smiles, kisses, sweet companionship, of which there is no supply. Do you see what it is all about? Well, what is the unutterable message in the love-letter appropriate to the particular occasion? Why, just this! Verity declares that there is not, never was, nor ever could be (genuinely), an illusion of mortal selfhood to divide the indivisible against itself, to claim to be able to stultify the reciprocal reflex-ness, in ineffable concinnity, between actual demand and actual supply. That's all about it!

There is a very important side issue in this consideration. What is actual perception? A mental process in an understanding, whose knowledge is definitely conditioned, the result of which is the consciousness of pictures there. (N.B., the natural miracle of reflex-ness is presupposed before there can be any conditioned understanding.) In the case of mortal perception, an instinctive subjective notion of mortal selfhood (supposed non-at-onement with the in Itself One) reflexes to itself an actuality fraught with possibilities of the empirical reality of discord. Where are the pictures fraught with the empirical reality of discord? In the misunderstanding whose misrepresentations these pictures of discord are, and nowhere else! The complete comprehension that the "picture" of a dainty child-maiden being crushed under an omnibus exists nowhere but in misrepresentation of mortal misunderstanding very profoundly affects the situation! It allays

Alarm and despondency and permits of the love-letter being read imperturbably. Alarm and despondency could not help any! Alarm and despondency are the antithesis of "faith," the faith which can and does move the mountain (the illusion of mortal selfhood). Where is the mountain moved to? Reading the love-letter imperturbably reveals that there never was a mountain to move! There never was a misunderstanding in which there could be pictures displaying the empirical reality of discord! Life—dainty, virile, life—is the process of reflex-ness *within* the One-point. Life is infinite, illimitable, irrepressible! All the pictures that were, or are, or are to be, in mortal misrepresenting misunderstanding cannot affect life in the minutest degree. So, in all time of tribulation, in all time of wealth, you can read the love-letter, imperturbably, with a quiet mind. Only, in reading it, seek *first* that the illusion of mortal selfhood be set at naught, and then "all these things"—knowledge in the abstract concerning the eternal verities, instinctive understanding of the transcendental all-ness of One, peace, prosperity, plenty of pleasantness—"pictures" refulgent with genuineness and the splendour of light—must be added unto you.

There is so much to be said about the reading of the love-letter. Does head inculcate the practice of reading the love-letter, or does heart? Is it the conscious or is it the "unconscious" which initiates the process of reading the letter? No notion could be more misleading and stultifying than to imagine that it is invariably the head—the conscious—which is the guide and friend. That the head—the conscious—is all right and that the heart—the "unconscious"—is all wrong. True! although the heart, itself, is the emblem of love and the human casts no aspersions on it, nevertheless, there are other portions of the anatomy, objectifying "unconscious" being which the human, instinctively, sniffs at, disparages and deprecates. The stomach, the intestines, and sexual organs, as known to the human, may appear as a welter of uncleanness—the embodiment of the unchaste. These appear so only when seen through the beam which purports to be in every mortal eye—as indelicate objects-in-themselves, as the

objectification of unchaste object-in-itself passions, of object-in-itself humans. The disgust felt for them and their functions is merely a glaring example of divided-against-selfness—the antagonism purporting to obtain between pseudo-conscious and pseudo-unconscious. Have done with your good and your bad, have done with your chaste and your unchaste! There are no pairs of opposites conflicting with one another in the genuine into which all are being irresistibly borne!

Head and heart unite in advocating the reading of the love-letter. Genuinely, there are not two of each of us (1) a genuine being; (2) a spurious being. Genuinely, there are not two of each of us (1) a being possessed of a pseudo-conscious and a pseudo-unconscious all of a jangle, antagonistic the one to the other, and (2) a being possessed of a conscious and an unconscious perfect in One and therefore in perfect accord. Genuinely there is only one of each of us, a being possessed of One—of conscious and unconscious ineffably perfect in One. In their innermost being conscious and unconscious are One! The pure unconditioned subject of knowledge and the pure unconditioned subject of volition are present—in One—entire and undivided in every actually perceiving and willing being. In its innermost being the subject of knowledge is One, in its innermost being the subject of volition is One. One One reflexing itself as subject and object, both perfect in One.

No misunderstanding human can come to the living understanding of the all-ness of One except the Father (the in Itself One—the in Itself the Unconditioned) draw him thereto! The Father—the unconditioned subject of knowledge and the unconditioned subject of volition—draws infinitely and irresistibly to the living understanding of universal at-one-ment with the One by means of both heart and head, by means of both unconscious and conscious. “I have a letter from my Beloved!” The desire to read the letter, to instinctively absorb its unutterable message, is the Father drawing. Drawing by means of both heart and head. But—more often than not—a hundred times more often than not—the Father draws through and by means of the heart. (Human pseudo-

mentality, *qua* human, is of its father the devil. Do not deceive yourself with the testimony of the letter of human stereotyped systems of thought! Not if a human clad in vestments bedizened with all the jewelry on earth voices the dead letter of these human systems of thought, with indescribable pomp and circumstance, from the altar steps of the biggest church or temple in the world. Not if all the people that on earth do dwell assure you with an air of invincible finality that the "Truth" is to found, only, in the writing of Mrs. X. or Mr. Y., and seek to establish the validity of their assertion by the showing of many signs and wonders. Do not deceive yourself with the testimony of any dead letter! Read the letter—the living letter (entombed in no dead form of words)—from the Beloved!) The Father—the Simple One—draws to the instinctive understanding of simple at-onement with the One through the heart's urge to read the love-letter. When reading the love-letter, just let the Father draw. Do not, *qua* a human, try to force anything, nor to coerce anything, just go on reading the love-letter imperturbably. Gradually the letter-reading habit will establish itself. The heads of the gates of understanding are lift up revealing the genial presence of the King of Glory (within and without), when, at all times, and in all places, does seeming good or seeming ill betide, there is no keeping us away from the love-letter. When, instinctively, we turn to it with overwhelming ardour in sanguine—nay, with assured—expectancy. With the vividly expectant assurance that the reading of it must reveal the genial presence of the King of Glory to be universal! The presence of the King of Glory is an actuality which is the objective reflex of instinctive subjective understanding of the transcendental oneness of all and the all-ness of One.

When reading the love-letter, imperturbably, it is possible to exclaim in unison with the wonderful, naïve, Sage Way-shower:—"The prince of this world cometh and hath nothing in me!" (The prince of this world is nothing—nothing but the illusion of mortal selfhood.) This which is within is without, I "feel" This and naught else! There is naught, within or without, but the genial

presence of the King of Glory ! The genial presence of the King of Glory is the all in all ! All the presence there is, all This which there is to be present ! For all presence within and without is the conditioned manifestation of This which in Itself (in its innermost being) is unconditioned.

“ I have a letter from my Beloved : in this letter is an unutterable message, and *now* my fear of death is done away ! ”

THE LOVE LETTER II

All actuality is a process of reflex-ness ! One aspect of this reciprocal reflex-ness is that of giving and receiving. In genuineness, these two are inseparable, neither can exist without the other. To receive is virtually to give and to give is virtually to receive. For actual receiving and actual giving are transcendently at-one in the One—these are both the conditioned manifestation of This—One—which in its innermost being is unconditioned !

Supposing that one has attained to some measure of comprehension of "The Unutterable Message," one cannot help giving or delivering the message with its all-hallowing contents to each and all. It is an impossibility to keep the good tidings of great joy to oneself. For heart communicates to heart—unconscious communicates with unconscious—inevitably ! Without word spoken !

Do you know that this is the most effectual method of preaching the gospel of at-one-ment to every living creature (or from the illusory human standpoint, to every creature purporting to be dead, to every creature purporting to be the objective reflex of a subjective misunderstanding) ? The instinctive subjective understanding of the transcendental at-one-ment of all with the One has as its objective reflex "the genuine"—actuality fraught with ineffable concinnity—made perfect in One. The most effectual method of preaching the gospel to every creature is to seek *first* instinctive understanding of the all-ness of One : to realise instinctively the all-ness of One is to preach the gospel to every living (and to every seemingly dead) creature ! To instinctively hold to the realisation of the all-ness of One (in defiance of the testimony of misunderstanding misrepresentation) is to overcome death and to open up the gates of infinite life for one and for all. Yes !

But, from the illusory human standpoint, there is a quite natural prompting to attempt to deliver the unutterable message by the words of the human mouth and to write it on paper. "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine!" A sapient maxim! Every time one seeks to convert, to instruct, to enlighten, another human being, *outside there*, one is giving that which is holy unto the dogs and casting pearls before swine. It is a fact! Beware of the dog—watch out for the swine! But it will not be "without" that are dogs, murderers, and swine. They are there all right, but not without! The dog, the murderer, the swine, will be "within," in the beam which purports to be in one's own and in every mortal eye, which claims to be able to so misrepresent actuality as to import into it a number of human beings who do not instinctively understand the good tidings of great joy which, veritably, are to all people. (In genuineness, understanding is universal to all people, they all instinctively rest in the deft, happy, play of One-player; all are instinctively aware that within them is the fountain of life welling up inexhaustibly.) So that in seeking to fulfil the law of life that receiving is giving, the first, the only, requisite is to cast out *first* the beam out of one's own (instinctive, "unconscious") eye, then must one see clearly that there is nothing to do (genuinely) save exult in the revelation that all are possessed of One-understanding! Consider it well! Then will heart speak to heart, then will "unconscious" communicate with "unconscious" in more forceful fashion than can ever be attained to by Babel-ous verbiage!

From the illusory human standpoint, you are so filled with elation at having attained to some sort of comprehension of the good, glad, tidings that you feel you must give elation vent? Right! Let her rip! But—whilst you are at it, autosuggest without ceasing the transcendent truth that there are no misrepresentations "outside there" who need to be preached at, converted, or taught. Autosuggest without ceasing that the genuine man receives without measure and gives without measure, just for the fun-of-the-thing, just for the beauty-of-the-thing. Just

because it is the eternal law of reciprocal reflex-ness that to receive spontaneously without measure is to give spontaneously without measure. Just autosuggest, without ceasing, that individual man is an individual process of reflex-ness within the One-point—receiving and giving—and that the government of the receiving and giving is upon the shoulder of One—receiver and giver. Just autosuggest, without ceasing, that individual man is an individual process of reflex-ness—demand and supply—and that the government of the demand and supply rests upon the shoulder of the One—demand and supply !

It is the autosuggestion of transcendent truth which alone is of any value. Without it one might appear in the guise of an angel, refulgent with light, bearing a scroll having written upon it the very quintessence of theosophy (wisdom of God) and the human "outside there" would turn it all down. (Because the human outside there is of his father the devil—the beam which purports to be in every mortal eye, conscious and unconscious. And the works of his father he *must* do.) Without the autosuggestion of transcendent truth, one would be giving that which is holy unto the dogs and casting pearls before swine—the dogs and swine which attain to empirical reality by means of the beam which purports to be in one's own eye.

So when you open your mouth to share the glad tidings, when you take up a pen to write the good news, in the taking of these human means breathe many autosuggestions of the truth transcending mortality. The human, *qua* human, cannot open his mouth to speak, nor put pen to paper, without uttering a thumping great lie ! Consider it well ! Alternatively, without the autosuggestion of transcendent truth, the wonderful truth you have spoken will be twisted by fools into a dead letter wherewith knaves and fools shall trap the unwary and quench the first faint morning rays of light !

If one must write "with a porpoise," let the "porpoise" be that the beam shall be cast out of one's own and every mortal eye. Because, you know, the human pseudo-mind is just chock-a-block with poison ! It is almost im-

possible to utter a human word without misleading. The human cannot avoid speaking of the search for truth, of the quest for the genuine, of seeking at-one-ment with the One. And in so doing he cannot avoid dilating on the weariness of the journey, of the trials by the way, on the rigours of the mountain pass, etc. And (genuinely) all these notions are poison! Genuinely, there is no search, no quest, no travelling, no climbing. "It never happened!" (genuinely) that search, that quest, that travelling, that climbing! For (genuinely) right here, right now:—Within the Father—the One-point—is *all* reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the Father—the One-point—again!

THE STANDPOINT OF IDEALISM

Few words lend themselves with greater facility to promote misconception than does this word "Idealism." To begin with the word is used to denote two totally distinct notions. As conventionally used, the word "ideal" conveys the notion of the perfect as opposed to the imperfect. Consequently, in this sense, idealism is the quest for the perfect. We say of a human being, "He is an idealist," whereby we intend to designate that the human being denoted is always seeking means and methods by which a perfect state of being may be attained to, and that in his undertakings he will be satisfied with nothing short of perfection. That is the mental abstraction to which the word "Idealism" is conventionally attached as a label.

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of all possible and thinkable experience : a form which is more general than time, or space, or causality, for they all presuppose it ;” “The inward reluctance with which anyone accepts the world as merely his idea, warns him that this view of it, however true it may be, is nevertheless one-sided, adopted in consequence of some arbitrary abstraction.” (Extracts from the opening pages of a translation of “The World As Will And Idea,” A. Schopenhauer.)

Transcendental Idealism—The standpoint of idealism—reveals that the real, actual, world, as such, is object in relation to subject, perception of a perceiver, in a word “idea.” Even when the notion of idealism is more precisely stated in the foregoing technical jargon there is still ample opportunity for misconception. For from a superficial appreciation of the statement one might be led to suppose that it affirms that *all* actuality is a mere subjective phantasm. It affirms no such thing ! What would constitute the difference between a real actual world and a world which was merely a subjective phantasm ? To this query, one who is technically known as a Realist would make reply. In the former case my idea of the world would be the subjective effect caused by a number of real objects-in-themselves ; or conversely a number of real objects-in-themselves cause a subjective effect and this subjective effect is my idea of the world. In the latter case there are no real objects-in-themselves to cause a subjective effect, consequently the world which is my idea is a mere subjective phantasm. To the Realist—from the standpoint of Realism—there could be no reality which did not consist of objects-in-themselves. The notion of Realism—the standpoint of Realism—arises through the false postulate that the law of causality—the form of knowing, cause and effect—has validity in a realm altogether outside its legitimate province.

The transcendental idealist affirms that all actuality is ideal without insinuating thereby that it is no more than a subjective phantasm. His justification is as follows. Of all the physical objects (or ideas) present in consciousness, there is one towards which he, *qua* actual perceiver, stands

in a special and unique relationship, to wit, his own body, which has been termed the immediate object. True, in one aspect, this immediate object is an object amongst objects, an idea amongst ideas. But this immediate object is something more to the actual perceiver than mere idea! He has a double relationship with it (1) mediately through the medium of objective knowledge; (2) immediately in that the affections of the body directly affect him, its pleasure is his pleasure, its pain is his pain, its acts are his acts. This immediate object is the objectification of the definitely conditioned expression of will, of the definitely conditioned moving-spirit, which constitutes his definitely conditioned being. In the case of this particular immediate object, he is able to identify the physical (object or idea) with the metaphysical (will, moving-spirit, or whatever you may like to call it). He has a double knowledge of this immediate object; (1) indirectly, through the "without"; (2) directly, through the "within." Now, it is a justifiable conjecture (it is no more than a conjecture) that just as the actual perceiver's own physical body is the objectification of the metaphysical, so all actual physical bodies are likewise the objectification of the metaphysical. To believe otherwise would be for the actual perceiver to declare that he alone were real and that all other persons and things were but subjective phantasms. The latter doctrine is technically known as "theoretical egoism," which "as a serious conviction could only be found in a madhouse!" The consideration is fully dealt with in "The Objectification of the Will," Vol. 1, of "The World as Will and Idea," A. Schopenhauer.

It is just in virtue of the physical being the objectification of the metaphysical that it is entitled to be termed "real." N.B., the terms "real" and "actual" are virtually synonymous. It is, however, justifiable to differentiate between the real and the genuine. E.G., the world of mortal experience is empirically real, but, I submit, it is not entitled to be termed "genuine."

All the foregoing notwithstanding, there is still no justification for the notion that there could be such a thing

as an object-in-itself. For the definitely conditioned metaphysical, the definitely conditioned expression of will or moving spirit, is, as such, i.e., as definitely conditioned, the object (or idea) of knowledge. Whether known more immediately "within" or less immediately "without" it, *qua* definitely conditioned metaphysical, is the object of knowledge, an idea. In technical language, it is ideal. We thus arrive at the curious anomaly, that the metaphysical, in its innermost unconditioned being, cannot properly speaking be described as "real." For the terms "real" and "actual" virtually mean the same. And the metaphysical, in its innermost unconditioned being, is not the actual, this is merely the One-potentiality of all actuality, of all actualness!

Kabir, in his metaphor, speaks of "the Unattainable One" and bids us look within to see how "the moonbeams of that Hidden One" shine in us. He speaks of moonbeams in contradistinction to sunbeams, because the "within" in so far as it is *known* is the object of conditioned knowledge, is ideal, my idea of, a being-for-another, and as such is something relative and conditioned—a moonbeam!

All objects or ideas (to be object for the knowing subject and to be the idea of the knowing subject, are one and the same thing) are related to one another in accordance with that which Schopenhauer terms:—The Principle of Sufficient Reason. One department (if one may so express it) of the principle of sufficient reason is the law of causality—the law of cause and effect. All complete, concrete, objects or ideas are (directly or indirectly) related to one another through and by means of the so-called law of cause and effect. Within the realm of complete, concrete, ideas or objects the law of cause and effect holds legitimate sway. But it is utterly illegitimate to import a causal nexus into the relationship between subject and object. It is through importing the notion of cause and effect into a sphere where it has no business—no legitimate function—that the false notion of Realism owes its almost universal ascendancy. There is no causal relationship between subject and object, nor between sub-

jective idea and object. Consider it well. There is no causal relationship between subjective idea and object! There is a causal relationship between a given object and other objects, amongst these, there is a causal relationship between a given object and the body of the actual perceiver of the actual object. The body of the actual perceiver has been aptly termed the immediate object, because it is through the affection of this body that the data are afforded which an intellectual process of the understanding elaborates into objective perception. But the immediate object is an object amongst objects, an idea amongst ideas. At the immediate object (the body) the chain of causes and effects ceases. The relationship between subject and object—between the knowing subject and the immediate object—is that which I have termed a reflex-ness. Subject and object are each the reflex of the other, the one cannot exist without the other. The subject is the reflex of the object and the object is the reflex of the subject. We might term this process of reflex-ness the miracle *par excellence*. For this process lies entirely beyond the realm of all explanation. To explain a given relationship between objects is to show the connection between them in accordance with the principle of sufficient reason holding sway in the realm to which these objects belong. But the relationship between subject and object does not lie within any realm of the principle of sufficient reason. The reflex-ness—subject and object—is presupposed by all knowledge, by all perception, by all relationship in accordance with the principle of sufficient reason. The reflex-ness—subject and object—is presupposed before there can be any knowledge, or any perception, or any principle of sufficient reason. This reflex-ness transcends all explanation, therefore if there be such a thing as a miracle it is this. It is, however, not a supernatural miracle but a profoundly natural one. This miracle is presupposed even before there can be any nature to be natural, or any knowledge of any nature whatsoever.

When we come to clearly appreciate that the reflex-ness—subject and object—is presupposed before there can be any knowledge or any perception, we begin to grasp

what the transcendental idealist means when he says :— All actuality is ideal. He is stating, in other words, that there is not, nor could there be, such a thing as an object-in-itself. The ideality of actuality consists in this, that the subject is the reflex of the object and the object is the reflex of the subject, neither can exist, as such, without the other, and that there is no relationship in accordance with the principle of sufficient reason between them, neither a causal relationship nor any other relationship in accordance with the principle of sufficient reason between them. There is merely the miracle of reflex-ness between them. The objective object and the subjective idea are one and the same, a process of reflex-ness—subject and object ! Neither, as such, exists without the other. Of course, in order that the objective object may have definite, conditioned, actual, form and fashion ; the knowledge of the knowing subject must be conditioned by definite conditions—by definite, actual forms and fashions of knowing—i.e., the subject must know in a definite, actual, conditioned fashion, That, however, is of minor importance in comparison with the marvel of reflex-ness which is presupposed before the term “ conditioned knowledge ” can have any meaning.

If you like you may term this process “ reflection ” ! But the word “ reflection ” is already used to denote two distinct mental abstractions. There is the reflection of a mirror and there is the reflection of abstract ratiocination. In order to avoid confusion of thought it is best to employ a distinct word to label a distinct mental abstraction. Let us employ the word “ reflex-ness.”

A God is the noblest notion with which human mentality can occupy itself. You need—urgently need—a God ? Here is a formal introduction to the only genuine God ! But—consider it well—the only genuine God could never, *in Itself*, be an object—could never be an object-in-itself ! The only genuine God is This in which the reflex-ness—subject and object—is, and which is in the reflex-ness—subject and object—again. There is a God for you which none dare to dispute the existence of ! There is a God which none can dispute the existence

of! The miraculous, but profoundly natural, process of reflex-ness is within this God and this God is within the miraculous, but profoundly natural, process of reflex-ness again. Just the same notion as the wonderful, naïve, Sage Way-shower indicated in his immortal saying:—"Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me."

A word of caution! The mortal, the human, might make a mistake and confound this God with the devil. Do not make such a mistake!

Now there could be but one genuine God! I.E., this within which is the miraculous reflex-ness and which is within the miraculous reflex-ness again. How so? Why so? Because the notion of more than oneness—the notion of even two—first arises in the reflex-ness—subject and object. But the reflex-ness—the dual reflex-ness, subject and object—is within God. God is presupposed before there could be any reflex-ness at all. The in Itself One is presupposed before there could be any reflex-ness at all. Moreover the notion of multiplicity arises through the union of time and space, which are merely the conditions conditioning actual knowledge—the actual forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject. But this God—This in Itself One—is presupposed before there could be any reflex-ness subject and object—before there could be any knowing subject to know in a definite conditioned manner or any object to be known in a definite conditioned manner. Therefore the genuine God must be the Only. Not the Only object! No! For it is This in which the reflex-ness—subject and object—occurs. In itself, the One is the only potentiality of the reflex-ness—subject and object. One—the Only—there is (genuinely) no other potentiality of the reflex-ness—subject and object. But there could be nothing to conflict with the Only, nor with the miraculous reflex-ness which is within the One and which the One is within again. How then originated the notion of conflict and antagonism? That notion of conflict or antagonism is the devil—the very devil—whom I have mentioned while back. (N.B., genuinely, there is no such thing as the devil; the notion of a devil—conflict and antagonism—is pure illusion! Nevertheless, to and for

the mortal, the devil attains to empirical reality—to and for the mortal, the devil is very real—the devil establishes his claim to verisimilitude with (to the mortal) many infallible proofs. The devil and the notion that there could be such a thing as an object-in-itself are one and the same. The notion of an object-in-itself presupposes something other than the one-ness of all and the All-ness of One.) The objective illusion of an object-in-itself is the pseudo-reflex of the subjective illusion of mortal selfhood. The subjective illusion of mortal selfhood has as its pseudo-reflex the objective illusion of many objects-in-themselves—all up against one another! The subjective illusion of mortal selfhood—the subjective illusion of an object-in-itself “within”—is divided-against-selfness—is dis-ease (the converse of ease).

So when the transcendental idealist asserts that all actuality is ideal, he denotes that subjective idea and objective object are one and the same—that actuality is a process of reflex-ness, a miracle of reflex-ness which can never be explained. He does not assert that actuality is a subjective phantasm! No! for all reality, all actuality, all substantiality, exists in the process of reflex-ness. To be real, to be actual, to be substantial, means no more than that a process of reflex-ness between subject and object is in progress. The progress of this process of reflex-ness is all the reality, all the actuality, all the substantiality, there is. There could not be anything more consummately real, more consummately actual, more consummately substantial, than the progress of this process of reflex-ness—than this reflex-ness, subject and object, which is within the One-point and which the One-point is within again. For in virtue of this process of reflex-ness being within the One-totality-point and the One-totality-point within the reflexness again there is naught to detract from the complete and perfect reality, actuality, and substantiality of the process of reflex-ness.

We speak of “the genuine” and of “genuiness”! What we really mean by this term is no more than this, viz. :—that there is nothing to detract from, nothing to impair, nothing to destroy, the perfection, the completeness,

of a genuine process of reflex-ness and its content. The content of a genuine process of reflex-ness is entirely immune from obstruction, hindrance, hampering. There isn't anything to obstruct the reflex-ness within the One-totality-point and which the One-totality-point is within again. How could there be? In the case of the spurious process of reflex-ness, in which an illusion of mortal selfhood, an illusory object-in-itself selfhood, purports to reflex itself and to be reflexed by itself, the inevitable divided-against-selfness purporting to be "within" reflexes itself as innumerable objects-in-themselves all at loggerheads "without." Inevitably so!

Supposing that instead of saying.—An infinity of universes are the idea of an infinity of actually knowing subjects of knowledge whose knowledge is definitely and actually conditioned (and yet the pure Unconditioned subject of knowledge is present entire and undivided in every actually perceiving "I") Supposing that we say.—There is an infinity of processes of reflex-ness—subject and object—all within the One-totality-point and which the One-totality-point is within again. It is all the same!

By means of the processes of reflex-ness is the One (in Itself Unconditioned) actually revealed to knowledge as the many (Conditioned). The actual conditioning of the knowledge of the actually knowing subject having as its reflex the actually and definitely conditioned object. There is nothing but the One-totality-point which perceives itself indirectly in the realm of the conditioned idea and which is perceived indirectly in the realm of the conditioned idea by itself. But that does not mean that actuality is a subjective phantasm! That which is perceived is the Conditioned manifestation of This—the One-totality-point—which in Itself, in its innermost being, is Unconditioned. What could be more substantial, what could be more real?

The distinction between the Conditioned and the Unconditioned exists only in the processes of mental abstraction! There is no distinction—no separation—between the Conditioned many and the Unconditioned One!

GENESIS AND EXODUS

Realistic theology tells of a cosmogony—a Genesis—in which an object-in-itself “God” created an object-in-itself universe by miraculous decree. Modern realistic pseudo-science tells of an obscure cosmogony from which an object-in-itself universe has been evolved by natural process—natural selection and the survival of the fittest, or what not. Failing any other solution of the problem, neither of these is to be despised. But—they both leave humanity stranded in the land of Egypt, in the house of bondage—perhaps wandering hopefully or hopelessly in the desert. True! the theological realist indicates a second miraculous intervention in mundane affairs as an Exodus from the house of bondage and the evolutionist suggests that the imperfect may be evolved into the perfect. For the consummation of both fashions of Exodus, however, human co-operation is essential. A broken reed to rely upon! Vain are the weapons of the human, vainer is his force, and the body of humiliation in which he purports to dwell remains little better than a mangled corse!

Try again! Third time lucky! There is a doctrine known as “Transcendental Idealism,” for the most part utterly discredited as a practical expedient. Let us view cosmogony from “The Standpoint of Idealism” and see what comes of it.

One—Unconditioned—the Point. From the standpoint of knowledge a point, because it has no being for knowledge—no-being-at-all-for knowledge. Knowledge implies two—a knower and that which is known. There are not actually two in One. Of course there may be an infinite potentiality of twos in One but One in Itself is One. Imagine a process of reflex-ness to proceed in the One—a process of dual reflex-ness, subject and object. A process in which the subject is the reflex of the object and

the object the reflex of the subject. Why does this process of reflex-ness proceed? What does the term "why" mean? The term "why" is a query asking for a sufficient reason. There is no principle of sufficient reason yet! How does this process of reflex-ness proceed? What does the term "how" mean? It is a query asking for a sufficient reason—to be precise, in accordance with which form of the principle of sufficient reason the process necessarily is as it is. There is no principle of sufficient reason yet. There is nothing but a reflex-ness—subject and object. As no sufficient reason can be rendered as to how or why the process of reflex-ness proceeds—as the process lies outside all explanation—as the process transcends all explanation—it must be dubbed miraculous. For no explanation could ever explain it, it transcends all explanation in accordance with the principle of sufficient reason, for it transcends the principle of sufficient reason altogether!

Here we have two in One and One in two! A pair, duality, one and the other. Enter "the other"! As yet the one and the other are without form and void. There is the embryo of a cosmogony, but it is without form and void. How shall this cosmogony take to itself form? The subject must be invested with forms and fashions of knowing, so that it knows definitely and actually in accordance with definite forms and fashions of knowing. In other words the knowledge of the knowing subject must be conditioned by the imposition upon it of definite forms and fashions—definite conditions—of knowing. Enter the principle of sufficient reason!

The one and the other—subject and object—are in the One and the One in the pair—the duality—of them. What other could there be to be in either? The subject is in the One and the object in the One, the One is in the subject and the One in the object. What else is there to be in either the one or the other? As we might phrase it, the pure unconditioned subject of knowledge is present entire and undivided in every subject and the pure unconditioned object of knowledge is present entire and undivided in every object.

Now respecting the conditions—the forms and fashions of knowing—conditioning the knowledge of the actually knowing subject. This actually conditioned knowledge of the knowing subject has as its reflex—its objective reflex or correlative—the actually conditioned object. Whatever forms of knowing the subject of knowledge be invested with, these same forms must be reflexed as the forms and fashion of the actual object. The form and fashion of the object is the reflex of the form and fashion of knowing of the knowing subject. The conditions conditioning the knowledge of the knowing subject are reflexed as the conditions conditioning the object. It is all the same whether we say :—The subject knows in such and such a fashion, or whether we say, the object has such and such a fashion. Subjective form of knowing is reflexed as objective form of actual being—subjective fashion of knowing is reflexed as objective fashion of being—subjective conditions of knowing are reflexed as objective conditions of being !

Now it is just the conditions conditioning the knowledge of the knowing subject—the forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject—which constitute “ The Principle of Sufficient Reason.” (*Vide* the works of A. Schopenhauer. But do not swallow him like a pill ! You would find the pill bitter !) The conditions conditioning the knowledge of the knowing subject (as we know it) are time, space, and the law of cause and effect (causality). These subjective forms of knowing are reflexed to constitute the form in which the object (or idea) presents itself. The concrete object (or idea) is presented to the subject as changing in time, situated in space, and governed respecting the changes enacted in it by the law of causality. The subjective fashion of knowing “ time ” has as its objective reflex endless succession in time ; the subjective fashion of knowing “ space ” has as its objective reflex boundless extension in space. The form of time—endless succession—can be concretely known, by itself, devoid of any content as in arithmetic. The form of space—boundless extension—can be concretely known, by itself, devoid of any content as in geometry. The forms of time and space, conjointly, can be known, devoid of any content, as

in mathematics. The subjective fashion of knowing—causality—has as its objective reflex matter—matter in general, devoid of any form or quality. For matter, in general: matter in the abstract: is no more than the objective reflex of the subjective notion of the capacity to act in general. The subject invested with the form and fashion of knowing—causality—has as its reflex the object invested with the capacity to act or to be actual. The object invested with the capacity to act or to be actual has as its subjective reflex the subject invested with the capacity to “feel” (in the broadest signification of the term). Matter is the union of time and space. The forms and fashions of knowing of the subject have as their objective reflex the principle of sufficient reason. The form and fashion of the principle of sufficient reason can be known either a priori as the forms of knowing of the subject, or a posteriori as the form and fashion governing the objective being of the object. As within, so without! The complex objective being of the object, the sufficient reason of how and why it appears as it does, here or there, now or later on, is merely the objective reflex of the actually conditioned forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject.

The principle of sufficient reason, however, determines only the how, the why, the when, or the where. Never the what! Never determines what shall appear. The “what” which appears is groundless! The principle of sufficient reason merely determines the form and fashion of that which appears—that it shall appear now in this form, then in that form, here in one form, there in another. The “what” appears, that which appears, transcends the principle of sufficient reason, transcends the conditions conditioning subjective knowledge. The “what” transcends even the process of reflex-ness—subject and object. In its innermost being, it is This within which is the reflex-ness—subject and object—and which is within the reflex-ness—subject and object—again.

With the miraculous process of reflex-ness—subject and object—first appears “the other.” Through the union of the subjective forms of knowing—time and space—does the notion of multiplicity first arise. A subjective notion

of multiplicity has as its objective reflex objective multiplicity—the objective presence of many objects. The subjective notion “space” has as its objective reflex boundless space throughout which the multiplicity of objects are extended. The subjective notion “time” has as its objective reflex endless time throughout which the multiplicity of objects succeed one another. The subjective notion “causality” has as its objective reflex the capacity to act upon one another of the multiplicity of objects (and upon the body which is the immediate object for the subject). The multiplicity of objects act upon one another and upon the immediate object in accordance with the principle of sufficient reason. Through the subjective notion of the union of time and space arises the notion of multiplicity of “others.” This subjective notion has as its objective reflex many “others.” (Through the interposition of the Mayas is the One seen as the many).

Now “the other” and “the others,” if they be One seen through the interposition of the forms and fashions conditioning subjective knowledge, could not conflict with one another—could not oppose one another. I fail to see how they could! How could they? One seen as many, One seen in multiplicity, One seen in multiplicity of form and fashion, could not conflict with nor oppose itself. How could it? Here is a cosmogony which could display naught but perfect unity, peace, and concord. Infinite multiplicity, infinite variety, of the making manifest of One! The One, become flesh, substantiated, dwelling in all and around all. One, the all-in-all! “The other” could be naught but the very welcome comrade. The One in every welcome comrade and every welcome comrade in the One! All comradeship perfect in One. Every welcome comrade in its innermost being—through the “within”—at-one with the One and therefore all comrades in accord with one another. Here, outlined, is a genuine cosmogony! Truth is more wonderful and miraculous than the wildest fiction! This genuine cosmogony could lead to nothing but the infinite Rest Unbounded which is unimpeded activity—utterly spontaneous, whole-hearted, joy-full activity—a fill of deep deliberate bliss! Many, perfect in One, exulting in ineffable perfection!

But—you may say, what is the use of all this fancy fanfaronade, the universe as we know it is something quite different to your fancy pictures. I want to stick to fact, not fancy. In those four words "as we know it" lies the fancy! Fancy is a sight stranger (and more horrible) than fact! I submit that the outline of a genuine cosmogony is the glorious fact and that "the universe *as we know it*" is the appalling fancy. An instinctive fancy, N.B.

Through the process of reflex-ness—subject and object—is "the other" known. Through the forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject is "the other" seen as many others. As many other welcome comrades. Through an instinctive fancy that the forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject could be disproportionately extended is "the other" seen as many unwelcome adversaries! The instinctive fancy that the forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject could be disproportionately extended is misunderstanding. Exodus consists in misunderstanding being swallowed up of understanding. That is the only effectual Exodus—that misunderstanding should be swallowed up of understanding.

From the standpoint of fancy, Exodus, escape from the house of bondage, walking dry-shod through the sea and being led by a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night through the desert, seems a miraculous process. There is nothing miraculous about misunderstanding being swallowed up of understanding. What could be more profoundly natural? In the light there is no shadow!

Misunderstanding is swallowed up of understanding through attaining to freedom from the illusion of the pairs of opposites. The illusion of the pairs of opposites has its fancy genesis in the illusion of a good subject and an evil object—in the illusion of a good one and an evil other. That illusion or fancy that there could be an evil other, or an unwelcome adversary, arises through the supposed disproportionate extension of the forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject! Through the supposed disproportionate extension of the forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject arises the illusion of mortal

selfhood, which is divided-against-selfness, which is disease, the converse of ease, which is impededness, which is thwarted, hampered, activity. Divided-against-selfness is self-inhibition, is self-suppressed-by-self, is self-oppressed-by-self. Divided-against-selfness is suppressed activity, is suppressed "feeling," is desire to express and to recognise suppressed-by-self. Genuinely there is no "other," outside there, thwarting, hampering, oppressing, tormenting. It is the illusion of mortal selfhood—divided-against-selfness—which has as its pseudo-reflex the oppressor, the thwarter, the tormentor, outside there. Do not resist the adversary, outside there; resist the adversary, the devil, divided-against-selfness, within. Resist the devil, within, and the devil must flee away to his native nothingness. How shall you resist the devil—the illusion of mortal selfhood, the illusion of divided-against-selfness—within? By lifting the mental gaze to the Cross—the symbol typifying grand verity! By autosuggesting, without ceasing, that the cosmogony in which One reflexes itself and is reflexed by itself is fact, and that the universe which purports to be the reflex of the devil—the illusion of mortal selfhood—is illusory fancy. By autosuggestion, without ceasing, of the grand fact that there is no devil—no illusion of mortal selfhood, no illusion of divided-against-selfness—to reflex itself in a universe purporting to consist of one damned thing after another. Verity declares it eternally and infinitely for you! You have but to be wise and to hearken to the invincible fiat of Verity!

Of course, from an illusory human standpoint, it must appear much more practical to resist the devil outside there. To fight with him on a field of battle of his own choosing. A field of battle on which he must always win. For strife can never end strife, war can never end war! The devil resisted "outside there" always has the last word and the last blow. Why? Because in resisting the devil "outside there," you are holding fast to the illusion of the pairs of opposites—to the illusion of divided-against-selfness. (All this notwithstanding, *qua* a human, be you gloriously inconsistent, and should there seem no alternative to resisting the devil "outside there," go for him

tooth and nail, that combat undertaken in a spirit of altruistic fervour may lead indirectly to universal Exodus !)

Faith (a term prostituted on a large scale) is a necessary panoply for the Exodus. Faith it is which enables one to believe (all testimony of mortal experience to the contrary, notwithstanding) that the only effectual Exodus from the house of bondage lies in autosuggestion of transcendent truth. The efficacy of autosuggestion of the truth transcending the illusion of mortal selfhood and its divided-against-selfness depends upon faith. "For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain (of illusion of mortal selfhood), Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea ; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass ; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive, and ye shall have." To a logical mind it is not possible to believe that there can be unity, peace, and concord—concinnity—so long as the illusion of mortal selfhood, the illusion of divided-against-selfness, be entertained ! To a logical mind it is not only possible to believe that the illusion of mortal selfhood and its divided-against-selfness never were, genuinely, anything ; never genuinely had any being, nor genuinely could have any being ; but the marvel is how such an extraordinary illusion could ever have attained to verisimilitude ! Fact (genuine fact) is entirely averse to such a monstrosity ! It is, therefore, not at all difficult to believe that in response to faithful autosuggestion of the truth transcending this illusion, the nullity—the eternal nothingness—of the illusion should be revealed.

The comprehension of the (genuine) Genesis makes Exodus the simplest thing imaginable. There are no pairs of opposites—good and evil, right and wrong, etc.—in a genuine Genesis, nor is there the possibility that this pair of opposites could ever exist other than as illusion. Freed from the illusion of the pairs of opposites, freed from the illusion that it is incumbent upon one to espouse the cause of one of these hallucinations and to combat the other, all are *easily* set free from bondage. Freed from the illusion

of the pairs of opposites, there is no Exodus to make, no sea to cross, no wandering in the wilderness, no hunger, no thirst, no serpents, no river of Jordan, no battle of Jericho ! For, right here, right now, the Promised Land is viewed. And freed from the illusion of the pairs of opposites, freed from the illusion that the Mayas could be disproportionately extended to constitute an illusion of mortal selfhood with its inevitable divided-against-selfness, immediately they *were* at the land whither they went !

SIMPLICITY

Every "I" is in the Father and the Father in every "I" !

To understand this instinctively—to "feel" it—is perfect righteousness, perfect wisdom, perfect freedom, and the power of this understanding is the root of immortality !

In such simplicity is "I" at-one with the Simple One ! In such simplicity is "I" revealed to be at-one with the Simple One ! In such simplicity is "I" felt to be at-one with the Simple One !

(Genuinely), there is no travelling to at-one-ment. (Genuinely), there is no treading of a pathway to "the genuine"—to complete at-one-ment. (Genuinely), there is no quest for the genuine. For right here, right now, every "I" is in the Father and the Father in every "I" !

COMMUNICATION

" Let your communication be, Yea, yea ; Nay, nay ; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

One meaning attributed to the word " communication " is verbal conversation. But there is a sight more in communication than mere interchange of words, or abstract notions. For unconscious communicates with unconscious, " feeling " communicates with " feeling," in more forceful fashion than can ever be achieved by verbiage.

Let this communication—consciously expressed or unconsciously expressed—be, Yea, yea ; Nay, nay ; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Which being more widely interpreted means:—Let your communication—conscious or unconscious—be:—Every " I " is in the Father and the Father in every " I," and every seeming to the contrary is nil—pure illusion—nits, nothing. That is a pertinent Yea, yea ; Nay, nay ; and whatsoever purports to be more than these cometh of the false seeming which claims to be evil. This alone is whole, whole-some, or holy.

The actual, concrete, communication—I am in the Father and the Father in me—conscious or unconscious—is, however, infinitely voluminous, virile, versatile, and varied !

THE WHOLE POINT

Within the point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the point again. Kabir was blessed because he had this supreme vision! Yes! But not Kabir only, all the nations of the earth are blessed because Kabir had this supreme vision. Because, from the illusory human standpoint, when once a rift in the clouds has been effected, thus letting through *the* light to enliven, enlighten, and gladden all, the rays of *the* light so admitted into the darkness of the world (which is my misrepresentation) can never be extinguished (all misapprehension to the contrary notwithstanding).

One meaning attributed to the word "point" is "a lively turn of thought." The opening words of this discourse are a lively turn of thought. Make of them something more than a mere thought—mere knowledge in the abstract—inwardly digest this notion so that it become a lively instinct! Thus digested to constitute an instinctive obsession, there is no limit to its enlivening and quickening efficacy!

From the illusory human standpoint, there is such a thing as a deadly turn of thought. When thought takes a turn towards that which is technically known as "Realism," i.e., the notion that there could be such a thing as an object-in-itself. In order to thoroughly comprehend the subtle distinction between Idealism and Realism it is necessary to thoroughly understand the answer to the following pertinent question. Is there any difference between an object and an idea? To elaborate the question, is there any difference between my object of perception and my idea of perception? The correct answer, I submit, is:—Object and idea are one and the same—my object

of perception and my idea of perception are one and the same thing. To be actual object for the actually knowing subject and to be the actual idea of the actually knowing subject are one and the same thing! From the standpoint of Idealism, subject and object are each the reflex of the other, there is no causal relationship between them. The knowing subject, whose knowledge is actually conditioned, is not the *cause* of the actually conditioned object: nor is the actually conditioned object the *cause* of the subject whose knowledge is actually conditioned. The actually conditioned object is not the *cause* of the actual knowledge of the knowing subject, nor is the actually conditioned object the *cause* of an idea in the actually conditioned knowledge of the knowing subject. The knowing subject whose knowledge is definitely and actually conditioned is the subjective reflex of the definitely and actually conditioned object: and the definitely, actually, conditioned object is the objective reflex of the knowing subject whose knowledge is definitely and actually conditioned. Each is the reflex of the other, neither could exist without the other, each exists, as such, only in relation to the other. There is a relationship of reflex-ness between them and no other relationship!

The actual object, as such, is my idea. My idea of what? My idea of an object-in-itself? Never! The idea is the process of reflex-ness—subject and object—in operation. (Just as life is the process of reflex-ness in operation.) Both subject and object—the process of reflex-ness—is presupposed before there can be an idea. The process of reflex-ness can never be explained! The notion of Realism arises from the false assumption that there is a causal relationship between object and idea; i.e., that an object-in-itself is the cause of a subjective idea. That an object-in-itself is the cause of an idea in the knowledge of the knowing subject. All objects (or ideas), as such, have a relationship in accordance with the principle of sufficient reason (in its various forms) to one another. Every object (or idea) may have a causal relationship towards every other object (or idea). Every object (or idea) must have a causal relationship with the (so-called)

body which is the immediate object (or idea) of knowledge of the knowing subject. There the chain of causes and effects ceases. It is in virtue of the causal relationship between an object (or idea) and the so-called body which is the immediate object (or idea) of the knowledge of the knowing subject that concrete knowledge becomes a possibility. It is in consequence of the so-called body being affected by the object known that it is known. That however constitutes a causal relationship between remoter object and immediate object, it does not constitute a causal relationship between subject and object. For the so-called body—the immediate object (or idea)—is an idea amongst ideas related to the other ideas in accordance with the varying relationships included within the general term—the principle of sufficient reason. There is no relationship in accordance with the principle of sufficient reason between subject and object. There is a relationship of reflex-ness and none other. The comprehension of this fact renders the false notion that there could be such a thing as an object-in-itself an absurdity. That which is loosely termed “materialism” is the notion that there could be such a thing as an object-in-itself. Every logical thinker must, in some degree, be a materialist because matter is the objective reflex (or correlative) of that department of mind which is technically known as “understanding.” Matter is the objective reflex (or correlative) of mind and mind is the subjective reflex of matter. In actual experience, matter cannot exist without mind nor can mind without matter. In actual experience, both of these exist: if one of them (matter) does not exist, there is no actual experience—merely a reverie. Actual matter is susceptible of as infinite variation as are the conditions actually conditioning actual knowledge (it is the objective reflex of these). There could be no actuality without matter (in its infinite diversity of form and fashion), for to be actual implies the capacity to act, and matter is merely the objective reflex of the subjective notion of the capacity to act in general. Every logical thinker must, also, be in some degree a realist, because reality is the content of the process of reflex-ness—subject and object. To be the

actual idea of a knowing subject whose knowledge is definitely and actually conditioned is to be real, is to be substantial. Reality is the process of reflex-ness—actually knowing subject, whose knowledge is definitely and actually conditioned, and definitely conditioned actual object. There is no other reality. The illusion that there could be innumerable objects-in-themselves is no genuine reality. For it is in virtue of the process of reflex-ness being within the point and the point within it again that its content is entitled to be termed "real."

The reason why that which is technically known as "Realism" is such a deadly turn of thought is this. It postulates the objects of mortal experience (fraught with possibilities of discordant affect for one another and for the immediate object of the knowing subject—the so-called body) to be objects-in-themselves, to exist *qua* objects-in-themselves independently of the knowing subject, and thus invests them with power to *cause* subjective ideas of discord. A causal nexus is thus postulated between actually discordant objects-in-themselves and the ideas of the knowing subject. And we have deadly thought backing up deadly instinct—deadly thought corroborating deadly instinct. The instinct is father to the thought.

Viewed from this standpoint of Realism, the only hope of remedying such an undesirable state of affairs is to alter the nature of the independently existing objects-in-themselves. That is a big undertaking! Who should ever see the end of such an enterprise?

It is a lively turn of thought which recognises that subject and object are each the reflex of the other, that the actual object, *qua* actual object, exists, as such, only as the reflex—only as the idea of—the actual subject whose knowledge is definitely conditioned. That if the nature of the object be discordant, that discord exists only in relation to the fashion of knowing of the knowing subject. And that the effectual way to remedy the discord in the object is to eliminate the false—the illusory—fashion of knowing of the subject. As phrased in the marvellous metaphor of the naïve Sage Way-shower to cast out first the beam out of the eye which beholds.

So long as we hold fast to the deadly notion of "realism," deadly thought corroborates deadly instinct and our whole mental outlook is vitiated thereby! We must think of an object-in-itself "God" totally separate and distinct from object-in-itself man and from object-in-itself universe. Object-in-itself mind totally separate and distinct from object-in-itself matter: object-in-itself subject totally separate and distinct from object-in-itself object. Object-in-itself "I AM" totally separate and distinct from object-in-itself "THIS I AM": or object-in-itself "I AM" totally separate and distinct from object-in-itself environment of "I AM" and "THIS I AM." Or we must think of a subject-in-itself "God" totally separate and distinct from subject-in-itself man: or of subject-in-itself God totally separate and distinct from object-in-itself man and object-in-itself universe!

Whereas if we confine thought to the utterly simple notion:—Within the One-point (God) is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point (God) again, all confusion is avoided, all notion of separateness is eliminated, the notion of complete and perfect at-one-ment with the One is maintained. There could be nothing but complete at-one-ment on this basis. All reflex-ness is within the One-point and the One-point is within all reflex-ness. What could there be but perfection in every reflex-ness, in every subject of knowledge, in every object of knowledge?

Mother Julian of Norwich, in her visions, saw God as a point. Why as a point? In geometry, a point is that which has neither parts nor magnitude. The only genuine God has neither parts nor magnitude *for knowledge*—in Itself, This has no-being-at-all-for knowledge; no-being-at-all-for-another. Therefore is God likened unto a point! For the only genuine God is This within which is all reflex-ness—subject and object—within which is all potentiality of parts and of magnitude. The One, in Itself, could never be known as either subject or as object, it is This within which is all potentiality of both subject and object (and these are each the inseparable correlative of the other).

Have you ever seen an Indian juggler throw a rope up

into the air and then climb up it, higher and higher, till at last he went out of sight altogether, pulling the rope up after him, till there was nothing left of either climber or rope? If you say that you have witnessed this performance, I need not necessarily believe that you are lying intentionally. But I must think that you have been subjected to a hypnotic illusion! The notion of a human being throwing a rope up into the air—a rope supported by nothing—and then climbing up this rope supported by nothing is a commonplace affair in comparison with the notion (the hypnotic illusion) that there could be an object-in-itself which was not within the One-point and which the One-point was not within again—in comparison with the notion that either of the inseparable correlative reflexes (subject or object) could be without the One-point and the One-point without it! Anything deemed to be without the One-point would be supported by nothing (like the rope thrown into the air). The illusion of mortal selfhood supposes itself to be without the One-point. Mortal misunderstanding supposes that the mortal selfhood (the subject-in-itself) is without the One-point and that the objects-in-themselves which the mortal selfhood perceives and knows are likewise without the One-point! The mortal illusions of subject-in-itself and object-in-itself are supposed to be supported by nothing, i.e., there is an illusion that nothing is something. There is just nothing which is not within the One-point, there is just nothing which the One-point is not within. Anything which claims to be “without the One-point must, *ipso facto*, demonstrate its own nullity!

To throw a rope into the air—a rope supported by nothing—is an apt simile of human busy-ness, *qua* human busy-ness, of human activity, *qua* human activity. (It is necessary to repeat “*qua* human busy-ness, etc.,” because genuinely there are not two of each of us (1) a damnable mortal, (2) a perfect individual man. Genuinely there is only one of each of us, a perfect individual man, an individual reflex-ness which is within the One-point and which the One-point is within again.) It is the inevitable fate of all climbers of ropes purporting to be supported by

nothing to come down by the run. Age after age, the tragic empires built by that which is deemed to be human busy-ness crumble away. *Tout lasse, tout passe, tout casse*—every misrepresentation of mortal misunderstanding decays and passes away—dust to dust, earth to earth, ashes to ashes—all mortal busy-ness is futile, vain, wearisome, if it should escape being excruciatingly painful! Why? Because *qua* mortal experience, *qua* mortal busy-ness, it is instinctively believed to be without the One-point and that the One-point is without it again. Genuine actuality, genuine reflex-ness, genuine activity and busy-ness is not supported by nothing! No! Within the One-point is all reflex-ness—all busy-ness—and within all reflex-ness—all busy-ness—is the One-point again. Genuine actuality consists of One (the point) which perceives itself (the point) and is perceived by itself (the point). Through the interposition of the Mayas (the forms and fashions of knowing actually conditioning conditioned knowledge) is the One-perceiver seen as many perceivers: is the One this-which-is-perceived seen as the many this-which-is-perceiveds!

Kabir deprecates the giving of a name to the One-point as this practice tends to call forth the error of dualism. The name "God" has called forth the error of dualism in plenty, for as conventionally used it is a conscious and unconscious suggestion that the One-point is without all and that all is without the One-point. It is easy to trace this suggestion of the error of dualism in the youthful who have been tampered with by the religious fanatic of a faction. So long as the youthful, aforesaid, are concerned with that which is termed the secular, they are merry and bright, but immediately that which is termed the sacred enters into the proceedings (in one guise or another) they turn up their eyes and emulate the expression of a dying duck in a thunderstorm—they put on a "pi" face. Could anything more deadly be conceived—could thought take a more deadly turn—than to clearly separate and emphatically differentiate between the sacred and the secular? Surely, to differentiate between the godly and the ungodly, and to keep a distinct brand of expression for the one and for the other is the deadliest turn which thought could take. It is to

proclaim that one's self and one's environment are outside the One-point, or rather to proclaim that one entertains an illusion that one could possess a selfhood which is believed to be without the One-point. Surely any allusion to the one-ness of all and the All-ness of One should occasion exhilaration, joy, merriment and brightness. The knowledge of the one-ness of all and the All-ness of One may dwell with one in the form of a great silent Joy : but the arrival of a reminder of this all-hallowing verity must be scheduled amongst the Happinesses. Surely on the entrance of one of the Happinesses it would be unnatural not to chuckle and make merry ! To do otherwise is to honour the devil—the mortal illusion of divided-against-selfness—which would divide the self and its environment into the sacred and the secular, the godly and the ungodly, into parts chaste and parts unchaste, into parts pure and parts impure. By thus honouring the devil, you may gain the whole world of mortal misrepresentation but you will have lost the pathway to genuine actuality—you will have lost the way to freedom from the illusion of the pairs of opposites—you cannot thus be easily set free from bondage !

The name " point " is the least objectionable name to apply to the in Itself One—the in Itself the Only—the in Itself the Unconditioned—since a point is that which has neither parts nor magnitude, and the One-point, in Itself, has no-being-at-all-for-knowledge !

There is nothing which is without the One-point, there is nothing which is not within the One-point and which the One-point is not within again. For everything is in the reflex-ness which is within the One-point. I tell you truly ! that whether " I " be in the member's stand, in the silver ring, or in the paddock ; in the fold along o' the sheep, or pitching sheaves in the harvest field . in the stalls or up in the gallery ; on the lawn, or sowing peas in the wall-garden ; in a Rolls-Royce bound for Hurlingham or on the top of a No. 25 bus bound for Seven Kings ; on the banks of the Wye, or in the Sty Head Pass ; jazzing, or in the nave of a cathedral ; I tell you truly, that every moment the Simple One-point is taking its delight in " I " ! That which is eternally and infinitely at-one with

the Simple One let not the human call common nor unclean! To do so would be to honour the devil—the mortal illusion of divided-against-selfness. I AM reflexes THIS I AM and THIS I AM reflexes I AM. THIS I subjectively AM is reflexed objectively as the environment THIS I AM.

In perfect simplicity, alone, can "I" be revealed to be at-one and oned with the Father of "I"—the Simple One. In perfect simplicity, alone, can every "I" be revealed to be within the One-point and the One-point within every "I" again. Is not simplicity the leading characteristic of the most lovable comrades? Is it not the characteristic of the most lovable comrades to take things just as they find them and to dignify with their grand simplicity the common things of every-day human experience? Does not human greatness consist in walking truly—with the single eye—amongst the common things of every-day environment? To the pure all things are pure!

In dilating at such length upon the notion that within the One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again, am I merely resuscitating an ancient academic theory? No! If that were all I would waste neither time nor paper upon such a consideration! This notion is something eminently practical. It is a lively turn of thought, this turn of thought quickeneth, it maketh alive! This notion is a tabernacle for the Sun-Light; which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course. It goeth forth from the uttermost part of heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

But what is the practical? Is it practical to invent a new machine in which the human may dash from one end of the world, which is his misrepresentation, to the other—faster than has hitherto been accomplished in the recorded long, heavy, and confused dream of humanity—always carrying with him the mortal misunderstanding which purports to be his—the great whore which purports to be able to defile actuality with her fornication? The human deems this to be an eminently practical achievement! Is it practical to cause to be exerted fifty billion

gross of foot tons energy *per diem* and thus to move a range of mountains into the midst of the sea? Is it practical to emulate a dog chasing its own tail? I am persuaded that all the activity which we humans term "practical activity" effects no more than to run off the mare's nest of a nightmare pictures already filmed. True! the film will come to an end some day, anyhow! But by that which we term "practical activity"—following in the footsteps of Martha—no matter how fervent our desire to improve matters—we do nothing but run off the pictures already filmed. By following in the footsteps of Martha, we cannot alter the pictures for (that which the human pseudo-mentality deems to be) good or for (that which human pseudo-mentality deems to be) evil! The complete elucidation of this consideration would require a volume or two. Ponder upon it in the heart! By that which the human deems to be practical activity—by following in the footsteps of Martha—it is not possible to eliminate discord and evil from experience by resisting it—outside there! Should we then, as a human expedient desist from human endeavour, take no further interest in human activities, bask in the sun if the sun be shining, or yawn over the fire—just yawn and drift? The only genuine practicality is to concur, instinctively, in the nothingness of mortal misunderstanding—in the nothingness of the illusion of mortal selfhood. To yawn and drift will not expedite this instinctive concurrence! To yawn and drift is not to follow in the footsteps of Mary! As a matter of human expediency—however clearly you may perceive the futility of human enterprise, *qua* human enterprise—I advise you to be gloriously inconsistent, and, if possible following your natural spontaneous bent, to be filled with a glowing fervour for strenuous activity (not necessarily active activity, perhaps passive activity). Whatsoever your hand finds to do, do it with all your might—with nimble brain, busy hand, and fervent heart, to pour forth bravely and do your part in joyous vein! Indirectly, this fervent activity may lead to vision—instinctive vision—which is the pathway to the genuine! Should your tongue be tied and your outward seeming painfully ineffective, let not your heart be

troubled ! For unconscious speaks to unconscious, unconscious communicates with unconscious, and blazons forth love's old, ever new, ever sweet, song. That out of the devourer comes forth milk for babes and meat for men ! However tortuous the path, however dark the way, however lowering the clouds, however stony the track, however heavy the heart : love can find the way, love can enliven the pace, love can fill the valleys with singing and the hill-side with smiles !

If there were, genuinely, such an object-in-itself as a mortal selfhood, you might put a charge of explosive under it and blow it sky high ; you might burn it, bury it, bust it—you might even make it better. Day by day it might grow better, and better, and better ! But there is no mortal selfhood, there is merely an illusion of mortal selfhood, which is another affair, *in toto* ! What is a practical expedient for dealing with an illusion ? If the illusion of mortal selfhood were a matter of erroneous knowledge in the abstract, you might amend the erroneous knowledge in the abstract. But it is not a matter of mere erroneous knowledge in the abstract. It is a universal, instinctive illusion—an unconscious illusion ! An illusion purporting to have its habitat in the realm of pseudo-being termed the unconscious. The only effectual antidote to illusion is the revelation of the genuine !

The effectual human expedient is autosuggestion of the truth transcending illusion. There is no more pungent suggestion for the conscious to make to the unconscious than this :—Within the One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again. Because if all reflex-ness be within One-point and One-point be within all reflex-ness, there can be no discord, no conflict, no hampering, no impediment, no dis-ease, no dissatisfaction, no factions, no envy, no covetousness, no idolatry, etc. One-point could not be antagonistic to itself ! And genuineness is One which reflexes itself and is reflexed by itself. Itself the subject, itself the object ; itself the mind, itself the matter ; itself the lover ; itself the beloved ; itself the female, itself the male ; itself the demand, itself the supply ; itself the all in all. Subject to this important

qualification, all actual reflex-ness of being is Conditioned, the One-point in Itself, in its innermost being, is Unconditioned. The actual reflex-ness of being is the Conditioned manifestation of this—the One-point—which in Itself, in its innermost being, is Unconditioned. The One-point, in Itself, in its innermost being, is the Only—the totality—therefore there could be none other to conflict with it.

Nothing can be hid from the heat of this autosuggestion of transcendent truth ! The ceaseless autosuggestion of all-embracing truth must make the pseudo-mountains to skip like rams and the little pseudo-hills like lambs ; the pseudo-earth to tremble. It must bring it to pass that the illusion of mortal selfhood and divided-against-selfness, mortal misunderstanding and its misrepresentations, vanish like a nightmare when one awakeneth—awakeneth to the glory of a May morning with the birds singing a reveille !

Don't fall into the trap ! The trap is that in order to be practical it is necessary to make use of autosuggestion of transcendent truth with the aim and object of putting things right (right in accordance with that which human conscious pseudo-mentality deems to be right) amongst the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding. Is ease in illusion right, is dis-ease in illusion wrong ? The question has no meaning ! Illusion is dis-ease, illusion cannot be entertained without proneness to dis-ease ! From the illusory human standpoint, dis-ease in illusion were better than ease in illusion. Thus out of the devourer comes forth milk for babes and meat for men.

But you may say, the Sage Way-shower *ipse dixit* :—“ Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, etc.” Yes ! but he spake ever in parables, the letter of the parable killeth, the spirit of the parable it is which maketh alive. If you accept the letter of this explicit injunction, you will be seeing and yet not perceiving, you will be hearing and yet not understanding. The trap is very cunningly baited, it would take in old Nick himself if he himself has not set it ! There is only one expedient of genuine efficacy, to seek *first* that the illusion of mortal selfhood may be re-

vealed to be naught—nothing—to seek that misunderstanding may be swallowed up of understanding. Seek that and you must find ! Seek that and “ all these things,” ease, affluence, peace, and happiness, must be added over and above all. The lively turn of thought so often reiterated herein must make itself felt and known—must externalise itself.

It has been said :—

* “ One thought in thee will work like leaven,
One force like fire refine,
And flood the common earth with heaven
To know thyself divine.”

But what does divine mean ? And what does thy self mean ? Thy self, I submit, means the individual man which each of us, respectively, genuinely is. Individual man is an individual reflex-ness, the most elaborate grade of reflex-ness which we know of. And within the One-point is the individual reflex-ness man and within every individual reflex-ness man is the One-point again. That is the only meaning of any value which can be assigned to the word “ divine ” as applied to man.

As phrased in the wonderful metaphor of the Sage Way-shower :—Every individual man is in the Father and the Father in every individual man. Believe it ! Yes, but do more than believe it. Through autosuggestion of the truth transcending the illusion of mortal selfhood make of it a ruling and guiding instinct. Be possessed of this sublime instinct. Then will be revealed that the so-called common earth (though it be common in the sense of being profoundly natural) is nearer the most perfect consummation of heaven than we humans can dream of.

The heat of this autosuggestion of transcendent truth will like a fire refine and flood all experience with heaven. For, genuinely, right here, right now :—Within the One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again.

* Extract from poem, “ O Soul of Mine,” by James Rhodes. By kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Chapman and Hall, London.

THE WHOLE POINT II

Within the One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again. Through the instinctive understanding of this primitive notion must all nations of the earth be blessed. Why so? Because in accordance with this genuine basis of being the "within" and the "without" of all actual being are at-one—perfect in One! Because in accordance with this genuine basis of being the innumerable many are all dominated by One! Upon this genuine basis, universal concinnity is profoundly natural and naturally profound. Universal concinnity could, I submit, be established on no other basis.

All life (life must always be actual life)—all actuality—is a process of reflex-ness. Do not say:—Reflex-ness is the cause of life or of actuality—or that:—life or actuality is the effect of a process of reflex-ness. The process of reflex-ness is presupposed before there could be any knowledge to be conditioned by the form of knowing causality or cause and effect.

All that we can say is:—Reflex-ness is. Reflex-ness is within the One-point. It is absolutely impossible to understand, to comprehend, why or how reflex-ness is! Because the queries "why" and "how" have meaning only in relation to the principle of sufficient reason. Subjectively, the principle of sufficient reason is the forms and fashions of knowing conditioning the conditioned knowledge of the actually knowing subject. And reflex-ness—the reflex-ness, subject and object—is presupposed before there could be a subject upon whose knowledge conditions could be imposed!

A reflex-ness is! What grounds are there for this assertion? In other words we ask what sufficient reason

of knowing there is as the ground of this assertion. Have done with your sufficient reasons ! I tell you that the reflex-ness is presupposed before there can be any subject upon whose knowledge conditions—the principle of sufficient reason—could be imposed ! A reflex-ness is ! Without that reflex-ness there could be neither subject nor object, there could be no knowledge ! The statement, " a reflex-ness is," is a self-evident philosophic truth !

In its naked essence—in its most primitive form—reflex-ness is the reflex-ness—subject and object. In its naked essence the reflex-ness could be known only conceptually, that is it could be known only to knowledge in the abstract. This primitive form of the reflex-ness—subject and object—is, however, the prototype of all actual reflex-ness which is actuality. This process of reflex-ness must be termed the natural miracle *par excellence*, since, though profoundly natural it can never be explained ! It is indeed a miracle this wonderful process of reflex-ness in which subject is the inseparable reflex of object and object is the inseparable reflex of subject—in which subject reflexes to itself the object and the object reflexes to itself the knowing subject in relation to whose knowledge alone the object (or idea) exists as such. Now this reflex-ness must proceed in something. Pause and think ! A thing and an object are one and the same ! This in which the process of reflex-ness proceeds is no " thing." No ! Within the One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again. That is the whole point !

As unconditioned mental abstractions, neither subject nor object could have any actual, concrete, being. Since the subject is actually such only in so far as it knows an actual object : and the object is actually such only in so far as it is the actual object (or idea) of the knowing subject. Unless the knowledge of the knowing subject be conditioned by the imposition upon it of forms and fashions of knowing, the knowledge of the knowing subject could have no actual content nor could the object have any actual form or quality. Reflex-ness is always actual reflex-ness, in which the forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject are reflexed objectively as the form and fashion in which shall appear

This which in itself, in its innermost being, transcends all form. The forms and fashions of knowing conditioning the knowledge of the knowing subject when objectified determine precisely, how, when, and where This which appears shall appear—why it appears, here or there, now or later on—never why it appears in general, never that it shall appear in general—determine only the how, the when, and the where, never the what !

The process of reflex-ness is presupposed as the indispensable condition of all actuality. Given that, let us consider how the forms of knowing conditioning the knowledge of the knowing subject reflex themselves. (The knowledge of the knowing subject might be conditioned in an infinite diversity of fashion thus reflexing to itself infinite diversity of actuality.) First let us take "time," the subjective form of knowing time reflexes itself as infinity of succession. When we speak of "succession" we indicate known succession, we may speak of a succession of subjective sensations but that succession is known, notwithstanding that we term it subjective, the succession is still the object of knowledge, of knowledge conditioned by the form of knowing "time." Therefore it is quite legitimate to say that the form of knowing "time" reflexes itself as objective succession. The form of knowing time is a subjective notion of infinite variety in succession. As such it is no limitation, it could constitute no virtual limitation, on the contrary the possibility of succession is limitless. It is a curious phenomenon of mortal topsyturvydom that the illusion of mortal selfhood postulates two "nows," one subjective—that is the "now" which it claims to possess as its own—and another objective—a "now" belonging to another—and wonders that these two "nows" should chance to meet in the "now" to which it arrogates a claim of exclusive possession. Thus to mortal misunderstanding, time—the form of knowing time reflexed objectively—is a robber continually robbing the illusion of mortal selfhood of its most highly prized possessions. Indeed this robber must eventually make off with the (so-called) life itself of the mortal selfhood ! In mortal topsyturvydom, the object-in-itself "time" brings mental and bodily decay : grey

hair, old age, infirmity: the loss of appetite, interest, virility, and keen enjoyment. And yet, genuinely, time is the subjective notion of the assurance of infinite succession (gloriously filled and varied)!

Space—the subjective form of knowing space—is reflexed objectively as boundless extension, as the possibility of infinite side-by-side existence in space. There is no taint of limitation in the notion of infinite possibility of side-by-side existence in boundless space! It is a curious phenomenon of mortal topsyturvydom, that the illusion of mortal selfhood postulates two “heres,” one subjective—that is the “here” which it claims to exclusively possess—and an objective “here,” outside there, in the possession of another, and marvels that this “here,” its “here,” is so seldom the place where it would be! Thus to mortal misunderstanding divided-against-selfness, space—the form of knowing space reflexed objectively—is the great divider, continually dividing it from its heart’s desire. And yet genuinely, space is the subjective notion of the assurance of infinite and boundless extension (filled with glorious side-by-side existence)!

In the illusion of mortal selfhood, time and space conjointly conspire to separate the mortal from his heart’s ease. Genuinely, they are the assurance of the infinite possibility of infinite variety of succession and of infinite variety of side-by-side existence!

Then to take the subjective form and fashion of knowing “causality” (the nexus cause and effect). Subjectively this is the notion of the capacity to act in general or to be actual in general. In a manner of speaking there are two fashions of acting, (1) active activity, (2) passive activity. The latter might be termed “feeling.” So that the subjective form of knowing “causality” is the subjective notion of the capacity to act or to feel. There is no manner of taint of limitation in the notion of the capacity to act or to feel! Where is there any suggestion of limitation or impediment? Where is the impediment in matter which is the capacity to act or to feel objectified? It is a curious phenomenon of mortal topsyturvydom that the illusion of mortal selfhood postulates two capacities to act, one its

own and one that of another, and in the illusion of mortal divided-against-selfness the two capacities to act are usually trying to act the one contrary to the other. There is one capacity to act—the mortal's own exclusive possession—and another capacity to act—outside there—and these are mostly contrary the one to the other, so that the mortal rarely can do the thing that he would. In fact, mortal experience consists chiefly of contrariness and cussedness, with the two capacities to act up against one another. To the illusion of mortal selfhood, matter is the objective embodiment of hindrance, impediment, constraint. In fact, of the non-capacity, the incapacity, the inability, to act in general—the non-capacity, the incapacity, the inability, to "feel" in general! But this is merely an instance of pseudo-reflex-ness, the illusion of mortal divided-against-selfness reflexing its own pseudo-self. Keep the issue clear. Do not confuse the issue by imagining that matter in the abstract is responsible for the hampering and the impediment. It is no such thing! No! Genuinely, the subjective notion of the capacity to act and to feel has as its objective reflex—matter—which is the objectification of the capacity to act and to feel illimitably! Genuinely, matter is the assurance of the permanence of the capacity to act or to feel in general objectified! (Of course if it pleases you to talk about "the spiritual" meaning thereby an immaterial substance, there is no reason why you should not splash up *words* in all directions after this fashion, if it amuses you. It will however be only *words*, not thoughts, which you will be splashing about. You might as well try to *think* of wooden iron or of a tall-short man as of immaterial substance. What you mean by "the spiritual" is, I presume, the capacity and ability to act in general without let nor hindrance, because all capacity or ability to act in its innermost being is One. That is to talk sense! To speak of an "immaterial substance" is to talk non-sense!)

We thus conceive of a glorious process of reflex-ness in which the knowing subject whose fashion of knowing is definitely and actually conditioned has as its objective reflex the definitely conditioned actual object—the concrete

object. Through the union, subjectively, of the subjective forms of knowing time and space does the notion of multiplicity arise subjectively. This subjective notion of the possibility of multiplicity reflexes itself objectively as multiplicity of objects (or ideas). (Through the interposition of the Mayas is the One seen as the many!) Behold the complex of actuality extended throughout boundless space and changing in endless time in accordance with the vicissitudes of the causal nexus. An infinitely varying actual process of reflex-ness within the One-point and within every item of which is the One-point again!

So far we have been considering actuality in so far as it is "idea." In so doing we have adopted an arbitrary standpoint, we have considered only one aspect of actuality. From this arbitrarily selected standpoint we consider only the "how," how this which is made manifest is made manifest, i.e., the conditions of the process of manifestation, in which the natural miracle of reflex-ness is the most prominent. The "what," this which is made manifest, has received but scanty attention.

In this connection let us recognise with clear distinctness, once and for all, that mind and matter (each the reflex of the other) are no more than form-givers. In confused thinking, one is apt to attempt to think of the energy of mind or the energy of matter. Neither mind nor matter, *per se*, possess one iota of energy between them. These merely give form and fashion, each respectively within its own domain, to One-infinite-energy. In a manner of speaking, mind is no more than a formality, matter is no more than a formality. Mind is subjective form, matter is the same form reflexed objectively. A definite type of mind and a definite type of matter are but two aspects of one and the same form-giving. A definite type of mind gives form subjectively and a definite type of matter gives form objectively. As such, i.e., as mind and as matter, these are something secondary and derived. The primary and the ultimate—the alpha and the omega—of all being is *this* which is included in the form. One subjective willing or subjective moving-spirit included subjectively in definite formal conditions of mentality: one and the selfsame

willing or moving spirit included objectively in the formal conditions of matter. In the latter case the selfsame willing or moving-spirit has passed into complete objectivity, into complete objective perceptibility—is concretely realised, actualised, substantiated, objectively (as a being-for-another). *This* which is included in the definite form, which form is known subjectively as mind and objectively as matter, is one and the same content of both mind and matter—a will or moving-spirit which in its innermost being is (genuinely) One Unconditioned. (It was the innermost unconditioned being of this moving-spirit which the naïve Sage Way-shower, who was neither theologian nor “realist,” alluded to as “Our Father”!) Mind and matter, *per se*, possess no power nor energy, these merely determine the form and fashion in which *this* which is made manifest in them shall be made manifest. Mind subjectively and matter objectively determine the how, the when, the why, or the where, *this* which is made manifest shall be made manifest: never determine *this* which is made manifest in the formality they give, never determine that *this* shall be made manifest in general!

In the foregoing, in order to simplify the issue I have not adhered to strict accuracy. For matter in the abstract is merely the objective correlative of the subjective notion of the capacity to act in general, in the abstract it is the objective reflex of a department of mind known as understanding, the understanding of the nature of cause and effect. It is through and through pure causality, its being is its action. As such it is a pure mental abstraction, it is devoid of either form or quality. Matter cannot be perceived apart from time and space. “The form which is inseparable from it presupposes space, and the action in which its very existence consists, always imports some change, in other words a determination in time. But space and time are not only, each for itself, presupposed by matter, but a union of the two constitutes its essence, for this consists in action, i.e., causation.” The matter of concrete experience must have form and quality, the form is obviously the reflex of subjective mind, the quality not obviously so. But the actual, concrete, quality of

matter, i.e., that it acts as it does, here, now, is determined by causality, which objectively is the reflex of a form of knowing of mind. N.B., causality determines only how, when, and where, energy shall be made manifest: it never determines energy in general, nor that energy in general shall be made manifest. Concrete mind and concrete matter are merely two aspects of one and the same form-giving. We speak of the "conscious" thereby vaguely designating this which has been invested with complete formality (subjectively): and the "unconscious" is this which has not been invested with complete formality (subjectively)—this which is pressing forward, so to speak, into complete formality. This to which form and fashion are given by form-giving mind and form-giving matter is will, moving-spirit, or whatever you may choose to call it. It is the metaphysical. Until form and fashion have been impressed upon it by subjective concrete mind and objective concrete matter (the same form-giving process) this is unknowing, unknown—unknowable—is unperceiving, unperceived—unperceivable—nevertheless is the alpha and the omega of all actual being!

The process of reflex-ness which is actual knowledge requires two for its complete enactment, viz.:—a knower and a known. "I" is the reflex-ness—knower and known. There is in self-consciousness a knowing "I" and a known "I," the known "I" is a concrete actual expression of will or moving-spirit. *This* which is known, in its innermost being is One. A unique type of one-ness this! One, but not in the sense in which an object is one, for an object is one in contradistinction to a possible multiplicity of that object, nor yet in the sense in which a mental abstraction or concept is one, for a concept is one in that it has been abstracted from a multiplicity of concrete objects, but it is One in that it transcends the conditions conditioning form-giving mind, through the interposition of which form-giving conditions alone could the subjective notion (or the objective actualisation) of more than one-ness arise. This which we know most intimately "within," we term will or moving-spirit. In this, "the what" is known in so far as it is possible for "the what" to be known. The

" what " is known " within " as free from formality as can be. " The what " is the universal content of all form and of all fashion.

This appears as forces of Nature in the kingdom of the inanimate and inorganic, the regulation of the manifestation of these forces of Nature, now here, now there, is effected by causality proper. *This* appears as vital force in the vegetable kingdom, the regulation of its manifestation being effected by a more elaborate type of causality, viz. :—reaction to stimuli. *This* appears as vital force in the animal kingdom and in man, the regulation of its manifestation being effected by a still more elaborate type of causality, viz. :—conscious action in response to the prompting of motives. For the animal and man are possessed of intelligence which serves as the medium for motives. In the case of man, the regulation of the manifestation of *this* which is made manifest is the most elaborate type of causality known, for he can judicially weigh the influence of motives, he can reason, ponder and reflect. In the case of animal and of man, we can directly trace the influence of definitely conditioned mind in regulating—in giving form to—activity. In the case of a stone, the will or moving-spirit made manifest in it is regulated as regards the vicissitudes of its actual manifestation by causality proper (in the strictly limited meaning of the term). (N.B., when I speak of " will " in a stone I do not commit the fatuity of suggesting that a stone wills consciously as the animal and man do). Nevertheless the will or moving spirit made manifest in stone or in man is one and the same (transcendentally), the differences in their respective cases is that the actual expression of willing in man is illuminated by knowledge, in a stone it is not ! Concrete matter is the objectification of a subjective will or moving spirit, in both stone and man. In the case of man, the form of the actual expression of will is regulated directly by form-giving mind, in the case of a stone the actual expression of will is regulated by the same form-giving mind objectified as causality. One might say that causality is " unconscious " mind !

We thus arrive at the momentous notion that a definite

actual, material, object is the objective correlative or reflex of a definite, actual, subjective, expression of will. That it is this definite, actual, expression of will, idealised, realised, actualised, and substantiated. In full panoply of capacity to act. Now do you see what genuine concrete matter is? It is the capacity to act actively or to act passively (to feel) in a definite conditioned manner. In the concrete, there is no such thing as the capacity to act in general, nor the capacity to feel in general! In the concrete, there is only the capacity to act in a definite conditioned manner. Consider it well! Every item in a genuine actuality (*qua* a definitely conditioned item) can act as it does and can feel as it does because it *must* act as it does and it *must* feel as it does! Nevertheless is its activity and feeling utterly spontaneous (it feels utterly free) because in its innermost being it is at-one with the One which is unconditioned, therefore in its innermost being *free*! (There could be no sort of freedom other than at-one-ment with This which in its innermost being is the totality!)

Now in an actuality what is it which determines the how, the when, the where, that definite actualness shall occur? It is causality, which in its broadest signification includes the reaction to stimuli in plants, and conscious action in response to the promptings of motives in animal and man. This causality is known subjectively as the notion of the capacity to act or to feel—as the notion of the capacity to respond to action or to feeling—this causality is known objectively as matter. Matter is the objective correlative or reflex of the subjective notion of the capacity to act or to feel. Alternatively, actual, concrete, matter is the objective reflex of a subjective spirit of activity (definitely conditioned). The subjective desire to exercise that definite type of activity objectified—idealised, realised, actualised, and substantiated. Now in a genuine actuality, all acting is perfect in One—all acting rests in the activity of One—all playing rests in the play of One. All capacity to act is vested in One-actor, which in its innermost being is unconditioned, therefore in its innermost being free. In utter simplicity is all acting and all feeling at-one with

the Simple One ! The government—the control—of all acting and all feeling is upon the shoulder of the One-actor (and One-feeler). Of this One-government in poise-full ease and ease-full poise there is no end—there is nothing which could impede, hamper, nor molest, the peace-full governance in and by One ! (N.B., These, governor and governed, are not two but one. The distinction between governor and governed exists only in and for abstract rational knowledge. In the concrete, governor and governed are transcendently at-one and oned. Hence the immortal saying of the Sage Way-shower, who was neither theologian nor “realist” : “I and my Father are one.”) Now do you not see that the genuine law of causality, the subjective notion of the capacity to act in a definite conditioned manner and the objective reflex of this, viz. :—concrete matter, are the One-governor exercising the peace-full governance ? Genuine concrete matter (the objective reflex of a definitely conditioned moving-spirit) is the objective means whereby the One-governor exercises the governance. There is nothing else about matter, that exhausts the nature of matter. That is the whole point about matter ! A very lively and life-giving turn of thought is this !

Of course the matter of mortal experience is the supposed objective means whereby innumerable pseudo-would-be-governors are all seeking to impose their coercion from without upon one another. All trying to coerce one another from without, to be something other than they would be, to do something other than they would do, to be somewhere other than they would be—all impeding, hindering, hampering, plaguing, one another. More than one cook spoils the broth ! Even two suppositional cooks spell :—

“Double, double toil and trouble ;
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.”

The illusion that there are many cooks is a charm of powerful trouble, which like a hell-broth boils and bubbles.

The matter of mortal experience is the objective pseudo-reflex of the subjective illusion of object-in-itselfhood—of

something able to coerce from without—of something other than the One-governor attempting to govern—thus it claims to be the means whereby heart's ease is for ever banished. But that is no good and sufficient reason why matter in the abstract should be anathematised and held responsible for all the ills to which mortal flesh is inevitably heir ! To anathematise and to resist the notion of matter is to mentally banish genuine actuality to the far away. There could be no actuality without matter, in an actuality matter and mind are each the inseparable reflex of the other ! Do not damn matter ! Damn the illusion that the Mayas could be disproportionately extended to constitute an illusion of mortal selfhood. There is no need for *you* to do it, the illusion of mortal selfhood is already frizzled to a frazzle. Only believe it ! A fire eternally and infinitely goeth before this One-governor and burneth up the enemy (the illusion of mortal selfhood) round about !

But to return to the point—reflex-ness. All the infinite diversity of actuality is but a variation on the original theme of reflex-ness between subject and object. All reflex-ness being within the One-point and the One-point within all reflex-ness again. (N.B., when it is said that the One-point is "within" all reflex-ness it means that the One-point is within the being-for-self which in its innermost unconditioned being is no-being-at-all-for-knowledge. The term "within" has no other meaning in this connection.) There is the reflex-ness "I" in its dual capacity of knower and known in self-consciousness ; the reflex-ness mind and matter ; the reflex-ness demand and supply ; the reflex-ness recognition and expression ; the reflex-ness female and male ; the reflex-ness desire and desired ; the reflex-ness lover and beloved ; the reflex-ness utterance and response to utterance ; to mention most of the more important fashions of reflex-ness. In a genuine actuality—in a genuine process of reflex-ness—each of these respectively is the inseparable correlative of its respective partner in reflex-ness. The one cannot exist without the other, each inevitably reflexes the other in actual concinnate proportion. There could be no definitely conditioned, actual, demand without concinnously proportionate, definitely conditioned,

actual, supply, and so on. Moreover the process of reflex-ness is mutually reciprocal. The lover loves the beloved and the beloved reciprocates by loving the lover.

Kissing is the best example of reflex-ness which is available. Two lovers kiss—rapturously! Analysed the proceedings would consist of:—He kissed her and at the same time she kissed him, she kissed him and at the same time he kissed her. The process suffers mutilation in this analysis. The pair of lovers mutually kissed one another, each reciprocated the kiss of the other, in brief a kiss was, or in the present “a kiss is.” All (genuine) actuality, in its infinite variety of type of reflex-ness, is merely a series of rapturous embraces—a series of variations on the original theme:—A kiss is!

The French proverb says:—There is always one who kisses and another who merely proffers a cheek. Meaning that in mundane experience complete reciprocity of affection is rare. In genuineness reciprocity is universal and unavoidable.

In the example of osculatory reflex-ness, what do lips represent? Conscious utterance and conscious response to the utterance. In the reflex-ness—a kiss is—lips consciously utter a kiss and lips consciously respond to utterance of a kiss. In a (genuine) actuality there could be no utterance without concinnate response to the utterance, neither could there be a longing to respond to an utterance without there being the concinnate utterance to respond to. In genuineness, reflex is infinitely available to reflex. Because each of a pair of reflexes is merely the other seen in a different aspect, each is available to the other in the Unconditioned One of which they are both the conditioned manifestation. In genuineness, reflex-ness is perfect in One!

Moreover, not only is there conscious utterance and conscious response to utterance, but there is “unconscious” utterance and “unconscious” response to utterance. There is “unconscious” expression and “unconscious” recognition of the “unconscious” expression. “Unconscious” reflexes “unconscious,” “unconscious” is reflexed by “unconscious.” And,

curious as it may sound, this "unconscious" process of reflex-ness is of greater moment than the conscious process.

Have done with your notions of toil and trouble, of duties performed under constraint, grudgingly and of necessity (or left undone to evoke consuming remorse). Such notions may attain to some measure of verisimilitude in the topsyturvydom which purports to be the illusion of mortal selfhood reflexing itself and reflexed by itself. Genuineness is something other than that! I tell you truly, that there are no duties in the genuine actuality into which all are being irresistibly borne. Genuineness is an infinite series of infinitely varied lover's embraces! A sublimated version of that which we mortals know as lover's embraces. Genuineness is the actual consummation of the will to love and to be loved which are at-one in the (in its innermost being) One: the actual consummation of the will to give and to receive rapture oned in the One! Genuineness is the will to love and to be loved, the will to give and to receive rapture, idealised, realised, actualised, and substantiated in the natural miracle of reflex-ness, of which the reflex-ness subject reflexing object and object reflexing subject is the prototype. And within the One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again. All reflex-ness is perfect and whole (or holy) in One! Awake to instinctive right-wiseness, wash the feet of one and the feet of all by autosuggestion of transcendent truth in response to the promptings of daily pseudo-happenings. There is no illusion of mortal selfhood to divide the proceeds of the sublime process of reflex-ness within the One-point against one another into parts good and parts evil, into parts pure and parts impure, etc. In genuineness, the proceeds of the process of reflex-ness are all utterly spontaneous and without let nor hindrance. The incessant *joyeuse réunion* of complementary affinities mutually and reciprocally entrancing to one another—mutually and reciprocally thrilling to one another. For union and separation are both the One-player's play—the game of One-joy—the sport of One Bliss! All play—all games of joy—all sport of bliss—perfect in One! This is the Whole Point!

THE WHOLE POINT III

Within the One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again !

Through the natural miracle *par excellence*—the naturally whole and wholly natural process of reflex-ness—is brought into manifestation THIS which (in Itself) can never be seen. Through the conditioning of the process of reflex-ness is the (in Itself) the Formless and the Fashionless revealed in definite form and fashion. Within the One-point is all form and all fashion and within all form and all fashion is the One-point again !

The One-point is the "I" (the pure Unconditioned subject of knowing and willing) within the "I" (the Conditioned subject of knowing and of willing). The One-point is the eye (the Unconditioned perception) within the eye (the Conditioned perception). The One-point is the actor (the pure Unconditioned actor) within the actor (the Conditioned actor). Within the One-point is every "I"—every eye—every actor—and within every "I"—every eye—every actor—is the One-point again. That is the whole point of this discourse !

All actuality is a process of reflex-ness ! The reflex-ness—understanding and matter. Definitely conditioned understanding (i.e., understanding conditioned by definite conditions of understanding) is the inseparable subjective reflex of definitely conditioned matter and definitely conditioned matter is the inseparable objective reflex of definitely conditioned subjective understanding. Each exists, as such, only as the reflex of the other : each exists, as such, only in relation to the other. And within the One-point is all definitely conditioned understanding and within all definitely conditioned understanding is the One-point

again! (In the foregoing, we have attached the word "understanding" as a label to the mental abstraction comprising that department of conscious mentality which (conditioned by definite forms of knowing) is concerned with the elaboration of an objective universe from the data supplied by sensation.)

Now when we come to consider the spurious actuality of mortal experience we find that here also the process of reflex-ness holds sway—universally. Of course it does, because this pseudo-actuality is only a more or less distorted caricature of a genuine actuality. The genuine actuality is the objective reflex of understanding and the spurious is the pseudo-reflex of a supposed misunderstanding. Misunderstanding purports to be without the One-point and that the One-point is without (outside) it. Consequently it purports to be an object-in-itself misunderstanding totally separate and distinct from its object-in-itself actual environment. There is only room for one *in-itself* in a universe! More than one *in-itself* spells conflict! With the best of intentions misunderstanding cannot help being antagonistic to its actual environment and the actual environment antagonistic to misunderstanding. N.B., there could not, genuinely, be more than one *in-itself*, there could only be an illusion of more than one *in-itself*. That illusion is dis-ease!

Genuine actuality is One (in Itself, in its innermost being, Unconditioned) which reflexes itself and is reflexed by itself. Wholeness reflexing wholeness; unity-at-onement "within" reflexing concinnity "without"; totality "within" reflexing poised ease "without." In the spurious actuality of mortal experience, there purport to be innumerable objects-in-themselves each reflexing its pseudo-selfhood in object-in-itself environment. The illusion of separation and divorcement from One-totality (which is divided-against-selfness) "within" reflexing to itself antagonism to both pseudo-within and pseudo-without—heart's dis-ease "within" and separation from heart's desire "without."

Supposing we put it this way! Form (the subjective fashion of knowing) "within" reflexes to itself form

(objective fashion of being) "without." The conditioned content of form "within" reflexes to itself conditioned content of form "without." This which is included in the form "within" reflexes to itself this which is included in the form "without." Now this which is included in the form "within" is never wholly included in the form, this recedes by degrees into the infinite and unfathomable depths of the formless and the fashionless. Into the being-for-self which is no-being-for-another, into this which is no-being-at-all-for-knowledge, into this which we vaguely term the "unconscious" but which would be more accurately described as the "formless," i.e., this which has not entered into any formality bestowed by form-giving mind. The Saviour of the world of misunderstanding misrepresentation is the instinctive understanding that this which is included in the form of form-giving mind (or is as it were pressing forward into definite form from the fathomless depths of the formless) in the innermost depths of its being is One!

The conditioned content of form "within" reflexes to itself conditioned content of form "without"—i.e., conditioned subjective being reflexes to itself conditioned objective being. Remember, all conditioned being is a being-for-knowledge, is a being-for-a-knower, is a being-for-another. Possibly, conditioned objective being may be the complement of conditioned subjective being, i.e., the environment of a given individual may be the complement of his own subjective conditioned being. And this conditioned subjective being fades away by degrees into the unconditioned.

In the spurious actuality of mortal experience, pseudo-distortion of form, subjectively, "within," has as its pseudo-reflex distortion of form, objectively "without." The pseudo-distortion of form subjectively "within" gives rise to the false notion that the content of form, both "within" and "without," could be distorted to constitute an illusion of mortal selfhood. This which is included in the form is perceptible, knowable, recognisable, only in so far as this is conditioned by form and fashion, only in so far as this is invested with form and fashion by form-giving

mind. The *actual* being of this which is included in the form is the form and fashion with which this is invested ; i.e. the known content of form appears as it does in consequence of the form with which this has been invested. Genuinely, this which is invested with form, in its innermost being, is the One-totality-unconditioned : genuinely the content of form could never be distorted. But in mortal experience, in consequence of the supposed disproportionate extension of the Mayas (the forms of form-giving mind) the content of form appears to be divided-against-itself, there seems to be an undesirable content of form which reflexes its undesirability objectively. To a superficial glance, the nature of the form does not make many odds, it is the content of the form—its infernal cussedness—which breaks hearts and keeps nerves on the jangle. Appearances are deceitful, it is the supposed distortion in form-giving which is responsible for the seeming of cussedness. Therefore the practical expedient is to concern oneself with eliminating the instinctive illusion that the Mayas could be disproportionately extended, that the form-giving of mind could be a distortion. This illusion is instinctive, it has its supposed habitat in the realms of the pseudo-unconscious. It is there alone that it can be effectually dealt with, through misunderstanding being swallowed up of understanding.

The matter of mortal experience, which is the supposed objective correlative of a subjective pseudo-distortion of form-giving, is the embodiment of impededness. The supposed content of the supposedly distorted form is the acme of cussedness and contrariness—divided-against-selfness. This objective reflex of the instinctive illusion of divided-against-selfness can be traced in the matter of mortal experience continually. Consider the lengthy, elaborate, and wearisome training which even virile youth must undergo in order to excel in athletic competition. Consider how disease will spring upon its victim like a Thug, will seize upon a strapping youth bursting with lusty virility, stretch him upon a bed of sickness and enfeeble him to that extent that he must be waited upon, nursed, and fed like a ten days' old baby. Consider how an accident—may be

in appearance a trifling one—will cause injury to the arm of a world-famous musician, so that for the term of his unnatural existence, misnamed life, he can never again enrapture audiences with sublime melody. Consider all the elaborate organisation directed towards the countering of this impededness—this impediment—wrongfully attributed to matter. The hospitals, the surgical appliances, the drugs; the torturing of our earth-born companions and fellow mortals in the cause of so-called research (the attempt to torture the beauty and perfume of the rose out of excrement in the dung heap); the marvellously skilled and highly trained operating surgeon, the highly trained and marvellously sympathetic hospital nurse! All consecrated to the overcoming of material impediment. Matter in the abstract is in no way responsible for this impededness! Matter in the abstract is merely the objective reflex of the subjective notion of the capacity to act in general. The abstract notion of the capacity to act in general has no lot nor part with impededness—on the contrary it is a notion of the precise contrary. The matter of mortal experience is the supposed embodiment of the illusion of a will-impeding-itself. The impededness of mortal environment should be attributed to the illusion that One Will could impede itself! Not to matter, to attribute impediment to matter in the abstract is a gross fallacy which has its origin in faulty exercise of the faculty of judgment and in confused thinking. A fallacy to which superficial thinkers are prone!

The pseudo-unconscious (in myriad guise) reflexes itself in the pseudo-environment of mundane experience. Despondent inertitude reflexes itself in the very ills which it dreads. Despondency reflexes itself in—reflexes to itself—unpropitious circumstances—untoward events—distress and disaster. Sanguine, hope-full, expectancy reflexes to itself propitious circumstances, fortunate events, joy and prosperity. A smile in the heart (in the unconscious) reflexes to itself smiles all around. It is the pseudo-unconscious which counts for most in reflex-ness. As it is said:—That which you *are* is making such a noise that I can't hear what you are (consciously) saying. To state

the consideration more precisely :—I am so profoundly affected by your unconscious pseudo-being that your conscious pseudo-being scarcely affects me !

A high-couraged, sensitive, thoroughbred horse is such a splendid example of the process of pseudo-reflex-ness. As it is said there is no secret so close as that between a horse and its rider ! Do you not often see a horse which has been walking about sedately all the morning, whilst in the hands of a second horseman—whose unconscious pseudo-mentality is of a patient, placid type and who is also blessed with what are known as “ good hands ” (its the same thing)—work itself up into a frenzy and refuse to go a yard without boring and fighting, directly its owner (may be a popinjay of a fellow who opines that the whole world is his own special oyster, who is the reverse of placid, and who is very impatient of every happening which does not precisely accord with his notions of the suitable) gets on his back. Or *vice versa*, a horse who has been fussing, fretting, and fuming, all the morning in the “ hands ” of a timid, irascible, horseman (of fussy pseudo-unconscious) become like a lamb directly it is touched by the hand of its master (possessed of placid, patient, confident, pseudo-unconscious). It is not so much a case of what either of them actually does, to outward appearance there may seem no difference in their respective methods of handling the horse, it is the unconscious secret—the secret in “ feeling ”—between the horse and its rider which counts, it is pseudo-unconscious communicating with pseudo-unconscious which holds sway.

It is the same in innumerable walks of life. It is the same in handling men to get a job of work done, quickly and efficiently. The pseudo-unconscious of the leader is the determining factor. With one officer directing operations, the men will all be as busy as bees in a hive—all digging out for daylight, all lashing out for all they are worth. It's not what he says—he may be a gruff looking individual of few words and rough words at that, but every word makes somebody skip, willingly. It is pseudo-unconscious communicating with pseudo-unconscious which makes that hive hum with willing activity !

It is the pseudo-unconscious which counts in mundane affairs. One can cultivate all sorts of fakes and poses in conscious pseudo-being, but the unconscious pseudo-being gives the show away every time !

N.B., Genuinely there are not two unconsciouses, (1) one at-one with the One-unconscious and (2) one purporting to be merely one of many in-itself unconsciouses, each on its own, each trying to keep its own end up and the other ends down. Genuinely there is only one unconscious, which in its innermost being is at-one with the One. From the illusory human standpoint the unconscious purports to be an object-in-itself on its own, therefore to avoid confusion it is expedient to speak of this as the pseudo-unconscious !

As a further example, take the case of a human who makes Mammon his God. Money can do anything, money can procure anything, is his slogan ; therefore get money, by fair means if possible, by foul means if necessary ! Money, however, you must get ! And he gets it ! Only to find that though money may buy commodities in abundance it cannot command the faculty for enjoying these commodities. Only to see his fairy gold transformed at touch to drossy mould. May be, to see all his hope withered and turned to torment in the alchemy of slow-moving retributive justice ! Whereas, an altruist may fling away, light-heartedly, time after time, opportunities to attain to affluence. Fling these away, light-heartedly, because all his faculties and energies are concentrated upon a quest for that which he believes will be of universal benefit. Only to find that that which he has flung away won't leave him, it keeps on coming back, all unsought ! If he have not much money, he has ample means to lead a full life in accordance with his natural inclinations, untrammelled by anxieties concerning the superfluous. Things keep on coming to him, unsought, in the most surprising manner—even to little details, little things come to him the use of which he does not discover till the morrow, when they satisfy a need. When one comes to consider these two cases, it becomes apparent that, in them, it is not pseudo-conscious which reflexes itself, it is pseudo-unconscious. In the first case, the aspirant to pseudo-

possession of the means to compel the services of other humans pseudo-consciously dreams of profusion, lavishness, abundance. But he is all-unconsciously seeking to impose limits upon the Limitless, he is attempting to corner pseudo-affluence for his pseudo-selfhood, he is seeking to hearse the sea within a puddle's womb, all-unconsciously he is emphasising the divided-against-selfness—the self-impededness—of the illusory mortal selfhood. It is this involuntary self-impededness which reflexes itself in his environment. It is the old story; whosoever will save *his* wealth, the same shall lose it. In the second case, that of the altruist, the latter pseudo-consciously resolves to be content with somewhat scanty possessions, in order to be free to devote all his energies to the pursuit of that which he deems to be of great universal value. But in so doing, he is all-unconsciously bursting pseudo-barriers. All-unconsciously, he is opening the floodgates which let in the sea—the bounty-full sea. All-unconsciously he is attenuating the illusion of divided-against-selfness—of self-impeded-by-selfness. It is this pseudo-unconscious mental attitude of generosity and profusion which reflexes itself, which is externalised in his pseudo-environment. It is the old story; whosoever will lose *his* wealth, "for my sake" (for the sake of the universal revelation of unity-at-onement) the same shall find it. Find it in complete actual happiness!

May be, acknowledging the validity of the foregoing remarks, the human may say to his self:—"You must cultivate a 'good' unconscious!" Very natural! Very plausible! As a human, you may consciously make all manner of "good" resolves, but will the pseudo-unconscious purporting to be yours pay any heed to these resolves? I trow not! Of course, empirically, it seems possible for the human to resolve to be anything he blooming well chooses! Empirically, from the standpoint of human empiricism, it would appear that actual volition is an undetermined cypher which can indifferently will in any fashion that conscious pseudo-mentality elects. Such a notion is sedulously fostered by the theologian, for it is the only method of exculpating his conscious object-in-itself

God from all responsibility for the chaos purporting to obtain in the pseudo-world of mortal misrepresentation. Fortunately—very fortunately—this doctrine falls to pieces when subjected to unbiassed investigation. In a genuine actuality, willing—volition—is felt to be free and utterly spontaneous because although a definite expression of will, *qua* definite expression of will, is rigorously conditioned and actually determined, and therefore, *qua* definite expression of will, not free; nevertheless the will definitely expressed in its inmost being is One—the Only—totality, Unconditioned, and therefore in its inmost being free. Hence arises the illusion that a definite expression of pseudo-volition is an undetermined, indifferent cypher. It is no such thing! And what might a “good” resolution be? To the mortal, the “good” is merely one of a pair of opposites conflicting with one another. Consequently, to make good resolutions, i.e., to attempt to force the pseudo-unconscious to conform to the dictates of the pseudo-conscious, merely enhances the antagonistic disparity between them. For each individual man the only “good” is utterly spontaneous conformity with the individual expression of the moving-spirit which constitutes his individuality. The genuine man could not possibly do otherwise than be led of this One-moving-spirit in utter spontaneity. The genuine man is not “good” in contradistinction to bad, he is the only thing he can be—perfect—perfect even as the unconditioned One of which he is the conditioned manifestation is perfect. This is the only resolution worth considering!

Of course from the illusory human standpoint, from the standpoint of human expediency, the human must strive to make perfect the imperfect. To do so is normally the furtherance of the quest for the genuine. Given the aspiration to improve the imperfect, surely organised, trained, effort in accordance with scientific principle were more effective than hap-hazard, spasmodic effort. So the human would be led to suppose! Curiously enough, there is no record that the Sage Way-shower inaugurated any such organised system of training! On the contrary his naïve utterance on the subject was to this effect:—Who-

soever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath (all the pseudo-excellences of his pseudo-being), he cannot be my disciple! A precept utterly at variance with the wisdom—the precept and the practice—of the human in the street and in most of the pulpits. Nevertheless, this maxim is the quintessence of scientific principle and genuine wisdom! The only effectual method—the only (genuinely) scientific method—of revealing perfection is for the mortal to get his pseudo-selfhood (however great may be its pseudo-merits) out of the light and *let* the One-light shine—is to allow the One-light to shine. It is that pseudo-selfhood which purports to be able to obscure the One-light. Genuinely, there is nothing to impair the radiancy of the One-light!

In this connection, I opine that the theory of "evolution" is responsible for much misguidance. From the standpoint of mortal topsyturvydom, there is nevertheless some relative truth in this notion of evolution; moreover, within the realm of human expediency, this theory of evolution is frequently of practical value—the theory can be made use of to initiate practical systems of training. E.G., the notion that the normal human boy in his teens corresponds in many ways to, and exhibits the traits characteristic of, a primitive barbarian. It is well to face the pseudo-facts of mortal topsyturvydom! Through recognising these pseudo-facts, it is easy to initiate systems of training which shall divert these primitive and barbarous instincts into channels where they are prolific of useful and beneficent activities. Whereas to ignore the pseudo-facts of mortal topsyturvydom and to attempt to merely suppress these barbarous instincts usually leads to fiasco more or less complete. I am convinced that the process vaguely designated as "evolution" is a medley of at least three distinct processes! Firstly, there is the caricature of a genuine process; the genuine process is the ordered unfoldment to and for knowledge of this which prior (in a manner of speaking) to the unfoldment existed only in potentiality (to and for knowledge). In the genuine process, the process of conditioned reflex-ness—reflex-ness conditioned by definite form and fashion, the form and fashion of knowing

of the knowing subject—is the One (in Itself without variableness neither shadow of turning) seen as the many, as many participating in ordered sequence of event. A sequence of event running in ordinate fashion throughout the whole gamut of possibility—of illimitable possibility! All the infinite possibility of actual being potentially available within the inexhaustible One is, as it were, unrolled—unfolded and infolded—before actually conditioned knowledge. This genuine process of ordinate unfoldment is caricatured in the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding, the genuine process affords a substantial basis for the notion of “evolution.”

Another factor in that which the mortal sees as “evolution” is the attenuation of the illusion of mortal selfhood. The results of this continuous attenuation of the illusion of mortal selfhood are not uniformly apparent. Attenuation of illusion should be registered in attenuation of dis-ease (the converse of ease). One would be led to suppose that the attenuation of illusion would immediately be externalised as attenuation of discord in environment, that attenuation of illusion would immediately be externalised in increased concinnity of environment. The fruits of the attenuation of illusion are more individual than general, in consequence of the third factor dealt with later. But even here (in the individual) the results of the attenuation of illusion seem to follow a kind of cyclic ebb and flow, like the ebb and flow of the tides, a succession of spring tides and neap tides. This cyclic ebb and flow, this succession of neap tides and spring tides, a highly strung, impressionable, human can trace in his inner experience. At times it is (so to speak) low water springs with him, at times high water springs. At times his sun is eclipsed, all seems dark and dreary, the slightest mental effort is a burden to him, and he cries out in bitterness of spirit:—“O Sun! O Sun! Why hast thou forsaken me?” There is nothing for him to do but pray for the day! At times he speeds along the mountain tops with flying feet. The most trying vicissitudes give rise to intense ardour and joy. The more of them, the merrier. The dark hours are hours of travail, the bright hours are hours of joy—joy

because a sun is born into the world (of seeming darkness). The attenuation of the illusion of mortal selfhood is registered generally in this. That local and temporary lapses notwithstanding, on the whole, the prevailing standard of tolerance, mutual forbearance, kindliness, and solicitude for the welfare of fellow beings, is higher than of yore. Perhaps, all that can be said is that the dark hours (of human depravity) are not quite so dark and that the bright hours are brighter. (Human depravity is nothing but the illusion of divided-against-selfness externalised.)

The third factor in the process known as "evolution" is a somewhat surprising one! It can best be outlined in metaphor as in Revelation 12:12. "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time." I.E., the light of verity (understanding) dawning upon the pseudo-world of darkness (the misrepresentation of misunderstanding) and bringing not peace but a sword. From the illusory human standpoint, the dawn of the rudimentary understanding in misunderstanding sets up violent antagonism between pseudo-conscious and pseudo-unconscious, this internal upheaval is reflexed in external upheaval. This process is very much in evidence in the opening decades of the twentieth century. It is a phase of misunderstanding misrepresentation which the true seeker will find it advantageous to deal with thoroughly and faithfully. So faithfully dealt with, it will kindle many a blaze of light (understanding). That light will enlighten the world!

The incidence of these three factors upon the events and happenings in the pseudo-world of mortal experience is inextricably interwoven. It would require more than human perspicacity to decide with any degree of accuracy to which of the three factors any definite course of events is attributable, or to indicate the extent and proportion in which these three factors blend in inducing a given series of event.

It is however a great advance in knowledge to recognise that there are several factors contributing to shape the course of event in the pseudo-world of mortal experience.

The simple notion that every item—every object-in-itself—in the pseudo-world is evolving itself into something wonderful and splendid is a most misleading one—a will-o'-the-wisp—tending to foster a false sense of security. To glory in the supposed process of evolution whereby the mortal is going to evolve his self into something perfect is, I submit, an *ignis fatuus*. Let us say with Paul. God forbid that the mortal should glory save in the Cross of Christ! This saying has become hackneyed to many, more's the pity! There is a wondrous meaning of far-reaching import hidden in this metaphor! God forbid that the mortal should glory in aught but the instinctive understanding of the notion which the Cross of Christ symbolises—the eternal setting at naught of the dread illusion of mortal selfhood. From the human standpoint, there may be something bracing, inspiring, energizing, in the notion of an irresistible trend from the imperfect to the perfect. Nevertheless, I submit, it is best to state the consideration the right way round—accurately. There is nothing to be evolved, there is nothing to be improved, there is nothing to be developed! The illusion of mortal selfhood alone it is which claims to impede, impair, frustrate, the perfectly concinnous unfoldment, in ordered sequence, to conditioned knowledge, of the infinite potentiality of actual being within the One-point. Verity sets this illusion eternally at naught. What could be more bracing, inspiring, energizing? What could inspire greater fervour in the quest for the genuine?

The theory of "evolution" panders to the illusion of mortal selfhood. It pleases the human—it flatters his self-importance—to imagine that he (alone he done it) is going to evolve his object-in-itself self into something splendid. Such a notion is the very antithesis—the inveterate enemy—of the notion symbolised by the Cross of Christ. I submit that the notion symbolised by the Cross of Christ is profoundly scientific and of infinite practical value. The profundities of pure metaphysics endorse the effective value and veracity of the notion symbolised by this emblem.

Every incident of daily mundane experience affords a clue from what angle to view that Cross. Every incident

throws a new light on that Cross ! The Cross which crosses out that which claims to be able to obscure the light and to cast dark, deadly, shade and shadow ! That is the whole point of this discourse. Look to the Cross ! It crosses out, yes ! But it reveals that :—Within the One-point is all reflex-ness (right here, right now) and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again ! Or as expressed in the wonderful, simple, metaphor of the Sage Way-shower :—Every “ I ” is in the Father (right here, right now) and the Father in every “ I ” ! That is the whole point of all being ! That is the whole light of every world !

LIFE

What is life? Life is the process of reflex-ness within the One-point and which the One-point is within again! The process of reflex-ness between subject and object is life! Do not think of the process of reflex-ness as being the *cause* of life. To do so is to import a misleading complication into complete simplicity.

Life (in the concrete) is a "feeling"—a complex series of "feelings." Life in general can, however, be thought of as a mental abstraction. Life is the feeling of life, of love, of energy, of grace, of joy, of beauty—in fullness. Through the interposition of the Mayas (conditioning the process of reflex-ness) is the Unattainable One "felt" as the many attainable lives, as the many attainable loves, as the many attainable energies, as the many attainable graces, as the many attainable joys, as the many attainable beauties, etc.

Through the interposition of the Mayas supposedly disproportionately extended—i.e., from the illusory human standpoint—it might appear possible that there could be some sort of an apology for existence in which life, love, energy, grace, joy, beauty, etc., were present only in strictly limited quantities. There could be no such state of limitation really and truly—genuinely! For, genuinely, there is no limit to the Limitless, no divisor dividing the Indivisible against itself, no impediment to the Unimpeded! Genuinely, in its innermost being, all life is at-one with the Simple One. Life is the in Itself Unattainable One taking its fill of "feeling" in the lives, the loves, the energies, the graces, the joys, and the beauties, of the attainable many—the attainable many, animate and inanimate, conscious or unconscious, particular, specific, or individual! The distinction between the unattainable

unconditioned One and the attainable, conditioned, many exists only in and for abstract knowledge—only in and for conceptual ideas of the reason! In the concrete these are at-one and oned!

Life is love and love is life. To live (genuinely) is to love! Inevitably and unavoidably so! To love immeasurably is to live immeasurably!

Kabir says :—

“ When love renounces all limits it reaches truth.
(the genuine)

“ How widely the fragrance spreads! It has no end, nothing stands in its way.”

N.B., genuinely, there is nothing to stand in the way of love, nor to prevent its fragrance from spreading. Genuinely there is no limit to renounce!

From the illusory human standpoint, there is a supposed limit to the Limitless, and the quintessence of human virtue consists in renouncing the limit without ceasing. Feelingingly renounce the limit and immeasurable “feeling” affirms itself! The aspiring human concentrates on forcing some sort of an apology for love for the caricature of his brother (or sister) whom his pseudo-vision hath seen. From the illusory human standpoint, this contrived affection is not without its value. Abjure for ever this notion of love as something sloppy and tiresome. Is love a forced, constrained, tribute bestowed grudgingly and of necessity? NO! A thousand times no! Love is utterly spontaneous and heart-whole—unavoidable, irresistible, instinctive!

What do you love? A rousing gallop over a beautiful vale, with your picked comrades in life to share the bright thirty minutes into which are condensed the joys of a century’s course? A Liszt’s Hungarian Rhapsody, a Mendelssohn Concerto, a Beethoven Symphony, which open up to “feeling” the gates of infinite life? To plunge through the surf from the shore of a secluded bay, to watch the Atlantic rollers breaking upon a wild rocky coast on a bright stormy day; to wander o’er fell and dale or through

* “Kabir’s Poems.” Translated by Rabindranath Tagore. Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London, have kindly authorised this quotation.

a forest ; or in the quiet eve to share the evening glow with the lawns, the stately trees, with the flowers in the borders or the set parterre, lingering on until " the pure stars one by one " adorn the perfect night? If you came to speak of any of this you might say :—" I simply loved—the gallop—the music—the bathing—the ocean, the fells, the dales, the forest, the garden, or the pure stars and the perfect night ! " You simply loved it all—that it is why it was all so splendid ! In simplicity, alone, is there at-one-ment with the Simple One ! Only in complete at-one-ment with the Simple One can there be full-ness of joy—can there be perfection of joy—can there be perfect freedom (or any sort of freedom).

Life is always utterly simple ! Life may be gorgeously elaborate and yet utterly simple ! It is only amongst the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding that elaborateness means entangled complication. Many objects-in-themselves, each having a way of its own, each having a will of its own, spells entangled complication. But many possessed through and through of the Simple One—many, in simplicity at-one with the Simple One—could not be other than simply concinnous !

All life—the life of every rock, stone, or particle of sand : of every vegetable, herb, plant, shrub, or tree : of every insect, fish, bird or beast : is a particular or a specific reflex-ness within the One-point and which the One-point is within again. And individual man is an individual reflex-ness within the One-point. Of course all these as known to man are merely ideal and are the ideal proceeds of the individual process of reflex-ness which constitutes his individual life and being. The proceeds of the individual process of reflex-ness—individual man—are the actual and ideal universe by which he is environed. All actuality is ideal, the proceeds of a process of definitely conditioned reflex-ness within the One-point !

That there could be any object-in-itself life or objects-in-themselves lives which are not within the One-point and which the One-point is not within again is the illusion of mortal selfhood which claims to be able to divide the proceeds of the process of reflex-ness against themselves, into

parts good and parts evil, parts nice and parts nasty, parts pure and parts impure. Look to the Cross! It crosses out eternally and infinitely any such monstrous hallucination!

Why does the human become solemn when he is intensely moved by some sublime or exceedingly beautiful feeling? I believe it is the instinctive feeling that this sublimity or exceeding beauty can dwell with him only for a brief moment, and must then be replaced by the commonplace or the sordid. But supposing that one felt that there was nothing but the utterly sublime, the intensely joyous, and the completely beautiful to be experienced. One could not be solemn over it! Life is utterly gay, care-free, perfection of joy! Just liveliness, fun, freshness, and freedom!

Through the interposition of the Mayas conditioning the processes of reflex-ness within the One-point is the unconditioned Unattainable One felt, seen, and known, as the conditioned attainable many lives, all altogether lovely all altogether delight-full, all altogether perfect!

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

What is a sacrifice in the sense in which the term is employed in the heading to this discourse? As used here it denotes the act or activity by means of which all is made whole or holy—by means of which all is revealed to be perfect in One!

A word of caution! No definite human precept should be invested with infallibility—at best such is no more than an apt illustration. A definite human precept should be considered to be no more than a finger pointing in a given direction. In formulating a precept, all that one can legitimately ask is that the bystanders shall look in the direction in which the finger is pointing, so that each may see for himself what the finger is pointing at!

In the presentment of the work of art *par excellence*—the life story of the beautiful Jesus—there are two passages incidental to the grand climax of this Drama which claim special attention and call for adequate interpretation into precise literal thought. Viz.:—John 18:36 and Matt. 26:53. The correct interpretation of these cryptic passages seems to me to be intimately connected with and to have a vital bearing upon human conduct in all ages!

In this particular connection what does the beautiful naïve Jesus represent and typify? He stands for the Way-shower. The archetype, the prototype, the exemplar, and pattern, illustrating and demonstrating the way of salvation. Illustrating and demonstrating how salvation from the dread illusion of mortal selfhood can be attained to for one and for all. How did he indicate the way? By voluntary acquiescence in the setting at naught of human and mortal being by sinners—by the false environment to which the illusion of mortal selfhood seemingly gives rise.

If his kingdom had been of this world he could have prayed to his Father and immediately have received the support and succour of more than twelve legions of angels. But his kingdom was not of this world so he voluntarily acquiesced in the setting at naught of mortal being by mundane circumstances. This allegory has a profound and very subtle meaning!

The wonderful Jesus might have demonstrated the nothingness of death—the illusion that there could be many wills, many powers, impeding one another and conflicting with one another—by praying to his Father and invoking the aid of more than twelve legions of angels. That would have demonstrated the nullity of the claim to power of wills many and powers many—the nullity of the claim to power of mundane circumstances, of the supposed powers of darkness—would it not? But he said:—The cup which my Father hath given me to drink shall I not drink it? In literal language:—Shall I not submit to the normal dispensations demonstrating that misunderstanding is dis-ease. No harm can come to me as the result of submitting to these dispensations, for I am the living embodiment of the understanding that (genuinely) there is no misunderstanding, there is no illusion of mortal selfhood. I am the living embodiment of the presence of the Only Unconditioned One! I am the living embodiment of the understanding of the transcendental all-ness of One!

So he acquiesced voluntarily in the buffetings and scourgings, he endured the cross despising the shame. He made the supreme sacrifice! Only to demonstrate thereby that (genuinely) there is no sacrifice to make! Only to demonstrate thereby that (genuinely) there is no death—no illusion of wills and powers many—no illusion of mortal selfhood to be set at naught! For (genuinely) all are possessed through and through of One-power, of One-moving-spirit: (genuinely) all are pervaded through and through of One and therefore cannot suffer any pain!

“*If my kingdom were of this world.*” What does it mean? If the kingdom of genuine actuality had any connection whatsoever with the supposed kingdom of the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding—if we could

attain to the realisation of genuine actuality by putting things right (right in accordance with that which human conscious pseudo-mentality deems to be right)—then it would be incumbent upon the servants of the living presence of understanding to fight—to attempt to put things right amongst the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding. *If* the kingdom were of this world, it might be advisable to pray to the Father with the set purpose that more than twelve legions of angels should forthwith set to work puttings things right in this world! The misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding must declare the futility of the misunderstanding whose misrepresentations they are. That is why a true seeker could never seek *first* to put things right amongst them. *If* the kingdom were of this world? But it isn't!

This allegory has such an intimate bearing upon the procedure to be adopted in participating in the sacrament of autosuggestion of transcendent truth in response to the promptings of daily mundane experience. If in making use of autosuggestion of transcendent truth there is the slightest suspicion of an attempt to "help" anyone outside there, or to put things right amongst the misrepresentations of misunderstanding outside there—to fight for the kingdom of this world—the efficacy of the sacrament, *qua* a sacrament, is stultified! Contrary to the precept and example of the Way-shower one is calling in the aid of twelve legions of angels to fight for the kingdom of this world! Under the circumstances, do you think they can properly be scheduled as angels? I have grave doubts whether they can be classified as such? Anyhow, sure, one is rushing in where angels fear to tread!

Strait, very strait, is the gate that leadeth unto life. This consideration is very subtle! The efficacy of the sacrament, *qua* a sacrament, depends entirely upon the spirit in which it is approached. The aim in partaking of the sacrament is that misunderstanding shall be swallowed up of understanding universally, not that the misrepresentations of misunderstanding shall do aught but declare the futility of the misunderstanding whose misrepresentations they are. How could the living presence

of understanding seek to establish concinnity amongst the misrepresentations of misunderstanding? How could it? How could the servants of the living presence of understanding fight for the kingdom of this world? How could they?

In autosuggesting transcendent truth solely and entirely with the aim and object that misunderstanding shall be swallowed up of understanding universally, one is making the supreme sacrifice—one is prepared to make it—one is offering to make it. Now if there genuinely were such a thing as an object-in-itself mortal selfhood, there would be a most distressful sacrifice to make. I.E., an actual object-in-itself mortal selfhood would have to be set at naught, which might be a most painful proceeding! But (genuinely) there never was nor could there be a mortal selfhood. There purports to be an *illusion* of mortal selfhood, yes! (An illusion that the Mayas could be disproportionately extended.) And it is the *illusion* which must be set at naught. The setting at naught (=nothing) of a ghastly illusion is no terrible affair! On the contrary it is a most happy and joyous event!

To a superficial appreciation of the situation it may appear desirable to deliberately attempt to put things right amongst the misrepresentations of misunderstanding by means of autosuggestion of transcendent truth. A profound appreciation of the case leads one to hold a different opinion! What concord hath Christ with Belial? What concord, what connection, is there between the pseudo-reflex of a subjective misunderstanding and the genuine objective reflex of a subjective understanding of the transcendental all-ness of One? None whatever, I submit! A true seeker could never desire that the misrepresentations of misunderstanding should do otherwise than demonstrate the futility and nullity of the misunderstanding whose misrepresentations they are.

Perhaps you will say, in autosuggesting transcendent truth with a view to "help" others a mental practitioner does not consciously think of the person he is trying to help. No, not consciously! But if the mental practitioner set out with the intention of "helping" anyone outside there,

unconsciously—all-unconsciously—he is thinking of the person. Supposing we put it this way. In this case the energy of the autosuggestion is all-unconsciously directed to working a marvel, to putting things right amongst the misrepresentations of misunderstanding, to showing the great signs and wonders which if it were possible would deceive the very elect. This notion that the way of salvation lies through putting things right outside there by autosuggestion is so specious and plausible that it must deceive all but the most profound sapience ! In the case of the true seeker, partaking of the sacrament of autosuggestion of transcendent truth with no aim or aspiration—conscious or unconscious—other than this, that misunderstanding shall be swallowed up of understanding universally, the whole energy of the autosuggestion goes to attenuating the illusion of mortal selfhood. The attenuation of illusion is the attenuation of dis-ease, so that gradually or rapidly, “all these things”—life, peace, freedom—are added unto him and unto all.

When, however, we come to consider the case from the standpoint of human executive expediency, it behoves us to be gloriously inconsistent—to adopt a procedure of glorious inconsistency ! Just consider, supposing that one were literally to put into practice, daily and hourly, the Christian injunction to deny thyself. To daily and hourly drum into oneself, as a human expedient, the ineffable futility of the mortal, *qua* mortal. That is if one were to literally make the negative denial of mortal selfhood without the positive affirmation of the ineffable perfection of the genuine individual man (which each genuinely is). The first result of this inglorious consistency would probably be that one would suffer from acute mental depression, this mental depression would externalise itself in general debility—bodily, mental and moral—in short one would rapidly become as futile as one proclaimed oneself to be. This denial of the mortal selfhood has a legitimate sphere in our prayers, it has no legitimate sphere in our executive human expediency ! To import the denial of mortal selfhood into daily affairs as a practical human expedient is to have discovered the root of all evil and to determinedly bring it

home to oneself—to deliberately claim it as one's own, as one's own lot and portion! In the practice of human expediency, we ignore the futility of the mortal, *qua* mortal, because (genuinely) there is no illusion of mortal selfhood and therefore (genuinely) there is no futility, nothing but virility, efficiency, concinnity. As a human expedient, if we would shape a noble life we must cast no backward glances at a pseudo-past, we must live each day as if new-born each day to splendour. As though each morning we came forth trailing clouds of glory, freshly imbued with vigour, health, nobility and beauty—with an infinity of joy sufficed—from God (the in Itself One unconditioned Father) which is our infinite home! As a practical human expedient, we should be not one whit abashed by any pseudo-failure, but ever flushed with boundless hope, aglow with sanguine expectancy! Calling to vivid remembrance without ceasing that sorrow is but the pseudo-affair of a pseudo-moment, that joy is the genuine affair of genuine infinity. Be you the glad son and servant of this glorious inconsistency!

The fact is that the substance of our prayer and the shadow of our human practice can meet on common ground if we greet each incident of daily experience with this talisman. Seeming good and seeming ill alike! "Verity declares that (genuinely) there is no disproportionate extension of the Mayas to constitute an illusion of mortal selfhood. Within the One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again!"

By the saving grace—instinctive understanding—of this declaration, the kingdom of this world and the kingdom of heaven are transfused the one into the other, through misunderstanding being swallowed up of understanding. So that in all undertaking each and all can legitimately declare:—"The Father worketh and I work!"



ON LISTENING

"If four walls told!" Bless the man, four walls can't help telling! If one were incarcerated within four bare walls, without an earthly dog's chance of ever seeing the outside of them, and one really wanted to know the old, old, ever new, ever sweet, story—genuinely wanted it ever so utterly—why! four walls couldn't help telling it! A pair of lovers in a lane is an old, old, ever new, story, is it not? Well, *the* old, old, ever new, ever sweet, story is as simple as that. Utterly simple!

We set out to talk on "listening." The listening alluded to here is, properly speaking, the attribute of the mystic or passive receiver. Everyone has some trace of the mystic about him or her, therefore the following remarks are not wholly inapplicable to anyone.

There are three main methods of procedure whereby an instinctive understanding of the old, old, ever new, ever sweet, story must be attained to. Attained to as a blessing to one and a blessing to all. The Oriental of old alluded to them as the three qualitative Gunas. Some human beings are markedly adapted to follow one method of procedure; some to follow another; some are markedly adapted to follow a combination of two of them; some seemingly are merely inert and follow none. But all—active and inert—are being irresistibly borne to an instinctive understanding of the old, old, ever new, ever sweet, story.

One method of procedure is exemplified in the active thinker—the clear thinker—another method is exemplified in the active actor—the active man of affairs—the third is exemplified in the mystic—the passive receiver. As a combination of two, there is the mystic warrior and the mystic metaphysician. All, willy nilly, are listeners to some degree. But those included within the category of

the mystic make the most apt and proficient listeners, properly speaking.

From the human standpoint, one can look upon the three methods of procedure as three pathways to "the genuine." All pathways inevitably lead to "the genuine," some are naturally adapted to follow one pathway, some another. The human cannot pick nor choose which pathway he shall follow, for each there is a line of least resistance. It is well to follow the line of least resistance, seeing that they all lead to the same goal. E.G., humanly speaking, if one is cut out to be an extrovert active man of affairs considerable resistance has to be overcome before one can comfortably spend one's time studying metaphysics—one is forsaking the job for which one is fitted, in order to attempt a job for which one is not naturally fitted. Similarly in other cases. Kabir speaks of "the three forms of misery." He means that until instinctive understanding of the old, old, story is attained to, existence must be more or less a misery. The quest for—the seeking for—following of a pathway to—at-one-ment with the One, presupposes that at-one-ment is not instinctively realised, here, now, the seeming separation is misery, is dis-ease. In the seeming separation, if there be no misery in the "within" there is misery in the "without." No fallacy could be greater than to imagine that the true pathway to the genuine can only be found along the line of active thinking—clear thinking. On the contrary, I submit, that is the most troublous of the three. The most uncertain, the most perplexing, the most tiresome of the three forms of misery. The pathway to the genuine by the line of active acting is trodden in genial, gallant company, shoulder to shoulder, with helpful hand ever outstretched. But the active thinker is always more or less alone in his thinking, sometimes walking naked and shivering over lone mountain passes, more often than not floundering in a morass, all alone. The troubles of the active actor are mostly physical troubles, trying vicissitudes without doubt, but there are many wrestling with the same adversities and cheering one another on with sympathetic smile, joke, and song. The troubles of the active thinker are mental troubles, the most

trying of all, the hardest to bear, nevertheless to one who has not been so afflicted they appear merely as despicable cranks. There remains the pathway of the mystic—the passive receiver—which I submit is the easiest of the three, the least miserable of the three forms of misery. Moreover it has this great advantage, that it can be pursued in conjunction with either active thinking or active acting; the seeker along this pathway can follow his natural bent for active acting or active thinking. So far from being a hindrance to passive receiving, the active acting, the active thinking, and the passive receiving mutually assist one another and further the quest. N.B., the aim and object of the quest, by whichever pathway it be pursued, is not to save an object-in-itself "soul," the end of the quest is that misunderstanding may be swallowed up of understanding universally. So that whichever of the three qualitative Gunas predominates in you, pursue the quest in accordance with your natural bent with a light heart. Remember, in a given individual, one Guna may predominate, that does not mean that the other two are non-existent in that particular individual. So do not fash yourself if there be antagonism between two Gunas each trying to go its own way, divided-against-selfness is the common lot of mortals. When the desire to pursue the pathway by active thinking seems to clash with the desire to pursue the pathway by active acting, no harm will be done if you espouse the latter cause. Active thinking will be stabilised by a few rough and tumbles in daily mundane experience and you can always go back to the thinking later on, if you can't keep off it.

But this discourse deals with listening, passively receiving or mysticism, the third of the pathways to the genuine.

When the lexicographer gets busy with a definition of the meaning of the word "mysticism," he commits all sorts of indiscretions. Firstly he dubs it "obscurity of doctrine." Next he opines that it is a tendency in religion which aspires to a more direct communication between man and his Maker—that is to say, a line of communication not through the medium of the senses but through the inward

perception of the mind. I commend this last sentence to the reader as an example of the deadliness of confused thinking allied with the standpoint of "Realism." Here we have it all over again—that deadly "Realism"—an object-in-itself man needing a line of communication with an object-in-itself Maker, and the notion that the senses are the means by which an object-in-itself man attains to a knowledge of the nature of the objects-in-themselves constituting his object-in-itself environment. Just give the lexicographer a miss and think of mysticism as passive receiving.

Supposing that instead of indulging in all this word juggling the lexicographer had paused awhile and thought before he rushed into print. He might have told us all sorts of things, amongst others that:—"The concept which the word feeling denotes has merely a negative content, which is this, that something which is present in consciousness, *is not a concept, is not abstract rational knowledge*. Except this, whatsoever it may be, it comes under the concept of feeling." The content of the concept of "feeling" being merely negative, i.e., merely excluding abstract rational knowledge, has an immeasurably wide sphere and includes the most diverse kinds of objects. It is difficult to comprehend how such exceedingly diverse objects can all be included under one concept until one perceives that the meaning of this concept has merely a negative content. All the following—diverse as they are—are included under the concept of "feeling." Feeling of touch, taste, smell, of pain, of pleasure, religious feeling, feeling of harmony or discord, of hate, disgust, dismay, of honour, of self-satisfaction, of dissatisfaction, of power, weakness, health, friendship, love, etc., etc. There is no limit to "feeling"! The so-called matter of fact sceptic "realist" would limit the possibilities of "feeling" to the effects of objects-in-themselves within an object-in-itself environment. There are possibilities of "feeling" which are not dreamt of in his philosophy!

The rationalist looks with mistrust upon everything which cannot be included within the narrow limits of a syllogism fashioned in accordance with conventional

experience. Nor is this mistrust without valid grounds. The mortal purporting to be divided-against-himself might perpetrate any absurdity in the way of "feeling." There is no limit to the absurdity or the barbarity of that which the mortal will perpetrate under the sway of "feeling." But that does not mean that rational knowledge derived from the incidents of mortal experience is necessarily a better mentor and guide than "feeling." On the contrary "feeling" is often a wise counsellor when abstract, rational, knowledge abstracted from mortal experience errs. Just get it quite clear, it is not reason which is to blame for the misguidance, the faculty of reason is a perfect apparatus. But reason is feminine, it can only give after it has received ! It is the data, given to reason by mortal pseudo-mentality to ratiocinate about, which are tainted, these are saturated with the empirical reality of antagonism, contrariness, cussedness, conflict, divided-against-selfness, divided-all-against-allness. Reason must not be held responsible for the false data which are given to it to reason about ! Kabir tells us that they are blind who hope to see it—the old, old, ever new, ever sweet, story—by the light of reason. That "the House of Reason" is very far away from the old, old, story. But it is not reason which is very far away from *the* story, nor is it the senses, nor is it the sensations which the senses experience, it is the instinctive notions which misunderstanding habitually associates with definite sensations—the notions of contrariness, cussedness, etc.—which are very far away from the old, old, ever new, ever sweet, story. But these instinctive notions of antagonism, contrariness, etc., fall within the content of the concept of feeling. So that feeling—as known to the mortal—is every bit as far away as reason, if not more so. What Kabir means is that reasoning from the data supplied to the reason by mortal experience is very far away, eternally excluded, from love's old, ever new, ever sweet, song !

When a wireless apparatus is set up and in going order, the next thing is to tune the receiver so that it will only receive messages in a given wave length. By this means only those messages which are transmitted in that definite wave length will be received, all others will pass by unheeded.

Now there are mystics and mystics, mystics of many kinds. But those which we hear most about were religious devotees, strongly imbued with the "feeling" that there were two powers in ceaseless antagonism the one to the other—the divine and the diabolic. Thus they were thoroughly enmeshed within the illusion of the pairs of opposites conflicting with one another, the pairs of opposites, e.g., good and evil, right and wrong, the spiritual and the material, the spiritual and the carnal, etc. These mystics intentionally and yet unconsciously (the two things are not incompatible) attuned each his receiver to receive messages concerning only one of a pair of opposites, concerning that which he deemed to be the divine, the good, the right, the spiritual, etc. Now there is no limit to "feeling" if one is a responsive medium. The mystic sanguinely expected "feeling," visions, of the divine, the pure, the true, etc., he placed himself in an attitude of ardent, expectant, passive, receptivity and the visions, etc., responded to his ardent expectancy. Why not? Is any human being in a position to catalogue the possibilities of "feeling"? Well, there was the mystic thoroughly enmeshed within the illusion of the pairs of opposites. As I see it, the "feelings," the visions, of this type of mystic merely tended to foster and maintain the deadly notion that there are two powers—the power of good and the power of evil, the power of the divine and the power of the diabolic—eternally at war with one another. To foster and maintain such a deadly notion by means of "feelings" or visions seems to me to be not altogether desirable, one might even say highly undesirable.

There are other sorts of "feelings" which may be experienced by those who place pseudo-mentality—conscious and unconscious—in a state of receptive expectancy. There is no limit to the "feelings" which may be experienced by a responsive medium. Feelings about those whose course on earth is o'er, messages may be received from those who are no longer able to affect understanding (or misunderstanding) in the normal manner. Suppose we look upon these "spiritualistic" feelings thusly. Instinctive misunderstanding postulates that there are innumerable

object-in-itself spirits, each on its own, having no bond of union between them. This misunderstanding is dis-ease ! Of what avail to extend the objective reflex or correlative of this misunderstanding beyond its normal sphere. Misunderstanding is the only death ! *Qua* mortals, we are perforce obliged to recognise the objective correlatives of misunderstanding death in daily mundane experience. Why seek to extend the grave ? That the supposed object-in-itself independent spirit be clothed upon with wooden-iron immaterial substance in no way annuls the deadliness of the instinctive notion of many spirits, many powers, many wills, etc., inevitably conflicting with one another. The misrepresentations of an instinctive misunderstanding may be used by means of autosuggestion of transcendent truth in response to the antics of these misrepresentations to attenuate the illusion of mortal selfhood misunderstanding and to reveal instinctive understanding of the transcendental at-one-ment of all spirit, of all power, of all willing, etc. Do we use to the uttermost the Child's Guide To Understanding provided by normal mundane experience ? I trow not ! Then let us be content to use the sacrament daily provided for us in normal mundane experience ; it is our daily bread, let us feed upon it in the heart by faith with prayer and thanksgiving. The grave of normal mundane experience yawns wide enough, why seek to widen it ? Be content to realise more clearly day by day that in instinctive understanding of at-one-ment with the One, the demand for any definite style of comradeship has as its inseparable reflex the substantial supply of that definite style of comradeship. It must be so seeing that demand and supply are at-one in the One !

Concrete matter is merely the objective reflex of definitely conditioned mentality. The discord in mundane experience is no more than the concrete, empirically real, materialisation of the subjective illusion that there are many spirits, many powers, many wills, all acting independently, and therefore inevitably up against one another. Matter merely gives substantial form objectively to a subjective moving-spirit. Moreover, a definitely conditioned subjective moving-spirit (e.g., a spirit of energy, a spirit of mirth,

a spirit of beauty) has as its objective reflex the actual substantial arena in which it may disportively move and actualise its benign spirit of movement. Yes! and (genuinely) all definitely conditioned moving spirit is at-one with and rests in the play of the One-unconditioned. Every conditioned moving spirit is the conditioned manifestation of This One which in its innermost being is unconditioned.

To revert to mysticism, passively receiving, or listening! There are, I submit, no limits to the "feelings" which may be experienced by one who consciously and unconsciously places himself in an attitude of passive, expectant, receptivity. Moreover, no firm reason can be rendered why the "feelings" so received should not constitute the data from which reason may ratiocinate. It is expedient to submit these "feelings" to the scrutiny of reason!

Well, let us picture the mystic trailing his aerial, like a wireless apparatus, to catch up all the messages in circulation. From the standpoint of human expediency, in order to remain an effectual cog in turning the revolving wheel of human affairs, it is expedient to attune the receiver very carefully so that it is unable to receive messages which do not tend to human efficacy. This is a very important point! We speak of "entering into My Rest," of "being caught up into My Rest"! Well the highly strung passive receiver who does not attune the receiver of his aerial very carefully can scarcely avoid being caught up into the unrest—the dis-ease—of the objective reflex of mortal misunderstanding. Amidst the crowd, the hum, the shock, of human pseudo-mentality, conscious and unconscious, there is unrest and dis-ease in plenty. If your pathway to the genuine lies through being an effectual cog in turning the revolving wheel of human affairs, shut out the unrest—it will merely hamper you in your quest!

But the mystic listener with whom we are primarily concerned in this discourse has a vocation other than that of being a cog in the wheel of human affairs. His aim and object is to realise the nothingness of the illusion of the pairs of opposites supposedly conflicting with one another and thus to be easily set free from bondage—to free one and all. He says respecting the messages with which

pseudo-mentality is pulsating and throbbing :—" Let 'em all come ! " Amongst the crowd, the hum, the shock, of human pseudo-mentality, conscious and unconscious, to catch up all the messages going is to invite the devil in to supper. There is an old adage :—He who sups with the devil will need a long spoon. If you are not possessed of a long spoon, do not invite the devil in to supper, it is a most uncomfortable proceeding ! The mystic of the type we are here considering is possessed of the long spoon. His moving spirit is this :—And " I," if " I " be lifted up from the earth (with its illusion of pairs of opposites) must draw all with " I " to the same exaltation and exultation. So he says :—" Let 'em all come ! "

There is a deadly snare in connection with having attained to the comprehension that all mortal being and doing, as such, is vanity—vanity of vanities. One is in danger of losing the " feeling " of wonder, of curiosity, of ardent, sanguine, expectation. Of losing the sanguine expectation of being drawn into the great romance—whirled into happiness—at any moment. But it is just this ardently expectant sanguineness which is the panoply and outfit of the true-seeking mystic. Unless imbued, saturated, with this sanguine expectancy, listening is but a sorry affair ! And the listening of the mystic seeker is such a live cert Imbued with delicate, highly sympathetic responsiveness messages pour in upon him. All sorts and conditions of messages. Tales of triumph, tales of disaster ; tales of great joy and tales of heart-rending sorrow. Feelings of truth, beauty, splendour, might and majesty : feelings of being lone and dreary, faint and weary, feeling for those who travel through the desert without the assured expectancy of reaching a land flowing with milk and honey. All is fish which comes to his net !

In the fairy tale of " Beauty and the Beast," when Beauty kissed the Beast he turned into a fairy Prince. Even the most outrageous " Pride of the Crematorium " when so dealt with turns into a best looker. It is only the illusion of mortal divided-against-selfness which purport to divide the Indivisible into pairs of opposites conflicting with one another. To renounce the illusion of pairs of

opposites, to realise that genuinely there is naught but the Ocean of love and sweetness and that out of this limitless Ocean can genuinely come only this which is altogether lovely and altogether sweet is for Beauty to kiss the Beast. And so with the messages of distress, of want, woe, grief and anguish sore, caught up by the mystic listener out of the universal unrest of mortal pseudo-reflex-ness. Received in the right spirit, received with autosuggestion of the truth transcending the illusion of mortality, the hobgoblins from the nether pseudo-world are transformed into angels of light. Angels singing to welcome the pilgrims of the pseudo-night !

The messages caught up by the mystic, passively receiving, listener—whatever be their ostensible import—ultimately swell love's old, ever new, ever sweet, song. That (genuinely) there is naught but a limitless Ocean of love and sweetness and that (genuinely) there is naught else from which could proceed the unlovely, the sour, the insipid, the agonising ! Love's old, ever new, ever sweet, song is this :—Within the One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again ! That there are no pseudo-beings to reflex their own divided-against-selfness onto a pseudo-environment—neither consciously nor unconsciously. Nothing but One-moving-spirit, infinitely individualised and individualised infinitely, which has as its objective reflex the substantiation of homes of many mansions, fields, farms, forests, gardens, bowers and groves, fells, dales, moors, mountains, oceans and rivers, whereon and wherein, to sport and hold high revel with complementary affinities to the tune of love's old, ever new, ever sweet, song ! Led by the moving spirit which in its innermost being is One-unconditioned all are possessed of the feeling of freedom and can play in perfect heart's ease howsoever they list !

This is the old, old, ever new, story which the passively receiving mystic may catch up by "listening." The very stones are crying it ! Within the One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again !

THIS DAY IN PARADISE

What meaning do you assign to the word "Paradise"? The answer to this query depends upon whether you look forth from the standpoint of "realism" or from the standpoint of "idealism"! Viewed from the former standpoint, paradise must be defined to be a *place* of delights. From the latter standpoint:—Paradise is a state of delightful mentality—an outlook envisaging pure delight—a viewpoint commanding a prospect entirely delightful! The standpoint of transcendental idealism is so hardly attained to by the average Occidental. Why so? Because his natural inclination tends towards extroversion. To reckon things up—to considering them and their values—only in so far as this appraisal shows them to be of immediate utilitarian efficacy. For he is, before all, a practical body, he discards as irrelevant all that which he deems to be of no immediate utility. He does not see how a philosophic theory, like transcendental idealism, could be of immediate utility. But pause! East is East, and West is West! In externals, in outward manners and customs, in their different ways of looking at externals, these twain can never coalesce. But supposing that you were to take the practical utilitarianism of the Occidental and to mate it with the philosophic profundity of the Oriental—in other words, supposing that the proficient in extroversion were to learn to introvert (without in any way impairing his practical efficacy)—you would have a blend of consummate value. More signally so if the stable-mindedness, the imperturbability in action, the pertinacity, the spirit of "its dogged as does it," which usually accompanies the type of mentality known as the extrovert were to be blended with the versatile adaptability—the readiness to accommodate one's methods of procedure to a changing environment—characterised as unstable-mindedness, sometimes

associated with a natural proclivity for introversion. It is this meeting, this coalition, of East and West which all the world's a' seeking! (The foregoing generalisation does not deny the exceptions which prove the rule.)

The aim of this digression is to make clear that so far from "Transcendental Idealism" being merely a useless academic theory, the proper comprehension of its meaning is of momentous practical importance. For the revelation that all actuality is "ideal," that, as such, it exists only for and in relation to the conditioned knowledge of an actually knowing subject, transforms into an eminently practical expedient the sapient injunction of the Sage Way-shower, to cast out *first* the beam out of thine own eye, if thou would'st attain to understanding of the universal, omnipresent, concinnity—i.e., if thou would'st be the living presence of understanding, this day, in Paradise!

"Then were there two thieves crucified with him, one on the right hand, and another on the left." In two of the selected accounts of the Crucifixion, the comrades in crucifixion are termed "thieves," in one they are termed "malefactors." I opine that the term "thief" more aptly describes human being than does the term "malefactor." Why should human being be likened unto "two thieves"? Because human being, *qua* human conscious being and human unconscious being, *qua* human conscious mentality and human unconscious mentality, as such, fraudulently lays claim to be an object-in-itself, to possess virtue and efficacy in itself and of itself. It fraudulently lays claim to the prerogative of being entitled to declare "I AM THAT I (*qua* an object-in-itself) AM"! The human virtually, despite all his arrogant pretensions, declares "I'm not!" The correct appreciation of this consideration is very subtle! Mortal and human being, as such, claim to be a process of reflex-ness which is not within the One-point. That illusion of mortal selfhood (mortal being and human being) is the supposed origin of all evil! Do not let us, however, hold fast to the supposed origin of evil and allow it to permeate daily experience. Let us consign it to the limbo of the chimerical. We have not to slay the Chimaera, we have merely to realise instinctively that these are

chimerical—the creatures of misunderstanding misrepresentation. Nevertheless, human being, as such, (conscious or unconscious) claims to usurp the prerogatives of the Simple One, alone legitimately entitled to declare “I AM THIS I AM.” Hence the term thief is an appropriate epithet to apply to it!

“Then were there two thieves crucified with him.” What does “him” signify, when in Thatness we see beyond Thatness? Answer:—The Christ! And what does this symbol—the Christ—stand for? A multitude of considerations! Amongst others it symbolises the state of complete at-one-ment with the *in Itself* the unconditioned One. A state of being the conditioned manifestation of this One which in its innermost being is unconditioned. A state of being possessed through and through of a will, or a moving-spirit, which is at-one with One-totality. A state of being in which all activity, conscious or unconscious, is utterly spontaneous and heart-whole, in which all actual being is this it is and could by no manner of possibility be other than this it is!

In “The Quest for the Genuine,” I said:—The Christ upon the Cross suffered no pangs, nothing but serene joy. Why so? Because the prince of this world—the illusion of mortal selfhood—had nothing in him! Could find nothing in him to use as a *point d'appui*. In other words, there being no seeming of a negative about the Christ to be negated, the negating of a negative would mean just nil to the Christ! Therefore the setting at naught of the illusion of mortal selfhood could have no positive effect upon the Christ! To the Christ, the concrete demonstration of the eternal and infinite nothingness of the illusion of mortal selfhood could occasion nothing but serene joy!

Therefore I say it is expedient (through ceaseless autosuggestion of transcendent truth) to be the Christ upon the Cross and neither of the two thieves! The illusion of mortal selfhood is eternally crossed out. The “one thing needful” is to concur, instinctively, in the infinite fiat. For *only* so long as the illusion that a negative were something positive be cherished, does the negating of a negative appear to be something positive!

To the two thieves, the negating of a negative seems to be something positive : because the two thieves, in vice of their thievishness, deem a negative to be something positive.

And one of the two thieves which were hanged, railed on him, saying :—If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us. We are getting awfully near to a very delicate matter ! To rightly apprehend this very delicate matter requires no small degree of subtilty ! Which of the two thieves was it who railed on him and demanded to see an immediate vindication of the Christhood ? I suggest that it was the unconscious pseudo-being thief. (In order to rightly understand the parable, it is essential to recognise that the unconscious being is, in a manner of speaking, a replica of the conscious being. In the unconscious being are functions analogous to the functions in the conscious being. E.G., there is no consciously perceiving eye in unconscious being, but there is an analogy to the function of perception. Each conscious function has its counterpart in the unconscious being. The correspondence in function between the conscious and the unconscious being can be traced out to a nicety for such as have the imaginative faculty to do so !) The unconscious pseudo-being thief demands to see an immediate vindication of the Christhood. He expects to receive loaves and fishes, oliveyards and vineyards—ease in illusion—as the reward for being crucified along with the Christ ! But the conscious pseudo-being thief knows different ! He says :—“ Dost thou not realise that illusion is dis-ease—the inviolable inevitableness by which illusion must be self-condemned ! That there must be dis-ease in a thieving illusion, conscious or unconscious ! Dost thou not respect the inevitable ? We, *qua* thieves, are justly punished, for we receive the inevitable reward of our thieving, but this Christ has done nothing amiss ! ”

To the two thieves it must appear inevitable that the Christ should suffer upon the Cross. Hence all the wasted sympathy and useless self-torment indulged in by the sentimental in connection with the commemoration of the first good, Glad Friday ! The two thieves, *qua* thieves, must suffer during the Crucifixion, the setting at naught of the

illusion of mortal selfhood. It is pardonable if they both express their feelings somewhat forcibly, at times, in the stress of the moment!

And the conscious pseudo-being thief said to Jesus, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." And Jesus made answer:—"Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

It is conventional to classify the two thieves as the good thief (good, because repentant) and the bad thief (bad, because unrepentant). Not so! This is a superficial interpretation of the allegory. The unconscious pseudo-being thief could not repent, still less do so consciously. N.B., it is not a case of a personal potentate stepping in and granting an arbitrary pardon. So long as thiefdom is thiefdom, so long must it endure dis-ease in illusion. But the thieves can look to the Christ upon the Cross, read there the infinite naughting of the thiefdom which claims to be able to hold them in thralldom. They can say:—Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom. The kingdom is not of this world—not of the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding. The thief who made the request did not ask for ease in illusion. He qualifies his request by the words, "when thou comest into thy kingdom." The reply given to him makes no mention of a delay. It does not tell him that he must wait during some lengthy period for the granting of his request. No! To-day, this day, shalt thou be with "me" in paradise.

Now both conscious being and unconscious being, both conscious mentality and unconscious mentality, are indispensable to a state of genuine actuality. Are they not? But they need not be thieves! As an instance, the genuine man feels instinctively that it is the Father—the in Itself unconditioned One—that doeth the works—all the works both "within" and "without." Nevertheless, he cannot refrain from exclaiming continually:—"How wonderful are thy works, O One and Only! In marvellous concinnity do they express thy majestic glory." A very different attitude to that of the two thieves, who deem them to be objects-in-themselves! Who are continually instituting comparisons between themselves and the other fellows,

wondering what sort of a figure they cut. Full of doubt and misgiving as to what sort of a figure they cut. Always wanting to go one better than the other fellows in order to enhance each his own proficiency in thievishness. Always seeking to exalt the pseudo-self which each has purloined!

But through and by means of the lustration of prayer or autosuggestion of transcendent truth, both thieves, to-day, can be with the Christ in paradise. To the true seeker, daily mundane experience is a house of prayer (not a den of thieves), consequently it is none other than the gate of heaven (genuine actuality).

But respecting the two thieves—human conscious being and human unconscious being—it comes so hardly to the conventionally-minded human to see these as a pair of thieves! To the conventionally-minded, the conscious thief is invested with all the desirable attributes of Doctor Jekyll and the unconscious thief with all the undesirable attributes of Edward Hyde. (In order to follow the parallel, it is essential that the reader should be familiar with "THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE," by R. L. Stevenson.) To such an one the conscious thief is "good" and the unconscious thief is bad. Just consider! Which were the worse, to thief consciously or to thief unconsciously? (As a fact the conscious pseudo-being does not thief consciously, of deliberate intention, it is the victim of circumstances.) Perhaps you will say:—Everybody who is anybody—everyone whose opinion is worth considering seriously—admits that the former is the "higher nature" and that the latter is the "lower nature"! The human is credited with the personal possession of a dual nature—of a Jekyll-like nature and a Hyde-like nature. And these two are popularly supposed to vie with one another for supremacy. In the "good" human, the conscious being attains to a mastery over the unconscious being, suppresses it or brings it to heel, and from this position of subserviency it dare not stray without the permission of its master. It is conventional to imprint some such very inaccurate notion upon the plastic mind of youth. This hasty generalisation, however, requires a deal of qualification before it can attain to any degree of accuracy.

Now why is thief Jekyll credited with such great superiority over thief Hyde? Let us consider first the strange case of Edward Hyde. Hyde—the unconscious pseudo-being—is a vortex of unrest, he is the prey of wild surging passions, of insatiable cravings. He loves and he hates spontaneously, without the slightest regard for whether his loving or his hating be profitably opportune. He has no eye to the main chance. He has an unblushing tendency towards gluttony and wine bibbing, to say nothing of proclivities which conventional notions of morality will tolerate and condone only when legitimised by the ceremonial of sacerdotal formalism. Hyde reckes naught of sacerdotal formalities! To him, “the lusty stealth of nature”—the primitive, the spontaneous, the sincere, the unaffected, the natural—are the best guide in matters of such high importance. Although he has no eye to Mrs. Grundy’s main chance, Hyde has an instinctive flair for that which is effectual in the perpetuation of the human race. Altogether, from the standpoint of human expediency, he is a most tiresome creature, continually putting forward the most inconvenient suggestions, at such inopportune moments! Moreover the suggestions which he puts forward carry such immense weight, they sometimes toss Dr. Jekyll and his wisdom in expediency on one side as though they were of no more considerable import than a paper cocked hat out of a Christmas cracker, and proceed to actualise themselves in such a series of carryings on as makes Mrs. Grundy’s eyes to stick out like hat-pegs and makes the wig on the learned head of the Lord Chief Justice curl the tighter!

Where should we humans be if it were not for the timely admonitions which thief Jekyll administers to thief Hyde and for the wholesome restraint which he imposes upon the latter? In an uncommon queer street! Give the devil his due and you must admit the glorious utility of thief Jekyll! ’Tis he, who when in paramount command, co-ordinates and subordinates, marshals to effectual purpose, the random impulses of thief Hyde. Imparting to them a healthy opportuneness, an expedient efficacy. ’Tis he who seeks to transmute random impulsive haverings into pur-

pose-full consistency : to combine all the strength, all the passion, all the conscient faculties, and instinctive longings, of the human into one deliberately consistent coalition. To make of him (not a perfect man exulting in perfection, but) a proficient in the practice of human expediency, a faithful opportunist, an adept in the art of beneficent compromise. Let us be uncompromisingly honest in this consideration, for here honesty is the best policy ! It is human expediency at whose altar thief Jekyll pays his homage, to whom he consecrates his vows. Is thief Jekyll to be disparaged on that account ? By no means ! Believe me ! were thief Jekyll to cast compromising glances upon and hanker after the perfection of the perfect man exulting in perfection, should he attempt to put into actual practice his inchoate inspirations as to how the perfect man would acquit himself—as to how he would act—amongst the concrete circumstances and conditions by which thief Jekyll is environed, Jekyll would find himself plunged into a slough of perplexities and haverings in comparison with which the incoherent leadings of Hyde's impulsiveness were a macadamised, fenced, highway. Hear the conclusion of a pertinent consideration ! From the standpoint of human expediency, it is desirable for thief Jekyll to impose upon thief Hyde a wholesome discipline, to cause him to undergo an elaborate system of training in coming to heel when ordered to do so and of ranging wide in pursuit of game only when permission to pursue a definitely defined species of game has been accorded to him. Humanly speaking, stir up thief Jekyll to assert himself, to assume command, to take charge of thief Hyde : to govern, control, and guide the latter to the best of his ability. What if from the standpoint of the metaphysician who has made a transcendental analysis of empirical reality, thief Jekyll " has no ability " ! What if the phantasmagoria of mortal experience be like the film of a cinema predestined to display upon the screen a set tragedy or farce. Be you, nevertheless, gloriously inconsistent and rosin up thief Jekyll to " do his bit " !

The fact is that this off-hand labelling of the conscious pseudo-being as the good Dr. Jekyll and the unconscious pseudo-being as the bad Edward Hyde is totally misleading.

True! Hyde's unconscious pseudo-being is externalised and objectified as the human body below the armpits—a welter of the nauseous and the revolting, to say nothing of the ridiculous. I believe that it is the objectification of Hyde which pulls down the scale against him in human estimation. Moreover, thief Jekyll learns only fortuitously, by accident perhaps, what sort of capers Hyde would be up to if it were not for the fear of retribution. In this case it is Jekyll's fear of the policeman, or his rooted aversion to incarceration in the prison cell on low diet, which sways the hesitating balance. Of course thief Jekyll makes out that it is invariably his lofty sense of moral rectitude which keeps him and his *alter ego* upon the beaten track of conventional respectability. Don't you believe it! Thief Jekyll is a proficient in the art of self-deception, or in that which is termed "rationalisation"! The rough and ready classification of the conscious pseudo-being as the good and the unconscious pseudo-being as the bad won't do!

In spite of all thief Jekyll's airs of superiority, despite his pompous parade of sanctimony, all his Pecksniffianism notwithstanding, of the pair he is the greater delinquent! For just as beauty is in the eye of the beholder (and *qua* actual beauty, nowhere else) so the iniquity of Hyde and the foulness of his body exist, chiefly, for and in relation to the beam which purports to be in Jekyll's eye! The root of all evil lies in the divided-against-selfness of human being: in the disparity, the difference of potential, the antagonism, between conscious pseudo-being and unconscious pseudo-being. Neither of them is entirely immune from the pseudo-spirit of antagonism, but the more conspicuous part of the antagonism is in the beam which purports to be in thief Jekyll's eye (albeit the modicum which it is most difficult to deal with, lies in the analogy to an eye in the unconscious pseudo-being.) Jekyll, however, speciously attains to spurious sanctity by continually reiterating:—"Remember its Jekyll who is the friend, not Hyde!" The hypocrite!

What organ of the human anatomy is quoted as the symbol of love—the symbolic seat of the affections? The heart! What portion of the anatomy symbolises life? The lungs! Do we not speak of the breath of life? Do we not

speak of bowels of mercy and compassion? Do we not speak of feet guiding feet into the way of peace? And all of these organs and their functions belong to the department of being known as the "unconscious," the instinctive. Hyde is, at least, ingenuous and sincere in all that which he undertakes or longs to undertake. Whereas thief Jekyll is frequently a consummate humbug, a narrow-minded, bigoted, heartless, calculating machine—an opportunist climber. All out to achieve that which will procure for him, smiles, affability, and honoraria, from Mrs. Grundy (using the term in its most extended meaning, to denote respectability), he fears to offend conventional opinion, he desires to curry favour with the crowd. Hyde, on the other hand, will have none of this. He ingenuously prefers disrespectable honour to dishonourable fame. I can find it in my own heart, looking back over my own special version of "the long, heavy, and confused dream of humanity," that some of the actions I am least ashamed of, were done at the prompting of Hyde (the instinctive pseudo-being) in defiance of the specious monitions of Jekyll. And however much they may have outraged Mrs. Grundy they vindicated (though disrespectable) the honour of their sponsor Hyde!

One has but to read the four gospels with an unbiassed mind to be filled with amazement by the attitude of mind adopted by the chief actor in the Drama *par excellence* towards these two *alter egos*. The naïve Sage Way-shower is constantly pleading extenuating circumstances on behalf of poor Hyde: ever ready with a word of kindly sympathy and loving encouragement for him. "Her sins which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much"! But when Dr Jekyll D.D. looms up within the range of his vision, the human element in him sees red! He cannot help giving vent to his feelings respecting that self-righteous humbug "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" ". . . he that shall humble himself shall be exalted. But woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to go in." ". . . for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful on

ward, but are within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness." "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel." From the standpoint of human expediency, thief Jekyll may appear beautiful outwardly, but within he is full of all uncleanness. For it is, chiefly, in relation to the beam in thief Jekyll's eye that there are such things as dead men's bones and all manner of uncleanness! And the more self-righteous is thief Jekyll, the more critical and condemnatory he be of the motes in Hyde's eye, the greater the number of gnats on Hyde which he strains at, the bigger the camel which he swallows with unctuous gusto! In genuine actuality, all is just this it is, and can be alone—the perfect—and all imperfection has its beginning and ending in the beam in the eye of pseudo-being, chiefly in the beam in thief Jekyll's eye! I tell you, thief Hyde goes away from the presence of discernment justified rather than the other!

And what is the conclusion of the whole matter? Is it that we are to abandon ourselves unreservedly to the vagrant impulses of the instinctive pseudo-being? To allow a spirit of irresponsible, improvident, liveliness: the surging impulses of an ingenuous heart: the spasms of injudicious mercy and compassion; to dominate our daily conduct, telling the conscious mentor to take a back seat? That we will have none of him: none of his judicious compromise, none of his relative expediency, none of his disingenuous prudence, none of his shifts to maintain conformity with worldly respectability! That henceforth we intend to hearken only to instinctive promptings and to follow these with a hot heart, *coûte que coûte*. Well! there are worse things than that done daily! But pause and consider a moment, that instinctive conscience whose dictates we may aver we are going to follow blindly, is like everything else appertaining to the human, divided-against-itself. The way I see it is this. Respecting the regulation of daily conduct in accordance with human expediency, the conscious pseudo-being mentor and guide may be a sorry sort of hair trunk, he may be "hopping lame and whistling like a railway guard," but so far as the normal human is concerned, he's "the pick of the basket, the show of the

shop," because he's the only steed we have got who can carry us. And we must get about as best we can on him. From the illusory human standpoint there is no other alternative!

Nor can we obtain much enlightenment from vague Pauline injunctions to "walk in the spirit"—to be led of the spirit. What does it mean precisely? Like many another *ipse dixit*, hackneyed by constant repetition and stultified by undiscerning explanation, nevertheless read out with much pomp and circumstance, there is not much in the parcel by the time we have taken it home. For the only spirit the human knows is a spirit divided-against-itself! The very devil! But the genuine, perfect man, exulting in perfection, what spirit does he walk in, by what spirit is he led? By a moving spirit which in its innermost being is the totality! He is drawn from above and propelled from below, as it were, by One-moving-spirit which in its innermost is the totality. The conditioned conscious being and the conditioned unconscious being are at-one in the unconditioned One of which they are both the conditioned manifestation. With him, there are not two moving-spirits—the conscious and the unconscious—pulling in different directions, trying to drag him in half, to dismember him, stretching him upon the rack, crucifying him! No! he is possessed—consciously and unconsciously—of One-moving-spirit!

And the human who makes an end in itself of mundane success, who by persistent training and concentrated effort so arranges that his conscious pseudo-being rules, guides, governs, so that he attains, by human expediency, to human success, wealth, fame, to a chief seat amongst the mighty of the spurious actuality. May he not be gaining the whole world (of pseudo-being) and losing the pathway to genuine actuality? And of him might it not be said appropriately:—"Verily I say unto you, That the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God (genuine actuality) before you." This denunciation was levelled at the son who said "I go, sir: and went not." For the human who concentrates on "getting on" and being a prominent member of society, makes great parade of working in the vineyard! From the

standpoint of human expediency he may be gloriously useful, but he has left out the "one thing needful"—the denial of any virtue in pseudo-being, the acclamation that all virtue is in One-being. He has willed to save *his* life and has lost the way to at-one-ment with the One, reflexed as life in supreme bliss.

The true seeker, on the other hand, who is ready to lose *his* life, to forsake "all that he hath"—all the claims to excellence, virtue, and power, of the pseudo-being—finds infinity of ineffably concinnous life for all, in "his righteousness"—at-one-ment with One-totality! Through looking upon Martha-dom, not as an end in itself, but, as a means to an end—the end of the illusion of mortal selfhood—by ceaseless autosuggestion of transcendent truth in response to the promptings of daily experience in Martha-dom; must it gradually or rapidly be revealed that genuinely there is no thievishness, but that all being, conscious and unconscious, is genuine. That all reflex-ness is within the One-point and the One-point within all reflex-ness again. That all being, conscious and unconscious, is with "me"—utter spontaneity in at-one-ment, perfection in One—this day, here, now, in Paradise!

HOW TO KEEP KEEN

There is no characteristic which we value so highly in our friends and acquaintances as that of being keen—that of being possessed of an ardour to do or to obtain! In the company of one of these Nature's children, the day takes on a new aspect, the value of one's possessions is immeasurably enhanced, the daily round has a charm added to it, the flowers are more fragrant, the twilight more bewitching, the fire-light flickers more cosily! The presence of one of these fresh men invests the seeming commonplace with a halo of romance. To retain intense keenness for activity and undertaking after the first bloom of youth has faded is a redoubtable and endearing achievement.

In the first flush of youth, when every goose is a swan and all is gold that glitters, it is easy to be excited by desire, to be eager to do or to obtain. This eagerness to do or to obtain can be carried through maturity to a green and smiling old age only by the childlike in spirit. All limitation makes for human happiness! Some degree of becoming limitation is indispensable to the retention of this child-like eagerness. Some becoming limitation in the range of thought. Just to see one goal—one El Dorado—shimmering in the enchanted distance, one avenue to this goal and to follow the avenue whole-heartedly, with unwavering purpose, is the type of limitation to which I allude. To be so limited in range of thought is, indeed, a fortunate human destiny!

It is not everyone, however, who is blessed with this beatific limitation of range of thought. And it is for the sake of those who are not so blessed that this discourse is undertaken. Nature's children do not need any instructions

as to how they shall keep keen. They just follow the pathway stretching out before them with joyful and zest-full ardour. For such as these the path of duty is the path to a glory superadded to that which they have immediately in view. For all human pathways eventually lead to one goal—genuine actuality—and it is along this pathway that these happy votaries of the spirit of keenness are all-unwittingly progressing.

But respecting those others whose range of thought is not so happily limited. Is it of their own deliberate conscious choice that their range of thought is not so limited? Consider it well! Is it? A deal of hot air is expired round about this consideration. One might be led to suppose that it were invariably desirable to maintain this limitation in range of thought by artificial means should such not befall one naturally. To deliberately bury one's head in the sand. Limitation of range of thought makes for happiness, true! But is happiness the end of mundane existence? This query opens up a huge vista! Limitation of range of thought may tend towards efficiency as a cog in the human (reverse of) merry-go-round. Is human efficiency the end of mundane existence? Another huge vista opened up!

But what do I mean by being blessed with a beatific limitation of range of thought? I will give an example of one who is not so blessed. One whose range of observation and thought goes out to embrace the lot and the unnatural existence misnamed life of his fellows—the multitudes—and who is moved with compassion for them, because they faint, are very weary, and are scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd. One who is understanding and perspicacious—imaginative—one who can enter into the feelings of any member of this multitude, who knows just where the shoe pinches him or her, and where are the steep places in the stairs. One who cannot avoid perceiving the vanity, the suffering, the futility, of human so-called life. One who must—grudgingly and of necessity—agree with the preacher when he says:—Vanity of vanities, all (mortal being, doing, and obtaining, as such) is vanity and a seeking after wind. One who must perforce admit that in

the so-called world there is abundance of tribulation—sorrow, pain, disappointment, baffled hope, grief and anguish sore. That, in the main, it is the workers of iniquity (not the virtuous) who flourish and spread themselves like a green bay tree. Unless supernally blessed with beatific limitation of range of thought it is impossible to be moderately intelligent and to avoid recognising the vanity and futility of mortal existence! It was this extreme sensibility to the sufferings of the multitudes which gave rise to the expression "the man of sorrows" as applied to the Sage Way-shower. (N.B., that is only one aspect of his human being. The other aspect should be given the greater prominence, viz:—that of the man of care-less gaiety.)

To paraphrase R.L.S. To frankly recognise our precarious state in mortal existence is the inevitable outcome and adjunct of intelligence, to be not one whit abashed nor disheartened by the consideration is the part of courage. Intelligence must appreciate the vanity and precariousness of mortal existence. Enlightened courage is not a whit dismayed nor cast down before the seeming of fact!

To maintain by pose, by artificial means, the limitation of range in observation and thought which is indispensable to remaining at heart a kid, is like the proverbial ostrich to bury one's head in the sand and to cry "All's well," because the buried head does not discern the enemy and avenger hot-foot upon the trail. True! the genuine kid, old in years or young in years, is the greatest of earth's treasures! But to ape the Nature's kid is anathema, is to resemble an old harridan of seventy decked out like sweet seventeen. Genuine sweet seventeen may beat the band as an intoxicant and joy-giver, but nothing excels the inexpressible charm of seventy with snow-white hair, still sweet, serene, joyous, and warmly sympathetic to joy and sorrow of infinite diversity. Seventy, tried in the furnace as pure gold, still flushed with hope, still serenely smiling, yields place to none as a vision of beauty and splendour. Seventy, possessed of consummate intelligence, of wide range of observation, thought, and sympathy, cherishing no

fatuous illusions, honestly recognising the futility and precariousness of mortal existence, as such, and not one whit perturbed nor cast down thereat. Seventy still serene, sanguine and keen!

"Disillusioned!" I wonder how many artists have conceived and portrayed variations upon the original theme of disillusionment? The youthful bride, who in the innocence of her fervent heart, has all-unwittingly violated the spirit of the Jewish Second Commandment. Who has cherished the fond ideal of the perfect man exulting in perfection, and has mentally projected this compound of all the perfections—beauty, honour, faith, disinterested love, wisdom, courage, nobility—on to a male mortal human. Who has made to herself the likeness of some object-in-itself of the earth, earthy, and has bowed down before it and worshipped it. Only to be disillusioned, only to find that her object-in-itself Colossus has feet of clay, that like all the other graven images, claiming to be objects-in-themselves, it is a frail creature of dust, compacted of mortal infirmities, fraught with human frailty—*qua* a human, of its father the devil, so that the works of its father it must do! And yet had it not been for the initial illusion, that there could be object-in-itself perfection (a perfection which is not within the One-point and which the One-point is not within, again), there had been no bitter disillusionment. These two frail creatures—compacted of infirmities—might have set forth hand in hand upon the great quest, each honestly recognising the imperfections of the other, with consummate sincerity and ardent love, each sustaining and supporting the other along the pathway to the genuine. Each furthering the other's quest for the genuine, the perfect, man exulting in perfection.

Honestly considered, could there be a greater handicap in (so-called) life than to embark upon it chock full of fatuous illusions? For instance, to start out imbued with the notion that a subject-in-itself or an object-in-itself "God" has created a beautiful object-in-itself world with the express aim and object that objects-in-themselves humans should be profoundly happy in it, and that if any human be not happy it is the individual fault of that

individual human. If he were "good" he would be happy! Is it possible to conceive of a greater fallacy? What if, on the contrary, it be intense ardour to do well—ardent endeavour to play the game in (so-called) life to the uttermost of consummate nobility—which is the source of the most exquisite torment? From the illusory human standpoint, it is a hard fight, a painful and a weary one, this quest of the true seeker's! An undertaking in which the trials increase in direct proportion to the scope and altruistic nobility of the quest! Albeit not without its compensations.

I submit that in setting out on (so-called) life's journey, it is best to be honest and to courageously face hard facts. Like the Sage Way-shower to honestly face the fact that amongst the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding there is inevitably tribulation. The illusion of mortal selfhood claims to be able to divide that which wells up perennially out of the hidden depths of the "within" against itself, into parts nice and parts perfectly beastly. And the nice part usually purports to be somewhere else! But be of good cheer! Verity declares, eternally and invincibly, that genuinely there is no illusion of mortal selfhood to divide the altogether lovely and altogether sweet manifestation of the Unattainable One against itself!

The poets, mystic and otherwise, tell of ideal joy and beauty. Their stanzas, couplets, rhyme and rhythm, the themes which they adorn, may be very beautiful and evoke all manner of thrilling emotions. They tell us that if only we had eyes for seeing the wells of our own being, we might take illimitable draughts of living water. True! I have yet to meet one who sets forth how these eyes can be attained to! I often think that all this poetry—this fervid musing about ideal beauty and splendour—merely tends to make the universal heart-ache worse. Certainly to be possessed of a temperament conducive to the writing of the best poetry is by no means an unmixed blessing. Many of the best poets have been the most melancholy individuals, when they were not up in the clouds they were down in the nethermost hell. And the study of their works tends to promote a like temperament in their devotees. The study

of sublimity has a tendency to make the daily round harder to bear and the common task less easily performed with efficacy. For an effectual tonic commend me to (not a poet, but) a practical philosopher blessed with a searching sense of humour and a caustic wit. He is up agin' it and he knows it! Nevertheless is he determined to get on with it—the job on hand—and to get some fun out of it for himself and for his neighbours.

After the first bloom of youth has worn off, there is nothing so difficult for the discerning, the perspicacious, the discriminating, individual to maintain as the characteristic of being keenly ardent and ardently keen. And yet to lose keenness, ardour, enthusiasm, is a fatal declension! It is to commit moral suicide and to be buried in the roadside waste with a stake through one's heart, without benefit of pity (Do not confuse genuine keenness with the diabolical spirit of unrest, the fierce hunger for novelty, the feverish desire to escape boredom unutterable, which characterises those unfortunates who are cursed with purposeless leisure I allude to genuine keenness) But how to keep ardently keen when earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away, and death and decay seem to have the last word universally? How to be disillusioned about the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding and yet remain keenly ardent and ardently keen? That is a fortune well worth the seeking and the finding!

The fact is that illimitable treasure—genuine actuality—is all around us and within, here, now. The practical expedient is to set at naught the misunderstanding which purports to be able to divide the treasure against itself, into parts nice and parts perfectly beastly. So many people want that treasure, so many hanker after the warm, live, constant, communion with the resplendent and the beautiful which the mystics are said to have enjoyed. I'm sorry to say that most of these want to steal it! They desire merely to substitute ease in illusion for dis-ease in illusion, without a thought of setting at naught the illusion which is dis-ease. What is needed is to attenuate illusion, then will consummate ease be revealed to be universal. What is needed is to comply with the spirit of the injunc-

tion :—If thou wilt be perfect, sell that thou hast (shed the illusion of mortal selfhood) and come follow verity. But they go away sorrowful, for they have many possessions in the pseudo-virtues and pseudo-excellences of that illusion of mortal selfhood. And yet, were a prophet to bid them do "some great thing," they would undertake the great thing with ardour. The story about Naaman has an esoteric meaning which is trenchantly apposite to the quest for the genuine. Naaman, the leper, typifies the mortal human who seeks to be cured of his leprosy. One interpretation of the name "Naaman" is "he that prepares himself to motion." One keen to get a move on in the quest for the genuine. Such an one would willingly undertake "some great thing"—all manner of external heroics. But when he is enjoined to practise the simple and homely expedient of washing seven times in Jordan, he turns and goes away in a rage. He had expected that Elisha—the God that saves—the instinctive understanding of at-one-ment with the One which saves—would "strike his hand over the place and recover the leper". Typical of the attitude of mind of many to-day! The homely expedient of washing seven times (the complete number of times requisite) in Jordan (the river of judgment), i.e., practising autosuggestion of transcendent truth in response to the promptings of daily mundane experience, seems such a commonplace affair—who would be put off with such an old wife's tale? No! No! There must be some miraculous performance, the showing of great signs and wonders in response to incantation, in response to "calling upon the name of the Lord his God"! So many want to cut the Gordian knots of mortality by some supernatural process, to unravel these knots, patiently and smilingly, makes no appeal to them. And yet all that is needed is to wash the complete number of times requisite in the river of judgment. Just to look out of one's eyes, smiling all the time, and take stock of the fiat of the infinite judgment, that all reflex-ness claiming to be without the One-point must be self-condemned—must declare "I'm not", "I'm nothing", and therefore I cannot exclude from the genuine reflex-ness which is here, now, could the mortal but appreciate it. Just to use the

daily round and common task as a Child's Guide To Understanding. So simple, so comfortable, so comforting, a sacrament !

To continue the symbolic narrative. " Thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord. In this thing the Lord pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, . . . ; when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing. And he said, Go in peace." In performing the daily human task, pursuing the common round of human expediency, if we should bow before Rimmon (" that which is exalted upon the earth "), all the same as rendering unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, well it is unavoidable and is of no virtual consequence.

Respecting the process of washing seven times in the river of judgment. This process is not confined to auto-suggestion of transcendent truth in response to the indications of daily experience only, although this may be the most comfortable and expeditious manner of conducting the washing. The process must be extended to include the activities of the three qualitative Gunas, viz :—(1) active clear thinking, (2) active acting, (3) passively receiving. Any one of these or a combination of two of them may be set in operation to constitute the seven times of washing in the river of judgment, in accordance with innate, natural, tendency. As examples of the first method of procedure, consider any of the great philosophers or metaphysicians, each after his individual fashion and methods attempting to attain to clearness of thought and thus to solve the mystery with which mortal existence is encompassed, to read the riddle of the universe, by processes of observation, clear thinking, ratiocination, and introversion. Each dedicating his life to patient research, to thought and study. As examples of the second method of procedure, consider any of the great patriots, pioneers, statesmen, warriors. All possessed of an ardour for active adventure, all possessed of a fervour to be up and doing, all devoted to extroversion, to planning, scheming, organising, to the overcoming of obstacles ; their lives consecrated to the display of courage,

fortitude, endurance—to combative efficacy. Then as examples of those to be included within the third category, consider the mystics, poetical or otherwise. The great musical composers and poets should also be placed within this category, for these utter in melody or in verse that which they may be said to have acquired by a process of passive receptivity. The proceeds of this passive receptivity reverberate throughout the ages, reappearing in the guise of an angel of the kindly light to wanderers in the wilderness, or as a ladder set up from earth to heaven to those whose sun is gone down and who are seeking rest with a stone for a pillow. For all—consciously or unconsciously—intentionally or unintentionally—are washing seven times (the complete number of times requisite) in the river of judgment. Whichever method of procedure be adopted in response to innate prompting—all roads lead to Rome—the important thing is to be a keen treader of the pathway, to be a keen washer in the river of judgment.

What a different notion is this to that of each individual winning salvation for his footling little self by being numbered amongst the unco guid! To honour unco guidness is merely to make much of divided-against-selfness, to honour the antagonistic disparity between conscious pseudo-mentality and unconscious pseudo-mentality: the very hallucination which it is imperative (not to honour, but) to set at naught! The true seeker washes seven times in the river of judgment to cleanse from illusion, one and all. He seeks that misunderstanding may be swallowed up of understanding universally!

Now do you discern how it is possible to be observant, perspicacious, discerning, to be the dupe of no fatuous illusions, and yet still to be keen as mustard. To endorse the maxim of the preacher:—All (mortal doing and obtaining, as such) is vanity, and yet to be possessed of a fervour to be up and doing. Only those who are desperately keen can be devoured forthwith by the gaping jaws of beatitude.

A watched pot never boils. A watched leaven never works! Leaven is *hid* in the meal until the whole be leavened. Just tread the daily round keenly. Just bathe in the river Jordan (close handy) seven times, keenly. Don't

think :—If only I had a more conspicuous or famous path to tread it would be worth the treading. Do not aspire to bathe in some mighty rivers far away, and despise the river which happens to be a seemingly small one close at home. Do not despise the day of seemingly small things ! The mundane experience which seemingly just happens, is your own admirably devised Child's Guide To Understanding. Be keen, desire immeasurably that one and all shall be devoured forthwith by the gaping jaws of beatitude. Do not ask to see immediate results of the seven times washing in the river of judgment, to do so, believe me, is to stultify the whole proceeding. Just go on bathing, maybe the results will not be apparent till you have washed the complete number of times requisite. Do not hanker after " great signs and wonders " So many appear to think that the washing is of no efficacy unless it yields tangible trophies in the shape of great signs and wonders. Such a notion has as its inspiration the little knowledge which is a dangerous thing ! Do not be misled by such as these ! The only substantial result of the seven times washing is that misunderstanding shall be swallowed up of understanding universally !

Moreover, from the standpoint of human expediency, being keen about the daily round and common task is such a potent anodyne for the universal heart-ache. The best way to ease the heart-ache at home is to share the heart-ache abroad. There is something to be keen about—keen to ease the samples of the universal heart-ache about your daily path. Of course, human endeavour of this sort (directly) merely does away with symptoms whilst leaving unaffected that of which the symptom is a symptom. No matter ! All around are human beings with a heart-ache just as bad as your's. These may not be capable of appreciating your metaphysic, but they do appreciate a tactful grip of the hand, and the content of an open hand, where they know that were the conditions reversed, you would receive from them in the same spirit of generosity. It may be more blessed to give than to receive, nevertheless, to receive becomingly makes greater demands upon the spirit of generosity than to give lavishly.

All actuality is a process of reflex-ness ! Consider the particular type of reflex-ness appropriate to the subject under discussion. The first thing a child wants to do when it does or obtains something deemed to be splendid, is to tell it's Mummie. Until Mummie has shared the triumph or been electrified by the disclosure of the treasure, the joy of doing or obtaining is not complete. There is a vast field for human beneficence in discharging the office of a Mummie. Even old gentlemen of seventy are not immune from this universal craving for a Mummie with whom they may share their triumphs or to whom they may disclose their treasure. Our houses, horses, hopes, and hobbies ; our cows and cabbages, our creeds, our cute contrivances, attain to resplendency only when shown to this type of universal Mummie. But—to be an effectual Mummie it is essential to be genuinely keen oneself. Affected interest is a deadly affront, affected interest cloyes and pulverises. To be an out and out Mummie it is essential to be an out and out kid. One can see how instinctive keenness reflexes to itself the satisfaction of its needs, even in human affairs. If another fellow is only keen enough and has an ingratiating way of displaying his appreciation, one longs to lend him of the best that one possesses. Should he ride out on one's pet horses he confers a benefit and a pleasure. Perhaps you'll say :—Let us all pursue the cult of keenness and so reflex to ourselves everything we want. It is not quite so simple as it sounds ! For the characteristic of being charmingly keen and showing one's keen appreciation in an ingratiating manner is an affair of a nicety of instinct—a refinement of nicety which has its habitat in the realm named the "unconscious". It cannot be consciously cultivated ! The only effectual way to attain to it is auto-suggestion of transcendent truth in response to the promptings of daily experience—instinctive keenness is indigenous to genuine actuality !

In the genuine reflex-ness, within the One-point, Mummie and kid are each the reflex or inseparable correlative of the other, each is infinitely available to the other, the one cannot exist without the other. Both as keen as mustard—both filled to overflowing with desire and with

curiosity. Both wildly keen and immeasurably curious to savour the wonder and the beauty of the reflex-ness within the One-point and which the One-point is within again. The kingdom of heaven—genuine actuality—is all agog with keenly eager Mummies and eagerly keen kids !

And what is the obstacle to the immediate realisation of this infinitely eager keenness reflexing to itself illimitable satisfaction. Just nothing—nothing but the illusion of mortal selfhood ! The illusion of mortal selfhood which claims to be able to set a limit to the Limitless. To deny the limit by ceaselessly lifting the mental gaze to the omnipresent Cross is to affirm illimitability—illimitability made perfect in One !

Genuinely there are not two of each of us, (1) a lackadaisical Weary Willie of a disgruntled mortal, and (2) an eagerly keen kid. Genuinely there is only one of each of us, an eager kid exulting in the perfection of keenness and in the perfect satisfaction of this keenness, charming all by his gracefully keen appreciation. Genuine actuality—genuine reflex-ness—is perfect in One. One seen through the interposition of the Mayas (the forms and fashions of knowing conditioning the knowledge of the actually knowing subject) as many Mummie-kids, all exulting in perfection of keenness, made perfect in One !

RECONCILIATION

Reconciliation is the bringing together of things (seemingly) at variance !

It has been said :—There is no evil in the final analysis. Granted ! But there is any devil's quantity of evil (opposition to or the thwarting of definite modes of willing) in the empirical reality of the mortal ! And the ardent aim of every conscient and considerate being must be to bring to naught the empirical reality of evil. From the standpoint of crude "realism," evil is an object-in-itself quality (infinitely varied) in the object-in-itself nature of objects-in-themselves collectively constituting an object-in-itself environment And the effectual way to bring evil to naught is to resist it—to resist it *à outrance*—to out it by resisting it. A naïve Oriental Sage enjoined a procedure of the exactly opposite nature : viz., "I say unto you that ye resist not evil !" "It's dreadfully confusing !" said Alice. And a good few folk endorse Alice's remark. It isn't really either complicated or confusing, only in order to avoid confusion it is essential to get right down to bed-rock and to look forth from the standpoint of "Transcendental Idealism"—a very primitive notion. All actuality proceeds from processes of reflex-ness. The only wholly concinnous processes of reflex-ness would be those in which One-point—the only in itself totality point—reflexes itself and is reflexed by itself. Why "idealism" ? Because in actuality the definitely conditioned object (or idea) is the objective reflex of a knowing subject whose fashion of knowing is definitely conditioned. Discord—evil—would be the inevitable fate of the proceeds of a reflex-ness which claimed to be in progress in something other than One-totality. Discord—

evil—would be the inevitable fate of that which claimed to be the reflex-ness of something which in its innermost being was not a totality !

If we take a somewhat free translation of a passage in the Upanishads and consider it fully, the apparent existence—the empirical reality—of evil, is easily explained. The expression of abstract ideas in Sanskrit is so condensed and presupposes so much ability to interpret the meaning on the part of the hearer or reader, that a free translation is abundantly justified. Just consider this passage ! "Through the interposition of the Mayas is the One seen as the many." The term "Mayas," I submit, denotes the forms and fashions of knowing conditioning the knowledge of the knowing subject. Now let us turn to the meaning popularly attributed to the word "Maya." This word is interpreted to mean "illusion." Now, I submit, that as originally employed, the word Mayas had no connection whatever with the notion of illusion. The content of the knowledge of the knowing subject whose knowledge is definitely conditioned by definite forms and fashions of knowing is not illusory. Why should it be ? All actual knowledge is conditioned knowledge. Unless knowledge be definitely conditioned there can be no actual knowledge. But that does not mean that the content of all knowledge so conditioned is illusory. Genuine actuality is not illusory, nevertheless is it ideal, nevertheless, as such, does it exist only in relation to actually and definitely conditioned knowledge. Genuine actuality is real, not illusory ! The concepts or mental abstractions, ideal, real, actual, and substantial are all synonymous, they all mean one and the same thing.

Now, I submit, that the only element in mundane experience which is illusory is discord. The illusory is the converse of the genuine. The discord in mundane experience is empirically real—in other words when once the illusion of mortal selfhood is posited, dis-ease (the converse of ease) is inevitable. The illusion of mortal selfhood being virtually the notion that there could be such a thing as an object-in-itself, which is not in its innermost being the totality, to reflex itself and to be reflexed by

itself. Mortal experience is fraught with the empirical reality of discord—inevitably so. Hence arose the confused thinking on the part of those who were attempting to interpret the Upanishads. They jumped to the false conclusion that *all* content of definitely conditioned knowledge is illusion. They jumbled up the actuality of mortal experience and the genuine actuality of genuine experience and lumped them together under the term "Maya," which they interpreted to mean illusion. A very misleading notion!

Just follow out the process. Through the interposition of the Mayas is the One seen as the many—many re-presentations of One. The One's many ideas of the One. Through the interposition of the Mayas is the One—in Itself mere potentiality of actual being—seen as many and diverse actual beings. But all of these many and diverse actual beings at-one—subjectively, through the innermost being of all—with the One. Now you have only to extend the interposition of the Mayas in order to attain to the notion of many independent objects-in-themselves—to many object-in-itself beings—totally separate and distinct from one another and from the One. You have only to extend the interposition of the Mayas in order to attain to the notion of many object-in-itself selves—many object-in-itself independent wills—all up against one another. You have only to disproportionately extend the interposition of the Mayas (the legitimate, actual, conditioning of knowledge) in order to attain to the popular notion of "Maya" or illusion! The disproportionate extension of the interposition of the Mayas would give rise to the illegitimate notion of many objects-in-themselves, each having an independent nature of its own—each having an independent will of its own—antagonistic to most of the other natures and to most of the other wills. There you have the empirical reality—the empirical actuality—of the mortal.

Now there could be drawn no sharply dividing line of demarcation between the result of the legitimate interposition of the Mayas and the result of the illegitimate interposition of the disproportionate extension of the Mayas

to constitute Maya or illusion. How could there be? The one would merge by imperceptible degree of gradation into the other. Where would you draw a sharply defined line of demarcation? You cannot! Of course, you might say that directly opposition or obstacle intervenes in an actuality there is Maya or illusion. There is an infinite gradation of degree of opposition or obstacle. To the human a mild degree of opposition or obstacle is intensely exhilarating and bracing, and in the overcoming of such there is intense delight. It is merely a question of degree. As an example, to be outside a bold, big-jumping, long-tailed, horse—who means to be "there"—in a fast hunt over a big country intersected by great yawning fences would be Elysium to adventurous youth: it would be hell to a timid old lady. Genuine actuality is sport, play, a game of joy, fun and jollity; in which all the participants are possessed of a "feeling" of freedom, seeing that in their innermost being they are all at-one with the One-unconditioned. You can take that which originally was a relaxation, a game of play, and disproportionately extend its function until it becomes a hard, elaborately organised, grind. Moderation in all things is a good maxim! One might preach moderation in the employment and use of the Mayas, but, unfortunately, the disproportionate extension of the Mayas (so that through their interposition in lieu of joy-full play there is a mare's nest of a nightmare in grim earnest) is an affair of unconscious instinct, not of mere erroneous knowledge in the abstract. But there it is, it is the Mayas through whose interposition in moderation there arises the actual consciousness of participation in games of exquisite joy, which when disproportionately extended give rise to the instinctive notion of many object-in-itself mortal self-hoods, all at loggerheads, fighting one another, damning one another, mostly contributing to making existence "a puffick little 'ell" for one another. All actuality is ideal, my idea of—Genuinely, "I" is a reflex-ness within the One-point and the One-point within "I": genuinely "I" is in the Father and the Father in "I." Through the interposition of the Mayas supposedly disproportionately extended

arises the illusion of many mortal selfhoods reflexing their own unconscious divided-against-selfness. Mortal selfhoods antagonistic, each to itself, and to most of its comrades in misfortune.

If we are going to talk in theological terms, of God and the devil, we must call the One-point within which is all (genuine) reflex-ness "God" and the illusory divided-against-selfness of the mortal selfhood the devil. Thus it follows that in consequence of the interposition of the Mayas seemingly disproportionately extended, One God is seen as many devils. The multiplicity of the devil, again, arises through the interposition of the Mayas disproportionately extended. Now do you see what I am driving at? It is this. You cannot establish any clear cut line of demarcation between the acts of God and the acts of the devil—you can draw no clear cut line between genuine actuality and the spurious caricature of it. (In our courts of law when a building is struck by lightning or demolished by a hurricane, it is said to have been destroyed "by the act of God".) Where, precisely, do the acts of God cease and the acts of the devil begin? When the principle is thoroughly grasped that all actuality is ideal—that the object (or idea), as such, exists only as the reflex of the subject and the subject, as such, only as the reflex of the object (or idea)—that neither, as such, exists without the other—that the actual idea, as such, is the objective reflex of a subject whose knowledge is definitely conditioned through the interposition of the Mayas, then you must wonder where, precisely, the divine ends and the diabolic begins.

The same principle applies in connection with all incidents of experience. Through the interposition of the Mayas is the One-unconditioned seen as the conditioned many—many (definitely conditioned) glad comrades participating in endless games of joy, mutually enhancing the delight each of the other. This glad mutual comradeship might be termed "good", might it not? There is no harm in applying the epithet to it so long as we do not postulate an opposite to the epithet which we employ to denote it. It is through the interposition of the Mayas seemingly disproportionately extended that many genial

comrades are seen as many tiresome devils—that the empirical reality of evil arises in and for consciousness. So, in a sense, it might be said that evil is merely a disproportionate extension of good. To resist it is to honour the supposed disproportionate extension of the Mayas through whose interposition, alone, it attains to empirical reality.

Similarly, through the interposition of the Mayas is the One-unconditioned seen as many actually conditioned lives—is the One-unconditioned seen as infinite diversity of actual definitely conditioned life. This infinite diversity of actual life might be said to be good, might it not? There is no harm in applying this epithet to it so long as we do not postulate an opposite to this epithet. In order that actual life may be concretely experienced a somewhat of the totality is excluded in order that that which is not excluded may be concretely experienced. Therefore even genuine actuality—genuine actual life—presupposes as the indispensable condition of its actual being some degree of abatement of the totality. That is precisely what the interposition of the Mayas, even in becoming proportion, amounts to, although you must understand that this form of words is more of the nature of a simile in explanation than an accurate statement of fact. Some abatement of the totality is indispensable in order that actual life may be concretely experienced. You have only to disproportionately extend the abatement and you reach the notion of death. So in a sense, death might be said to be the disproportionate extension of life. N.B., the only death is the illusion of mortal selfhood. That puts a different complexion on death, does it not? "O death! where is thy sting?" Only in the supposed disproportionate extension of the Mayas which is instinctively accepted by the mortal as genuine, he knows of no other fashion of elaborating the universe which is his idea. There are no dead! The nearest approach to death is the instinctive notion of impeded, thwarted, hampered, activity of self-impeded-by-self, the illusion of mortal selfhood arising through the interposition of the Mayas seemingly disproportionately extended. There is no clear cut line of demarcation between life and death. For the same Mayas through

whose interposition in moderation there arises in consciousness the experience of actual life, when disproportionately extended give rise in consciousness to the concrete experience of death—impeded, thwarted, or totally annihilated activity.

The same principle holds good respecting all the pairs of opposites supposedly conflicting with one another, viz : —Beauty and ugliness, joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain, power and weakness, etc. For the same Mayas through whose interposition in becoming moderation there arises in consciousness the actual experience of actual beauty, actual joy, actual pleasure, actual power, when supposedly disproportionately extended give rise to the empirical reality in and for consciousness of ugliness, sorrow, pain, weakness. Thus profoundly considered, evil, death, ugliness, sorrow, pain and weakness, are only a bit too much of a good thing. To see them as such is an immense advance on the notion that there are two powers, the divine and the diabolic, at grips with one another, and that the triumph of the divine in the world of human experience needs for its accomplishment the support and co-operation of human initiative. If one be freed from the illusion of the pairs of opposites, all are easily set free from dis-ease, death, bondage ! To attain to an instinctive understanding that the supposed disproportionate extension of the Mayas is an illusion which the Cross—grand Verity—eternally and infinitely sets at naught is the Saviour which redeems the world (which is my idea).

Mind and matter, the spiritual and the material, are not properly speaking pairs of opposites. To see them as such is about the deadliest of deadly notions. Mind and matter are each the reflex of the other, actual mind is the subjective reflex or correlative of actual matter and actual matter is the objective reflex of actual mind. The actual matter of mortal experience is the objective reflex of a mind purporting to labour under the delusion that the Mayas could be disproportionately extended. So many people dismiss matter by either considering it to be a diabolic agency to be condemned and if possible disregarded, or else commit the fatuity of declaring that there is no such thing as matter.

I submit, on the contrary, that if we make a profound study of matter in order to discover precisely what the matter of mortal experience represents, we are on the high road to the elucidation of a mystery of the most far-reaching importance. I submit that if we can but arrive at an understanding of what the matter of mortal experience represents (from the viewpoint of the metaphysician) there will be no mystery left. Actual matter which is the objective reflex of definitely conditioned mentality is as infinitely varied in nature as are the possibilities of variation in the conditioning of definitely conditioned mentality. Employed legitimately the word "spirit" denotes a subjective notion plus a desire to actualise the notion. E.G., the spirit of adventure. Matter is merely the objective actualisation of the wherewithal to actualise the subjective notion and to actually satisfy the desire for the actualisation of it. So long as all spirit—e.g., the spirit of adventure, the spirit of mirth—is under the dominance of One—in Itself the totality—spirit might actually move to adventure or to mirth and the substantial actualisation of this spirit would be wholly concinnous. But immediately there be postulated many spirits, all independent the one of the other, moving themselves independently—however choice they might be—the substantial objective reflex of these many object-in-itself spirits could not be permanently immune from discord. The substantial objective reflex of One-spirit seen through the interposition of the Mayas as many actual moving-spirits could not fail to be wholly concinnous. Matter is merely the objective reflex of subjective notions, of subjective moving spirit. Matter merely reflexes objectively that which is given to it to reflex, in a manner of speaking. Matter cannot be held responsible for that which is given to it to reflex. Spirits saturated with the instinctive "feeling" of at-one-ment with the One, many actual spirits all dominated "within" by One, must have as their objective reflex matter actually substantiating unity, peace and concord—the actual, substantial, objective reflex of the subjective at-one-ment, "within", with the in Itself One-totality. The subjective spirit "within" is, in this case, under the dominance of One, so that the objective sub-

stantiation of this spirit "without" is also under the dominance of One. So that in a sense one might say that matter represents the dominance of One objectively displayed. It does so in a genuine actuality.

Now what does the matter of mortal experience represent? Mortality is divided-against-selfness. Within there purports to be an object-in-itself independent spirit, an object-in-itself independent will. And the "without", the material "without," purports to be in antagonism to the object-in-itself independent spirit or will "within". Many people locate the devil outside there, and call it matter! Is that the correct way of assessing the situation? I trow not! In so far as there is any devil, it is "within", it is that object-in-itself spirit or will purporting to be on its own. And if the devil is within, that which is outside and adverse to the devil must be the converse of the devil. I am fully persuaded that if we mortals could only see far enough we should discover that the "outside there", so far from being an enemy—our adversary the devil—is a stalwart friend in disguise. The converse of the devil, shepherding us—blindfolded and loth—into the gaping jaws of beatitude. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. So much of the little knowledge which passes muster as sublime wisdom is very dangerous. For it would urge us to make an enemy of our best friend—matter! So far from vilifying the matter of mortal experience we should be all eyes to see and all ears to hear that which it is trying to indicate to us. What is it shrieking at us in friendly fervour? Only that spirits and wills many, purporting to be objects-in-themselves, purporting *not* to be at-one with the in Itself One-totality, are tacit enmity against the in Itself One-totality and tacit enmity against one another. And that the only effectual annulment of discord and strife is to seek at-one-ment with the in Itself One-totality—through the lustration of autosuggestion of the truth transcending the illusion of separateness! There thus arises the curious anomaly, that although it be eminently desirable (as a human expedient) that all should strive by every normal humane method to render perfect the imperfect, for to do so with conscient fervour is to partake, all-unwittingly may be, of

the sacrament for the remission of the dread illusion of mortal selfhood. Nevertheless, to seek to procure ease in illusion in place of dis-ease in illusion (for oneself or another) by means of autosuggestion embarked upon not with the aim that misunderstanding shall be swallowed up of understanding universally, but with the deliberate aim of putting things right "outside there", is, I submit, to stop one's ears to the teachings of adversity. May be in arrogating to oneself the prerogatives of Providence and attempting to "help" another, one is all-unconsciously and all-unwittingly hindering—making things uncomfortable for—all! I am convinced that could we see far enough we should discern that every attempt to merely substitute ease in illusion for dis-ease in illusion (by other than normal humane human effort) resurrects like Banquo's ghost to push us from our stool at the feast, or remains temporarily indelible upon our "Monkey's Paw" like the stain on Lady Macbeth's hand. In the dispensations demonstrating that instinctive misunderstanding is dis-ease, folly is no more immune from retribution than is (so-called) deliberate wickedness. Only through the complete death of false hopes—the false hopes that instinctive subjective misunderstanding could reflex itself as something other than dis-ease, death, bondage—can genuine life, irrepressible life and all which this entails, be revealed! To seek to procure ease in illusion by the expedient of hiring the services of a mental practitioner serves to keep alive false hopes. The world of mortal experience, as such, is merely the objective reflex of the illusion of mortal selfhood. (One illusion seen through the interposition of the Mayas as many illusions.) A fervent friend in the guise of adversity, asking to be put to sweet uses. Beseeching that his friendly fervour may be made use of, daily, hourly, minutely, through autosuggestion of the truth transcending mortality in response to his deft, pertinent, promptings. To sweep aside his friendly admonitions with the inchoate, impertinent, declaration that there is no matter, is to be numbered amongst the unteachable brats, soundly tanned and not one whit wiser—is to be classed amongst those who know not and know not that they know not! The apostles

of the gospel of universal at-one-ment through the "within" of all—the apostles of the grand verity that many "withouts" are all dominated by One "within"—speak daily and hourly, with soft persuasive coaxing and strident clamour, out of the pestilent hurly-burly which mortal misunderstanding has all-unwittingly elaborated for its own salvation. Let us receive with heart-felt thanksgiving the friendly admonitions bestowed so lavishly upon us! Let us follow the counsel of Pasteur Wagner, to be as little children standing with clasped hands and wide eyes before the mystery surrounding us. Recognising that our little knowledge is but a trifle, in all diffidence waiting upon the instruction which the vicissitudes of our daily existence so deftly imparts—listening in ardent expectancy to catch the melody and grand rhythm of love's old, ever new, ever sweet, song trilling in the still small voice of love or resounding in tempest, fire, and earthquake.

(Genuinely) "There is no interposition of disproportionately extended Mayas!" Verity affirms it inexorably and inflexibly! That denial—at the very highest potential—gets right under the foundations of belief—the illusion of mortal selfhood—and blows the whole lot to blazes! There is no call to think out an elaborately corresponding affirmation! The corresponding affirmation is *felt* "in the bones", *felt* in the heart, *felt* in the blood, *felt* in the cervical vertebrae which all-unconsciously lift the whole body into the light, *felt* in the feet which dance in the peace which is understanding and the understanding which is peace. The proclamation of truth's trumpet is *felt* all over—enlivening, quickening, inspiring—the clarion call resounds throughout the whole world which is "I"'s idea. It is this! Subjectively, within all, is One-moving-spirit, in its innermost being the totality-unconditioned, therefore in its innermost being *free*! Objectively, as the objective reflex or correlative of the conditioned expression of this One-moving-spirit, are limitless substantial playgrounds replete with substantial playthings, all agog with substantial playmates, all substantially imbued with the spirit of the great romance. Through the process of the natural miracle of reflex-ness conditioned by the interposition of the Mayas

is the One (in its innermost being unattainable and unconditioned) felt, seen, and known, as the conditioned, attainable, many—as many substantial attainable playgrounds, as many substantial attainable playthings, as many substantial attainable playmates, as many substantial attainable actual romances—all perfect in One !

HAIL ! HIGHLY FAVOURED

In the presentment of the work of art *par excellence* attributed to Luke (said to have been a physician) is narrated as follows. The Angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth. To a virgin espoused to a man named Joseph ; and the virgin's name was Mary. And the angel came into her, and said :—Hail ! thou that art highly favoured ! And when she saw the vision, she was troubled and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be. And the angel said unto her :—Fear not, Mary : for thou hast found favour with God. And behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb and bring forth a son. The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee : therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.

Let us stand—silent—before this picture, waiting to see—listening for—what it will say to us. Of course the Realist—with his firmly established belief that there could be such a thing as an object-in-itself—will endeavour to eclipse the vision by insisting that these incidents must be considered as a mere chronological event, that it is no more than an account of literal object-in-itself happenings, in which an object-in-itself “ God ” sent an object-in-itself Angel Gabriel to an object-in-itself Virgin Mary to inform her that an object-in-itself Jesus, the Christ, would be born to her. From the standpoint of transcendental idealism there is only One in-Itself ! The One-in-Itself can never be known in Itself ! All that can be known is the processes of reflex-ness within the in Itself One. Subject and object or idea are each the reflex or correlative of the other. All life, all actuality, are the process of reflex-ness within the One-point and which the One-point is within again. What

is your notion about the picture of the Angel Gabriel appearing to the Virgin Mary and telling her that she was highly favoured? I'll tell you what mine is!

To me it is a wondrous work of art delivering a message of the most far-reaching practical import. More than one message is to be derived from standing before it—watchful, still, and silent. There are things in the earth which are not dreamt of in the organised scheduling of the proceeds of human myopy, termed "science". I'll tell of one. A curious phenomenon! I spent a few days taking in Salisbury Cathedral and its near environment—the cloisters and the Close. I have an innate antipathy to what are called statistics, consequently the last thing which I looked at was the Guide Book. No, I wanted, all-unbiased, to stand before this inspiring picture to see whether it would speak to me and if so what it would say. It spoke volumes! Curiously enough its messages—directly and indirectly—revolved round one theme. For instance, I wondered what should be pronounced to be its predominant characteristic. The answer came in a flash, the predominating characteristic of Salisbury Cathedral is neutrality. Physically, if one may put it that way, it is of neutral tint. Now neutrality, in this particular sense, bespeaks a readiness to express anything—an innate passivity which can be used as the vehicle to express, as requisite, all and every definitely conditioned activity. Just like the virginity of the blessed Virgin Mary. The mystic notion of the virginity of the Virgin Mary was all about the daily path round Salisbury Cathedral. At the threshold, on the altar, in chancel, transept, and in nave: hovering over, circling round, the summit of the spire, tucked away in every nook and corner, within and without. To be heard in the pealing of the organ and in the choral chanting of canticle and responses. And it was only fortuitously, through having some moments to fill whilst waiting for the station bus, that I turned to the Guide Book and discovered that as (what we call) a fact, the cathedral is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary!

Spontaneity is the ornate and obligatory fashion of (genuine) actuality! Even in the world turned upside down

of mortal experience all that is of lasting value is the offspring of spontaneity. Has it ever occurred to you to consider what we might *get* from children—out of the mouths of babes—if, instead of seizing hold of them before they know their ankles from their elbows and forcing theological Realism down their throats by means of gag and probang, we were to let them stand, still and listening, before the picture of the Virgin Mary and her Son, to see if it would speak to them and if so what it would say. May be, some of them, may be, only one of them, would deliver the message for which all the world is waiting—waiting and groaning, travailing in pain to bring forth the old, ever new, ever sweet, love-song which might be heard to swell out of the mouths of babes.

The picture of the Virgin Mary and her virgin motherhood has a glorious message to deliver. Many messages, but the particular one which I now dwell upon relates to the status of (genuine) man. Man *in the abstract* is neutral—a neutrality—a virgin readiness to express anything required—an innate passivity which can be used as the vehicle to give expression to every conceivable form or fashion of activity. Man *in the abstract* is the most elaborate type of reflex-ness in the abstract (which we know of) within the One-point. Man *in the concrete*, is an elaborate individual reflex-ness within the One-point. Concrete man is by no means neutral, on the contrary he is a force-full expression in a definite, individual, actual, manner of definitely conditioned activity. Nevertheless, his being, *qua* man, is a virginity, a passiveness, by means of which is born this whole or holy thing which in metaphor we might call the Son of God—the definitely conditioned, actual universe which is individual man's idea. For the actual universe as idea is the process of individual reflex-ness within the One-point which veritably constitutes the being of individual man. And within this individual reflex-ness is the One-point again.

The (genuine) individual man is a virgin mother who gives birth incessantly to the Christ—the definitely conditioned, actual, making manifest in definite form and fashion of the in Itself One, the Unconditioned. In a

manner of metaphor, the Holy Ghost is upon him incessantly and the power of the Highest (the Only) overshadows him incessantly, therefore this whole or holy thing which is born of him, incessantly, is called the Son of God. Remember all this is a metaphor, the metaphor so dear to the Oriental. The word "ghost" is merely a synonym for "spirit". In ordinary conversation we say, this fellow is possessed of a spirit of orderliness and method, that fellow is possessed of a spirit of merriment. The qualifying adjective "holy" merely denotes that the spirit is of the One alone—of the in Itself the Totality, alone—and of none other. Hence is this spirit termed "Whole" or "Holy"! We say:—The spirit moved me to sing, or to dance. It is all so simple when we get clear of theological Realism! Each actual individual man is led of *the* spirit in an individual manner and after an individual fashion. Actual individual man does not possess a spirit of his own, he is possessed of *the* spirit to which he gives expression in an individual manner and after an individual fashion. The distinction between the two is subtle but of the most momentous importance. The former is the illusion of mortal selfhood—the very devil. The latter is the instinctive subjective understanding of at-one-ment with the One which has as its objective reflex actuality fraught with ineffable concinnity. As many as are led by the whole spirit, i.e., the spirit which is not divided-against-itself, these might be termed, in metaphor, the sons of God. The wind bloweth whithersoever it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is everyone who is born and led of One-spirit. I.E., he is utterly spontaneous, the spirit moves him and he is moved, that is all the explanation possible! The mortal purports to be led of a spirit which is divided against itself: his constrained, constricted, existence consists in arriving at some sort of a working compromise between fractions of a spirit divided-against-itself.

A spirit hath not flesh and bones! No, not if one considers the subjective moving-spirit as a mental abstraction apart from the objective actualisation of it. As a mental abstraction, the spirit of energy has no flesh nor bones. If

one defines, clearly, the content of the mental abstraction "spirit", it is something like this, firstly it is a subjective notion, secondly a subjective desire. For instance, the spirit of energy is firstly the subjective notion of being busy, secondly the subjective desire to get busy. Well, in accordance with the law of reflex-ness, the subjective desire to get busy must have as its objective reflex the wherewithal to get busy with. Definitely conditioned subjective demand for busy-ness—the spirit of busy-ness—has as its objective reflex the definitely conditioned supply of the wherewithal to actualise the busy-ness. That is where the flesh and bones come in. Moreover do not think of "spirit" as confined to the content of consciousness only. When the spirit moves one to sing or to dance, this is not merely a consciously evolved process, one feels the desire to sing or to dance in the depths of being. The actual moving-spirit is the unknown welling up irresistibly into the known, is the formless welling up inexhaustibly into the content of form, is the unattainable welling up irrepressibly into the attainable! It is all so simple when approached from the standpoint of transcendental idealism. The mortal is moved by a spirit purporting to be divided-against-itself, in other words the spirit which moves him is self-impeded-by-self. The objective reflex of self-impeded-by-self is the flesh and bones as known to the mortal. The objective correlative or reflex of self-impeded-by-self is flesh and bones which are an impediment to activity, an impediment to the expression of "feeling", flesh and bones which represent the non-capacity or inability to act or to express "feeling". And such activity or "feeling" as these manage to squeeze out are generally a curse to the being purporting to be possessed of a spirit divided-against-itself—the devil—and everyone he contacts. The genuine is something quite other than that! Actual, individual, man is possessed of *the* spirit of life, love, energy, joy, beauty, etc., which he desires to express in an actual, individual, manner and after an actual, individual fashion. The actual subjective spirit of life has as its objective reflex the flesh and bones wherewith and wherein life may be actually consummated and substantiated. Flesh and bones are the actual substantiation

of the spirit of life—the spirit of life actualised. The actual subjective spirit of love has as its objective reflex the flesh and bones wherewith and wherein love may be actually consummated and substantiated. Flesh and bones are the actual substantiation of the spirit of love—the spirit of love actualised. And similarly energy, power, grace, joy, and beauty, etc., are substantiated and actualised in flesh and bones, the objective reflex of the subjective spirit of these. Matter is merely the objective reflex or correlative of the subjective spirit of activity or busy-ness, it is the subjective spirit of activity actualised or substantiated. The matter of mortal experience is the pseudo-reflex of a spirit purporting to be divided-against-itself. Now do you see what a deadly notion is that of condemning the material, the flesh, etc. How deadly and futile it is to make an enemy of matter and of the flesh. By so doing you are holding on like grim death to the illusion of divided-against-selfness. You are honouring the illusion of divided-against-selfness. You are banishing “the genuine” to the far away. You are putting off for ever, *sine die*, the hour in which “your Lord” might come ! The only helpful expedient is to realise mentally, without ceasing, that grand Verity has and does eternally and infinitely set at naught the illusion of mortal selfhood with its divided-against-selfness, with its illusion of self-impeded-by-selfness. Just let go of all that and know that all are possessed of One-spirit—the spirit of life, of love, of energy, of grace, of joy, of beauty. And that the subjective spirit of life, love, energy, grace, joy, and beauty has as its objective reflex the actualisation in flesh, bones, and matter of this choice moving spirit. The spirit, in its innermost being, is One, and the actualisation in flesh, bones, and matter, of this spirit is perfect in One. The subjective moving spirit and the objectification of this moving spirit are perfect even as the One-father of the moving spirit is perfect. The One-father of this moving spirit, in its innermost being, transcends all conditions whatsoever, therefore is this One ; therefore This, in Itself, could neither actually know nor be actually known. In its innermost being, This is the Only, the Unconditioned, the

Unattainable—no-being-at-all-for-another, no-being-at-all-for-knowledge ! Therefore we speak vaguely of this One as the "unconscious", as the formless, and say that the "unconscious", the formless, is the primary and the ultimate, the alpha and the omega, of all actual being. The actualisation in process of dual reflex-ness of this One declares :—" I AM THIS I AM ".

Thus it comes about that actual individual man is likened to a pure virgin. In that he is possessed of *the* spirit which moves him. Man does not possess a spirit of his own, he is fervently moved of the One-spirit of which he is through and through possessed. Man, *qua* man, is an individual form-giving, giving actual individual form to the One-spirit of which he is possessed. And the actually conditioned moving-spirit of which he is possessed has as its objective reflex the actual universes which are being told like beads.

Man's manhood, *qua* manhood, cannot be perceived ! Can you see a reflex-ness in itself ? No ! That which is perceptible is the proceeds of the process of reflex-ness—the content of the process of reflex-ness. Therefore man himself, *qua* man, is nothing in himself nor of himself. The actually perceived man is the conditioned manifestation of **THIS** which in Itself is unconditioned, and so is the universe which is man's idea. There is only One in Itself ! And the in Itself is no-being-at-all-for-knowledge ! Each actual individual process of reflex-ness within the One-point which is each actual individual man, reveals to knowledge the actual universe which is each individual man's idea and individual man himself in the midst of it. The king of it, possessed of the freedom of it, seeing that both are at-one in the One of which they are both the conditioned manifestation, seeing that they are both moved, led, quickened, of One and the same spirit. Actual man and the universe which is his idea declare :—" I AM THIS I AM and by no manner of possibility could I be other than **THIS I AM**. For both are led of one utterly spontaneous ground-less spirit—the whole spirit—the lotus which blooms at the *heart* of all men and all universes.

Is not man highly favoured ? His is the most elaborate of all reflex-ness and he rests with inviolable assurance, in

lovely ecstasy, in prolific virginity, fanned by the breath of One-whole-spirit. Man's virginity is illimitably prolific of joy-full children. The whole things which are born of this prolific virginity, if you like, you may call the sons of God. For within One-point is the reflex-ness man (and the content of this reflex-ness) and within the reflex-ness man is the One-point again! Man and the universe which is his idea are made perfect and wholly (or holy) in One!

Man eternally and infinitely finds favour with "God", for wherever he be or whatsoever he be doing in the universe which is his idea, I tell you truly, that every moment "My Lord"—the in Itself the Unconditioned—is taking his delight in man. Man's delight is One-delight, seeing that the conditioned and the unconditioned are eternally one and oned—perfect in One!

IN NOMINE CHRISTI

"And in that day ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you. Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give you."

The beautiful, naïve, Jesus is usually presented to us in guise of a man of sorrows—grief-stricken—taking everything *au grand sérieux*—terribly in earnest. Now I submit that this is not only a fallacy but is also a gross libel upon him. An outrage upon the ineffable dignity and consummate majesty which was upon him. When reviewing human contemporaries one can judge to a nicety the extent to which they understand what's what by the extent in which they take mundane experience seriously. If they take it all *au grand sérieux*, if they are immensely concerned about the pseudo-happenings in that mare's nest of a nightmare, if they are intensely grieved over the folly and villany of humanity, if they are outwardly obsessed by a dreadful conscientiousness, then, one can be sure that they have not taken in the message which mundane experience is shrieking, viz :—that all activity claiming to be separate and distinct from One-totality must declare its own futility. Because all being claiming to be moved by a spirit which is not, in its inmost being, at-one with the Whole (Holy) totality-spirit must inevitably seem to be divided-against-itself, knowing parts of itself as good and parts of itself as evil, parts of itself as pure and parts of itself as impure, etc. Murder will out! Peace is no more, the illusion of divided-against-selfness hath (seemingly) murdered peace! If by means of organised repression, the evil, the impure, etc., is suppressed "within," the more evil, the more impure, does the "without" appear to be. It is noteworthy that the truly sapient, although with their lips they may declare :—"It does not matter what happens in the mare's nest of a nightmare known as mortal experience, the

mortal, *qua* mortal, can declare nothing but the futility of mortality. It is just as well to let murder out so that it may declare its own nonentity!" Nevertheless, when it comes to the point, you will find that these selfsame apparently un-moral people couldn't do anything except play the game by their neighbours and the community at large. Although their standards as to what constitutes playing the game by the community may not tally exactly with the rigid rules of the canting moralist. Whereas, on the other hand, the "unco guid", those who have hotly espoused the cause of one of a pair of opposites and violently resist the other of the pair, those who make a great parade of suppressing evil within and without—well all sorts of things may happen to them. They may successfully repress that which their own divided-against-selfness sees as evil, for a long while, but the suppressed pseudo-libido may suddenly burst all bonds, cause them to take a flying leap off the track and provide tasty town talk for a twelvemonth. Or their whole pseudo-being may contract into a sad series of gloomy forbiddings—actively irritating or insipidly sterile. It is another variation on the original theme—Whosoever will save his righteousness, the same shall lose it—but whosoever will lose his righteousness for "my sake" (for the sake of at-one-ment) the same shall find it!

Inability to take mundane experience seriously is a token of the glorious inconsistency which is so great a virtue in the human. Hidden away beyond the ken of a superficial glance may be a heart of oak, stubborn, unyielding, inflexible, which no adverse storm can shake. On the outer—the outward seeming—is a reed-like being which bends easily and gracefully to the storm blast.

Memory retains as the characteristic feature of many lovely and very lovable people—great heart in alliance with great head—a merry twinkling eye. Twinkle, twinkle, glorious eye, up above the world so high! I do not wonder that you are unable to cry over the folly and perversity of the mortal. But I often wonder what is behind that pleasing, care-less, exterior. What is flitting through that rapidly and accurately comprehending mind!

I am certain, sure, that were the naïve Sage Way-shower

to dine in Mayfair or Soho to-day, he would listen to the conversation and join in it with just such a merry twinkle in his eye. I am certain, sure, that nothing would be farther from his mental attitude towards the company than to assess them in accordance with their claims to be "respectable"—in accordance with the figure they cut in Mrs. Grundy's all-seeing eye! I am convinced that were he to take a Pharisee down a peg or two, he would do it with a twinkle in his eye. The rebuke to Phariseeism would be none the less effectual on that account.

Or were we to enjoy a charming *tête-a-tête*, at which we discussed our problems and perplexities, at which we laid bare our yearnings after forbidden fruit—fruit barred and banned by the mandates of conventional expediency—all our hopes and fears. I am convinced that the memento—predominating over all others—which we should carry away with us would be the memory of the merry twinkle in his eye! The twinkle in the eye is so eloquent, it speaks volumes! The memory of the twinkle at that *tête-a-tête* would dwell with us alway: it would be of greater value to us than if we had digested the contents of all the tomes in the British Museum.

I am certain, sure, that the twinkle in his eye was pronounced when he made the remark—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give you." It was a little joke! Such a merry joke, such a subtle joke, such a profound joke! One who cannot see the joke is a long, long, way from Tipperary—from the child-like frame of mind which the Way-shower declared was the passport into the kingdom of heaven (genuine actuality). If you can see the joke and what a wondrous joke it is, the gates of understanding are opening so wide before you that you can scarce avoid being swallowed up of them—from being devoured by the gaping jaws of beatitude.

It is of assistance in understanding the joke to recall that he had just said:—"And in that day ye shall ask me nothing". Which being interpreted means, in the daylight of genuine actuality there is no need to ask for anything, there is nothing to make a petition about.

And what does "in my name" mean? The cream of the joke revolves round the meaning of this phrase. Of course, if you think that the phrase "in my name" means no more than that at the end of every impertinent supplication the words "through Jesus Christ our Lord" must be added, there is no joke—nothing but an abysmal tragedy. The tragedy of treasuring an empty husk when the only thing of any value—the kernel—has fallen out and been lost. I submit, that the words "in my name" have a very profound, subtle, and wondrous esoteric meaning. They mean, in the name of, in the nature of, in the spirit of, that which I stand for—that which I typify or represent. And what did the beautiful, naïve, Jesus stand for, what did he typify or represent? At-one-ment! At-one-ment with the in *Itself* One totality! "The works that I do, I do not of myself, but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." Is not that complete at-one-ment? "Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me!" Does not this saying breathe the spirit of at-one-ment?

Don't you see what it all leads up to so deftly, what it all implies so subtly? The genuine individual man (which each of us genuinely is) lives in the name of at-one-ment, he dwells in the nature of at-one-ment, he is possessed of the spirit of at-one-ment-- at-one-ment with the in *Itself* One. Possessed through and through of the name, the nature, the spirit, of at-one-ment, the individual man could not possibly be other than this he is—made perfect in One. He could by no manner of possibility desire to be anything other than this he is, he could by no manner of possibility ask for anything in the sense of demanding that something which is not present may be presented; in the sense of beseeching that either he or his environment might be altered to be something other than this it is. Because genuine actuality which is the content of a process of reflex-ness within the One-point consists of a definitely conditioned subjective moving spirit—demand—which has as its inevitable objective correlative the substantial arena wherein the moving spirit may disport itself and substantially consummate its heart's desire—supply. Definitely conditioned subjective demand has as its inevitable

objective reflex definitely conditioned supply. Man's manhood is a reflex-ness within the One-point, and the actually perceptible man and his actually perceptible environment are the content or proceeds of the individual process of reflexness which constitutes his manhood. That being so, how could he possibly supplicate for anything? That is the little joke! Or you can state the consideration in another way. The actual man and his actual environment are the actually conditioned expression of One-will—the Only-will. Both are possessed through and through of One-will. Can you separate the definite, actual, expression of will from the will of which it is the definite, actual, expression? How could the definitely conditioned expression of will ask the will of which it is the definitely conditioned expression that it might be something other than this it is? How could it? The definitely conditioned actual expression of will and the will of which it is the definitely conditioned actual expression are One. That is the little joke! That is what must have occasioned the merry twinkle in the eye. It is such a merry joke when it is instinctively understood that (genuinely) all are inevitably perfect in One. When it is instinctively understood that the only obstacle to the present realisation of perfect at-onement with the One and of perfect heart's ease in this at-one-ment is an illusion of mortal selfhood which grand Verity demonstrates neither is, nor was, nor is to come (genuinely). And that this illusion is eternally and infinitely set at naught!

From the illusory human standpoint, it is inevitable that the human should be incessantly asking—consciously or unconsciously. Asking, seeking, longing, demanding, that the perfect may be substituted for the imperfect; that unimpeded activity may be substituted for impeded activity; that ease may be substituted for dis-ease. The asking, the seeking, is the dis-ease and the dis-ease is the necessity for asking and for seeking. The illusion of mortal selfhood is dis-ease, the illusion of non-at-one-ment with the One-totality is dis-ease. This dis-ease is the illusion that the Indivisible could be divided-against-itself into parts good and parts evil, into parts nice and parts nasty, etc. Now

to ask that the illusion of mortal selfhood may be done away with is to honour its claim to genuineness. That is where we have to be gloriously inconsistent. In our quest for the genuine, we deny without ceasing the illusion of mortal selfhood, we partake ceaselessly of the sacrament of mundane experience, seeking *first* that misunderstanding may be swallowed up of understanding, universally. If we are true seekers, all our aim and aspiration, the goal of our endeavour, all, is consecrated to this quest. In our prayers we mentally realise that there is nothing to ask for—that there is no illusion of mortal selfhood (genuinely). We autosuggest *transcendent* truth—the truth transcending the illusion of mortal selfhood.

"But there is an illusion of mortal selfhood, isn't there?" First you tell a lie and then you ask a question! In supplicatory prayer, first we suggest to ourself a lie, viz:—that there is something to ask for, then we supplicate that the lie which exists nowhere but in our own misrepresentation may be annulled. In autosuggestion of transcendent truth we suggest to our self as much of the truth as we can compass and nothing but as much of the truth as we can compass.

A poet, I believe John Galsworthy, had the inspiration that if on a glorious night of spring "God" were to be immediately accessible, he would have but one request to make: that there might be found in him a heart too brave to ask for anything. He lays bare before the reader a notion, very subtle but of far-reaching importance. The true seeker seeks but one thing, that misunderstanding may be swallowed up of understanding, so that genuine actuality may be revealed in all its satisfying completeness and grandeur. Ease is synonymous with complete satisfaction, there could be no ease in a state of being which did not afford complete satisfaction. But the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding—the ease-less experience of the mortal—are inexorably and automatically setting at naught the illusion of mortal selfhood, as fast as they can (so to speak). What is there then to supplicate about? The superb courage to be found in the firm heart which is too brave to supplicate for anything is just that which is needed

in order that The Child's Guide To Understanding may be read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested to the most consummate advantage! That is the true spirit of "faith"! An attitude of mind immeasurably removed from that of one who seeks merely to substitute ease in illusion for dis-ease in illusion without a thought of attenuating illusion universally. To seek for and attain to ease in illusion is to stop one's ears against the message which mortal dis-ease is shrieking. Would you not rather listen to the message for the sake of one and all?

"If four walls told!" Four blank walls could not help telling the unutterable message, that (genuinely) there is no divisor dividing the Indivisible against itself, to the true seeker. (That is if his experience were compulsorily limited to the survey of four blank walls.) So, whether you be in a gaol or in the workhouse, cheer up! There is the Child's Guide spread before you, just do your "bit", and make firm in you a heart too brave to supplicate for anything. Just in proportion to the firm bravery of your heart is the probability that, because you seek first that misunderstanding shall be swallowed up of understanding universally, that "all these things"—satisfaction, ease, contentment—will be added unto you. And over and above "all these things" will be super-added profundity of understanding so that feet may guide feet into the way of peace, universally.

Everything—the very stones—are shouting the glad tidings! It is only that we do not all possess the faculties for hearing. Why do so many find enlightenment in the work of art *par excellence*—the life story of the beautiful Jesus? Firstly, because the work of art represents a great rift in the clouds purporting to eclipse the vision glorious—because "I" was lifted into at-one-ment with the One. The blessings accruing from a rift in the clouds can never be lost. Note it! Secondly, because a belief is generally entertained that enlightenment is to be found in the work of art *par excellence*—found by the learned and the unlearned alike. That generally held belief counts for so much. If the belief were to be generally held that enlightenment is to be found in autosuggestion of transcendent truth in response

to the prompting of daily mundane experience, in that light should we see light. Remember, though Christ be born in Bethlehem a thousand times and not here, now, we remain eternally forlorn !

Even the work of art *par excellence* if approached from the standpoint of "realism" may be transformed into a potent agency for disseminating the most pernicious error—may be transformed into a darkness in which multitudes shall see nothing but darkness. The "without" as seen by the mortal is fraught with suggestions tending to deceive. The dead letter of the *ipissima verba* of the Sage may be ground to dust and the dust flung in the eyes of the whole world. For instance the sentence with which this discourse opens may be misinterpreted to constitute infallible authority inculcating the practice of impertinent supplication ! To invest with incontestable sanction the process of suggesting to one's self that the discordant happenings of mortal experience are instituted by the special, personal, arrangement of an actually conscious, supernatural, object-in-itself "God", and that the discord can be attenuated only through the personal miraculous intervention of the object-in-itself deity as aforesaid—a sort of waiver of his right to enforce retribution in response to wailing supplication. Strait is the gate that leadeth unto understanding !

It was a superb joke the saying—"Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name—in the spirit of at-one-ment—he will give you". For saturated with the spirit of at-one-ment there could be naught but deep, deliberate, bliss ! Bliss made perfect in One ! The (genuine) man who is naught but a reflex-ness within the One-point, who is naught but the conditioned manifestation of This which in Itself is unconditioned, deliberately spreads himself in deep bliss. The Ocean and its waves are one surf. The moving spirit of individual man is at-one with—is—the One-spirit. The will of which individual man is possessed is at-one with—is—the One-will. So that whatever the Father—the unconditioned—wills, that must the Son—the definitely conditioned expression of will—will likewise. So that whatever spirit moves the Father—the unconditioned One—one and the same spirit moves the Son—the conditioned

many. Through the interposition of the Mayas—the conditioning of knowledge—is the One seen as the many! One perfect in many, many perfect in One!

Now do you see the joke? It is a glorious joke! Because that which claims to be able to institute a need for asking—the illusion of mortal selfhood with its claim to divide the Indivisible against itself into parts good and parts evil, parts nice and parts nasty, etc.—is eternally and infinitely set at naught by the inexorable finding of Verity.

How could one take mundane experience *au grand sérieux*—terribly in earnest—without a merry twinkle in the eye, when one was blessed with this supreme vision, if possessed of this vision glorious? One could not!

Just twinkle on, whate'er betide in the mare's nest of a nightmare dignified by the name of mundane experience. That twinkle in the eye, in itself, is a potent autosuggestion of transcendent truth! Just twinkle on till the twinkling eye is revealed to be single, beholding only One as the many. Till thy whole body and the world which is thine idea is revealed to be full of light. Till "that day" when ye could not ask for anything to be other than this it is, for all is revealed to be perfect in One.

Whatsoever ye ask the Father in the name and the spirit of at-one-ment, right here, right now—in the instinctive understanding of at-one-ment—why you couldn't ask for anything in the spirit of at-one-ment! Because, in at-one-ment, whatsoever the Father—the unconditioned One—wills, that wills the Son—the conditioned many—likewise. For genuine actuality is the content of a process of reflex-ness and within the One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again!

FORGIVENESS FREE

There is a latin maxim:—*Qui asinum non potest, stratum cadit*. He who cannot touch the ass, beats the housings. Which being freely interpreted means:—He who is not able to isolate the virtual culprit avenges himself upon the object nearest to hand.

That is what the mortal is at all his time ! He is continually avenging the dis-ease inseparable from mortality upon the object nearest to hand. The illusion of mortal selfhood is dis-ease, the mortal, *qua* mortal, is not able to isolate the culprit who is primarily and ultimately responsible for all dis-ease, so he attributes the villany to some supposed object-in-itself in his immediate environment and has at that supposed object-in-itself. Murder will out !

And yet—if we (mortals) can continually forgive the trespass in the supposed object-in-itself nearest to hand, the trespass *par excellence* (the illusion of mortal selfhood) must be forgiven us. But if we forgive not the trespasses of the supposed object-in-itself nearest to hand, the trespass *par excellence* cannot be forgiven us ! Why not ? Because in fulminating against, in condemning, opposing, resisting, the cussedness in the supposed object-in-itself nearest to hand we are holding on like grim death to the illusion of mortal selfhood, to the illusion of divided-against-selfness. The cussedness " outside there " is merely the objective reflex of a subjective illusion of self-impeded-by-selfness. If we forgive the cussedness " outside there ", we are letting go of the illusion of mortal selfhood.

To deal thoroughly with this consideration opens up a very delicate matter ! Nevertheless must it be probed to its innermost recesses. Great subtilty of penetration is needed in this undertaking. For if trenchant discrimination be not employed to differentiate between that which it is

humanity expedient for the human to do and the moving spirit by means of which forgiveness free becomes operative, the precept might be distorted into an unlimited license to work human iniquity with gross greediness. In this connection a glorious inconsistency is imperative! Consider it well!

Where shall the forgiveness start? Forgiveness like charity begins at home! Forgive *first* that which purports to need forgiveness "within". Forgive and forget the illusion of mortal selfhood "within", then will there be no contrariness nor cussedness "without". There will be nothing to forgive in the "without"!

How does the illusion of mortal selfhood make its pseudo-self known within? It purports to be able to divide self against self, to set self in antagonism to self. To divide self into parts good and parts evil—into a higher nature and a lower nature. "How I do wish that I did not desire this or that so immoderately, for to thoroughly satisfy this or that longing would be, humanly speaking, so inexpedient." Unless the mortal be a cabbage or an oyster, devoid of the surgings of passionate longing, these words or these thoughts must be constantly present with him. Mere suppression of the longing helps nothing towards forgiveness free. Supposing that you resolve to be thorough and consistent and to methodically suppress all that which human pseudo-being divided-against-itself brands as the ignoble. You might make a start by abandoning, as not truly noble, all interest in your personal appearance, you might give up the tying of ribbons or all delight in the sartorial sublimity of Savile Row—still passion remains with you. Supposing that you renounce passion! Then anger will remain with you (probably a very virulent brand of anger). And when anger is renounced, greed remains with you. And when greed is put away, pride and vain glory still cling to you (pride and vain glory that you have renounced all this). And when pride is vanquished, still you cling to the letter (you will want to thrust the dead letter of some human system of thought down everyone's throat, to force everyone to swallow the system of thought which you deem to be infallible like a pill!) Listen! the pathway to

genuineness—to emancipation from the illusion of mortal selfhood—is (for the human) hard to find. Espousing the cause of one of a pair of opposites and resisting the other does not help any, and great subtilty of penetration is required to find the path. Strait is the gate that leadeth unto forgiveness free!

M. Maeterlinck has written a very charming essay entitled "Sincerity and Love." Sincerity and love are both needed to inaugurate the forgiveness free which begins at home!

First for sincerity! It is imperative to be utterly sincere when inaugurating the forgiveness free, at home. Do not be a humbug, do not attempt to throw dust in your own eyes! May be, your inward "feelings" are the prey to surging desires which you scarcely dare avow even to yourself. True, it would be very inexpedient (humanly speaking) to reveal these secret longings to the prying eyes of all and sundry chance-comers! But that is no reason why you should seek to humbug yourself about them. Uncover them with a firm hand to your private view! Be not afraid! I tell you truly, that human vices are merely inverted virtues, that human vices are merely suppressed virtues, that human vices appear to be such only in relation to an illusion of divided-against-selfness which purports to be able to divide the escaping splendour of perfection against itself into parts virtuous and parts vicious! Let sincerity and love work hand in hand. What are you going to do with these surgings of longing, now they are uncovered? Are you going to let them have a free run, without let nor hindrance, without imposing upon them any restraint? It is just here that glorious inconsistency takes up its cue. As a human expedient, you may seek to divert these wild surgings of passion into other channels, where they may harmlessly discharge their redundant energy. That may be an excellent human expedient to prevent them from taking charge and wrecking your human show—your hearth and home, your own so-called life and the so-called lives of those bound to you by ties of propinquity or relationship. Excellent! But it has nothing to do with forgiveness free! The illusion of mortal selfhood, which is self

divided against self, makes your pseudo-self appear to trespass against your pseudo-self. It is only in relation to divided-against-selfness that longings and passions can appear to be a welter of depravity. To the pure all things are pure ! To profundity of vision the word "purity" has no other meaning than that of at-one-ment with the in Itself One-totality. There can be no purity other than this ! The trespass *par excellence*—the illusion of mortal selfhood—can be forgiven you only in the measure in which you forgive that which trespasses against you, at home, "within". If you do not forgive that which trespasses against you, at home, "within", if you condemn that which trespasses against you, at home, "within", if you strive with it and fight with it, the trespass *par excellence* cannot be forgiven you (because you are holding on to it like grim death). And yet most of the religious systems with which an attempt is made to poison the mind of ingenuous youth lay great stress on holding on like grim death to the illusion of the pairs of opposites conflicting with one another, the pairs of opposites, good and evil, right and wrong, etc. All right, may be, as a human expedient, all full of poison as the stultifier of the hope of forgiveness free !

The mortal being unable to isolate and effectually deal with the virtual culprit, goes for the object nearest to hand, i.e., the known pseudo-self, unreservedly damns it in heaps, declares that it's passions are unclean, it's longings monstrously unchaste and reprehensible, and that the objectification of instinctive, unconscious, volition—the physical body below the armpits—is a charnel house of filthiness. He who cannot touch the ass, beats the housings ! The illusion of mortal selfhood is the ass purporting to be "within", and purporting to be able to externalise its asininity in the "without". Just as within the One-point is all (genuine) reflex-ness and within all (genuine) reflex-ness is the One-point again : so, within the illusion of mortal selfhood (the ass) is all spurious reflex-ness and within all spurious reflex-ness is the illusion of mortal selfhood (the ass) again. If you cannot touch (if you cannot affect) the ass, it is no manner of use to beat the housings. Consider it well ! But that is precisely what the canting

moralist and a good few of would-be religious teachers advocate as the means to forgiveness. Neither is it any manner of use to damn the material, or the fleshly, and so banish forgiveness free, to the far away, by postulating a "spiritual" state of being, far away, in which those who have flogged the housings hard enough will retain the illusion of object-in-itself mortal selfhood but it will be clothed upon with wooden-iron, immaterial substance, and so be immune from the ills for which the flesh or matter are solely responsible. If you cannot affect the ass, it is no manner of use to beat the housing by damning, condemning, resisting, the flesh or matter!

The only effectual expedient is to touch the ass—to affect the illusion of mortal selfhood. Consider it well! The ass, the illusion of mortal selfhood, is the very devil! Fight neither with great nor with small objects (or misrepresentations) near to hand, save only with the devil—the devil purporting to be within. But this discourse is concerned with forgiveness free—not with fighting! Fighting with it can never end asininity, forgiveness free alone can!

What is meant by "forgiveness"? In the first place it has nothing to do with the notion of an arbitrarily granted pardon. There can be no arbitrary pardon granted to the illusion of mortal selfhood, thereby licensing it to continue in its asininity without the inseparable accompaniment of dis-ease. No! Illusion is dis-ease! The pair are inseparable, for dis-ease is merely known illusion. The forgiveness dealt with here is akin to the meaning of the German word "vergebens"—in vain—to forgive is to reveal the vanity or nothingness of that which is forgiven. To forgive is also "to remit", in the sense of "to render less intense"—to attenuate, to attenuate till that which is forgiven is attenuated away altogether. But if the illusion of mortal selfhood were to be attenuated away altogether, it would also be forgotten. To forgive is to forget!

Ho! everyone who travails and is heavy laden in the service of the ass (or the devil), come ye to the forgiveness, free! It is to be obtained without money and without price. There is no price to be paid for forgiveness free! Nothing—absolutely nothing—need be renounced in order to attain to

forgiveness free ! (there is no call to flog any housings !) It is the **ass**—the devil—the illusion of self-impeded-by-self—which claims to divide being against itself into parts good and parts evil, into parts pure and parts impure, into parts perfect and parts imperfect. And it is precisely the **ass**—the devil—the illusion of divided-against-selfness—which is set at naught, revealed to be vanity—nullity—in the forgiveness free. The quickening story of the Crucifixion is not merely an account of a chronological event which took place at a particular spot in Palestine, whereby an arbitrary pardon was wrung from a vindictive object-in-itself " God " by vicarious sacrifice of the innocent blood. That is the **exoteric** story for those who cannot mentally compass the **esoteric** meaning. The esoteric interpretation of this work of art *par excellence* symbolises grand Verity eternally setting at naught—crossing out—the illusion of mortal self-hood, universally To comprehend the esoteric interpretation in no way detracts from the wonder and beauty of the exoteric happenings, nay, rather, it enhances them ! In order to attain to forgiveness free, the mortal has naught to do but lift his mental gaze, without ceasing, to the omnipresent Cross. It crosses out, at one sublime swoop, the virtual culprit—the **ass**—the illusion of mortal self-hood, and when the virtual culprit is revealed to be nonentity, the objects (or ideas) nearest to hand are revealed to be without spot nor blemish. To be perfect ideas, the proceeds of the reflex-ness within the One-point and which the One-point is within again. The object (or idea) the very nearest to hand—the known " within "—is revealed to be perfect in every respect, even as the One-point within which it is reflexed is perfect. Everything " felt " within—all " feeling " within—is " felt " to be perfect, how could it be otherwise seeing that all " feeling "—within and without—is the conditioned manifestation of This One which in its innermost being is unconditioned ! In the " within ", genuinely, there are no repressed feelings nor unsatisfied longings. For genuine actuality is a process of reflex-ness within the One-point in which a moving spirit within has as its objective reflex the substantial activity and satisfaction of the moving spirit. A reflex-ness in which definitely

conditioned subjective demand has as its inevitable objective reflex, definitely conditioned, concinnately appropriate supply: definitely conditioned subjective desire has as its inevitable objective reflex the desired—the means to consummate the desire substantially. When the trespass *par excellence* is forgiven and forgotten, understanding—mind—has as its objective reflex matter. Matter, not the embodiment of impededness, not the incapacity to act or to feel, like the matter of mortal experience. But the concrete, actual embodiment of the moving spirit or the will to act and to feel. The subjective lover reflexing to itself the objective beloved and the objective beloved reflexing to itself the lover, mutually reciprocating love one toward the other. The lover being objectively reflexed as the substantial capacity to love and the beloved being objectively reflexed as the substantial capacity to respond to love. All loving and being loved being at-one and perfect in One! Subjective wish reflexes to itself the objective, substantial, fulfilment of the wish. For all subjective desire to give and to receive rapture has as its objective reflex the substantial giving and receiving of rapture—perfect in One!

Forgiveness free includes the perfect forgetfulness of anything but the complete satisfaction of the will to love and to be loved which are at-one—of the will to give and to receive rapture oned—all perfect in One!

FORGIVENESS FREE II

"I beg your pardon!" This apologetic peace offering is continuously proffered by human lips! It is only through attaining to some measure of callousness induced by familiar custom—through brazen habit—that the human is able to shake off the instinctive prompting to make this *amende honorable* for his being and his doing. If he does not give expression to the *amende* in words, his demeanour usually goes one better than his lips!

If you will look around you at your fellow-humans, you will see in the demeanour of most of them an unspoken apology for human being and doing. This unspoken apology is most apparent when they are doing something which it is not customary to do, or doing something which is done daily but doing it in a somewhat unusual or unconventional manner. There are two types of individual human who do not all-unconsciously express the apology in their demeanour. (1) The blatant cock-sure egotist. From this specimen one longs to extort the *amende honorable* by physical violence! (2) The best specimen of humanity and the most lovable. He has decided, once for all, he is well aware, once for all, that all human being and doing is and must be imperfect. He is fully aware that he himself is not immune from the general imperfection of humanity. In unfeigned honour of intention he is all out to make the best of a seemingly bad business. There is no need for him to utter with his lips nor to express in his demeanour an apology for his being or his doing. There is no need for him to say:—"Don't shoot at the pianist! He is doing his best!" In his case the apology is tacitly made and accepted before ever he walks diffidently and modestly on to the stage. For unconscious communicates with unconscious in forceful sincerity. Sincerity and love

conjointly banish all need for an apology! Such an one may achieve consummate triumph without evoking one pang of jealousy!

But the normal human cannot help evincing in his demeanour a desire to utter apology for his being and his doing. Just consider, how could the conditioned manifestation of This which in its innermost being is unconditioned evince an unspoken desire to apologise for its being and doing? How could it? As the conditioned manifestation of One-totality it could not be other than this it is—ineffably perfect!

Nothing wrings the heart of the sensitive sympathiser like that unspoken, all-unconscious, apology of demeanour. Particularly when it is evinced by the youthful. These may know in the heart of hearts what is noble and becoming, but—conventional custom reckes little of nobility. Hence the unspoken apology for giving vent to nobility in thought, word, or deed! It is not easy for anyone, especially the youthful, to walk uncowed, immune from fear of the opinions of the crowd and utterly indifferent as to the figure he cuts in the estimation of the crowd!

Take up the cue! The cue which indicates to a nicety how forgiveness free may be won, universally, for one and for all. There is nothing either within nor without which (genuinely) need be apologetic for either being or doing. All the seeming imperfection—within and without—is the supposed objective reflex or correlative of an instinctive subjective notion of non-at-one-ment with the One! The imperfection is merely the objective reflex of the beam which purports to be in every mortal eye. Just autosuggest the contents of the love-letter. Within the One-totality-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-totality-point again! Autosuggest it without ceasing!

Then must misunderstanding be gradually or rapidly swallowed up of understanding, revealing all (by no means apologetic, but) ecstatically exulting in ineffable perfection of being and doing, made perfect in One!

THE SMILE

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, smile!" An excellent counsel of perfection! ♣ But—in order to be of any value, the smile must be in the heart (if one may so express it) and not merely skin deep on the countenance! It must be a "felt" smile—a smile in "feeling"—an instinctive smile—a smile springing up, bubbling up, inexhaustibly from the unfathomable depths of the formless, the "unconscious", being. The smile springing perennially from this pellucid fount—the formless—which in its innermost being is One!

The smile on the countenance is merely the objective reflex—the objective correlative—of the subjective smile in the heart. It is not my smile, nor your smile! The smile cannot be possessed by any person nor thing, but every (genuine) actual being is irresistibly possessed of the smile. The smile which *can't* come off! The eternal and infinite smile in the heart has as its inevitable reflex a smile on the countenance!

From the illusory human standpoint, it is best not to force a smile upon the countenance—the pseudo-countenance—when the pseudo-heart is torn, racked, crumpled, and crucified. Give heart-felt agony sobs, frowns, and tears: the grief which finds no outward expression whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break: or, as we should term it in modern phraseology, suppressed grief finds vent in neuroses, neurasthenia, cranks, fads, and foibles. And the last pseudo-state of the pseudo-individual is worse than the first! From the illusory human standpoint, the illusion of mortal selfhood has as its symptom a heart divided-against-itself. How then shall it smile? How can a smile spring perennially from that which purports to be divided-against-itself? It can't! Do not attempt to force a smile on the

countenance when the pseudo-heart purporting to be within is sick unto death ! Do not, pray do not ! But I'll tell you what to do. Lift the mental gaze to the Cross—grand Verity—it eternally and infinitely sets at naught—crosses out—the illusion of mortal selfhood, the illusion of divided-against-selfness in the heart. Revealing the One—infinite Heart of Love—eternally smiling—unconsciously—over the consummation of the will to love and to be loved which are at-one, over the consummation of the will to give and to receive rapture oned. And then there must be a smile in the heart made perfect in One, and the smile in the heart will have as its reflex a bright smile on the countenance made perfect in One !

There is—right here, right now—an inmost centre in us all ; where the smile abides in full-ness. And to smile rather consists in opening out a way, whence the imprisoned splendour (of smile) may escape. Than in effecting entry for a smile, supposed to be without.

The way whence the splendour may escape is eternally open ! *Verb. sap.*

A PERTINENT CONSIDERATION

"Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

"And why tak : ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin : And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

A distinction is drawn between "thinking" and "considering". The former is implicitly deprecated, the latter is explicitly recommended. To "think", properly speaking, is to occupy the so-called mind with processes of reasoning, to ratiocinate, to form mental abstractions, to collate these mental abstractions in premises and from the premises to arrive at conclusions. It sounds an elaborate proceeding, when analysed, in practice it is accomplished in a flash. From the standpoint of human expediency, to be a rational being—to think, to reason, to deliberate, to weigh judicially before acting—is a human virtue! But by this process it is not possible to add one cubit to one's own stature nor to the stature of any human, neither literally nor metaphorically. And when I dilate on the futility of all human enterprise, *qua* human enterprise, I do not mean to imply that business-like efficacy is not, relatively, better than unbusiness-like bungling. I mean that by human busy-ness, *qua* human busy-ness, one may never escape from the toils of the illusion of mortal selfhood and the dis-ease inevitably associated with it. One may succeed in making the treadmill of mortality go round the faster (may be to the discomfiture of one's fellow-treaders of the mill), one can never take a leap off the revolving wheel into pastures Elysian. As an example, a great soldier by the display of rare sagacity, courage, and fortitude may win

a war; but only that some other person or persons may lose (not the peace, but) the false hopes that peace could be other than transient so long as the illusion of mortal selfhood purports to persist. Only through the complete annihilation of false hopes is there born the spirit of the quest for enduring peace and life. *Mors janua vitæ!* Death (the death of false hopes) is the gate of life!

"Consider the lilies!" To be able to pause awhile and to happily consider, objectively, the lilies or any other object (or idea) falling fortuitously within the range of vision requires no small measure of skill in the great art of idling. To be able to idle, gracefully and graciously, is a benign art and an ornamental acquirement of the thrice-blessed few! In lauding the pursuit of idleness it must not be assumed that mere Bœotian apathy is recommended. Not so! At the outset, I spoke of considering *objectively* the objects (or ideas) falling within the range of vision. Now to consider anything objectively demands not only a high degree of intellectual address, a high degree of intellectual power, a high degree of passive activity, but more, it requires a temporary respite from the cruel spurrings of a will divided against itself. When considering anything purely objectively, we have for the time being ceased to appraise it as an instrument for the satisfaction of that fraction of a will divided-against-itself which for the nonce may happen to be in the ascendant. We are just considering it, *qua* the pure subject of knowledge, for the nonce emancipated from the thralldom of the devil—a will antagonistic to itself. When you go into a picture gallery and go off into raptures over a landscape painting, what is it which brings about the keen appreciation? The landscape represented upon the canvas may be a very common one—just a beck meandering through some meadows, with a few trees dotted about the foreground and a wood and some hills in the distance. You may live, year in, year out, surrounded by such scenes, yet you may pass them by daily, perhaps without giving them any consideration. How is it that you have suddenly awakened to the treasure perennially hid your familiar haunts amid? I'll tell you! Because when looking at the painting the artist has lent you

his "artist's eye". That is how and why! When painting that scene, the eye of the artist, in some measure, in Thatness saw beyond Thatness: in the company of this simple rustic scene it saw "The Comrade Himself"! The apotheosis of deftly concinnous comradeship with us alway, in infinitely varied guise—had we but eyes for seeing the wells of our own being—were we but immune from the misunderstanding prejudices which are the inevitable accompaniment of the illusion of mortal selfhood. Could we but understand, instinctively, that "Thatness" is "Thisness"! "I looked in the mirror and saw—myself!"

To be able to consider anything purely objectively is no easy task for the human! "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come. . . ." but the voice of Martha is heard in our land. The voice of Martha calling us away from pertinent consideration to impertinent taking of thought for the morrow. Inevitably so! There is so much in the troubled womb of to-morrow which seems to call for care-full thought in order that the morrow may give birth to successful progeny. Make a note of it! It never does to take any incident from the work of art *par excellence*—not even an explicit injunction delivered by the chief actor in that drama—and to attempt to repeat the incident or to obey the injunction, literally, in the complex of daily human expediency. The letter invariably killeth, it is the spirit, deftly adapted to the concrete circumstances, which maketh alive. But surely if humanity and the world could be regenerated—if things could be "put right" from without them—by human agitation and organisation, by the advance of human knowledge, by the elaboration and elucidation of human knowledge, the Sage Way-shower would have condescended to grant some useful hints along these lines. For instance, he might have forestalled the laborious and slow evolution of the internal combustion engine, of broad-casting by wireless, of antiseptic surgery, of preventive inoculation by the injection of antitoxic serums, the cinematograph, to mention a few of the so-called triumphs of progress. He might have initiated a judiciously selected few of his contemporaries into these mysteries (as they would then have been

considered). From the standpoint of Martha it is scarcely credible that he omitted to do so! Perhaps he saw the consideration on this wise. If one had seemingly no option but to build upon a rotten foundation—upon the shifting sand—the simpler and the less elaborate the edifice the better. Under these conditions, a rough log hut might remain standing and afford some shelter from wind and weather, where a Ritz or a Savoy would fall and great would be the fall of it. The illusion of mortal selfhood, its misunderstanding and misrepresentation, is a rotten foundation upon which to build. The more elaborate and complicated the structure reared upon such a foundation, the greater the possibility—nay, more, the greater the probability—of dis-ease, dissatisfaction, dread, dreariness, and disaster! The fact is that so-called civilization merely glosses over the horrors of mortal existence—it merely whitens the outside of the sepulchre. So long as the illusion of mortal selfhood purports to exist so long must strife and anguish continue. So-called civilization saves the storm to reap the whirl-wind. In place of continuous inter-tribal scrapping with clubs and tomahawks—or, may be, a series of sporting events by no means lacking in romantic adventure, possibly conducted on chivalrous lines—so-called civilization eventuates in a world war fraught with horrors unmentionable and indescribable drab dreariness.

Again—for the edification of Martha—if a universal millennium could be ushered in by means of a re-shuffle of the political pack of cards; if tyranny, injustice, bondage, want, and woe, could be eliminated from the body social and politic by the simple expedient of extending the franchise, curtailing privileges, ousting vested interest, abolishing unearned income, and such like specifics—surely, it would have been a comparatively simple matter for the Sage to have travelled from country to country and from kingdom to kingdom, inaugurating political upheaval and thus initiating a new era in which justice and mercy should have undisputed sway. Perhaps he appraised the situation on this wise, that so long as the illusion of mortal selfhood purports to persist, restrictive coercion (mis-named government) by a Democracy is even less likely to promote human beatitude

than restrictive coercion (mis-named government) by an Aristocracy. And may be in countries where the latter form of restrictive coercion obtains, the de'il ye know is better than the de'il ye don't know. As a fact, he saw that the only genuinely satisfactory form of government is this in which there is no coercion nor restriction from without, this in which all is held together by the tender tension of the cords of love, in which all are led of One-moving-spirit "within"—by a moving spirit which in its innermost being is unconditioned therefore in its innermost being free! To have inaugurated political upheaval on a world-wide scale would have entailed no small amount of "taking thought", to employ human thought, human forethought and prudence, with the aim and the object of shaping the events of to-morrow in accordance with human expediency found no place in the procedure which he advocated. On the contrary, he advocated "pertinent consideration"—the one is the antithesis of the other!

To classify this pertinent consideration along with idleness is a disingenuous habit engendered by too close study in the school of Martha. To the conventionally-minded son of Martha, every hour which does not yield its tale of tangible trophies in the shape of scalps, schemes, scholarship, strenuous stewardship, strife—sweat and swearing—must be classified as an hour of idleness! R. L. Stevenson voices a cogent apology for idlers. He condones, nay even enjoins a good deal of idleness—especially in youth, when the mind is plastic. He points out that many of the most valuable and incalculably beneficial of human services are rendered gratuitously and in a human assessment of values are scheduled as phases of idleness. That perhaps the most valid claim to adorn a sphere of genuine utility, which the human can advance, is to be possessed of a happy, easy-going, light-hearted, fanciful, temperament. True, the benefactions conferred by such an one cannot be directly computed in terms of marketable securities, nor directly in terms of the physical necessities of existence. Nevertheless, to all, is sweet fellowship a necessary of life—when we have it not we die, morally if not physically. The benefits conferred, all-

unwittingly and unintentionally, by one who is possessed of a rich, joyous, nature are inestimable! Where two or three are gathered together to share peaceful hours of idleness, fellowship infusing raptness into the quiet enjoyment of the stealthy twilight: of the reed-fringed, lily-decked, pool in the forest: of an old gabled house at summer noon-tide: what not; there is the presence in the midst of them—all mortal misunderstanding to the contrary notwithstanding.

Consider the lilies! Do they toil, do they spin, do they hustle? No, they rest in the deft, happy, play—the unconscious play—of the One-player! From the standpoint of idealism, the actual lily is my idea of the deft happy play of the One-player—my idea of a bright smile on the countenance (the appearance) of the One-player. The lily as known to the mortal is his misrepresentation concerning the deft happy play of the One-player and, as such, is not entirely immune from the instinctive notion of contrariness which pervades all mortal misunderstanding. Even the (misrepresentation) plants compete ruthlessly with one another for light and air. But the farther we recede from human-ness in the scale of pseudo-cosmic being, the less does this competition jar upon our susceptibilities. The prospect of a master heifer horning all others away from a well-stocked manger where there is ample room for all to feed amicably, or of two dogs snarling over a piled dish where both could dine sumptuously, evokes mild censure. But an affluent human being taking advantage of every jot and tittle of a law enacted by the learned and the opulent, for the benefit of the learned and the opulent, to deny to the needy and unlearned an opportunity to procure for himself, by hard toil, the decencies of existence gives rise to fiery indignation. (Both are a call, an opportunity, to read from the *Child's Guide*. O friend! do not pass by such a gloriously fortunate opportunity as this!) By the human came death—the illusion of divided-against-selfness and impediment—hence the farther we recede from the human and human-ness into the rich companionship of that which we call Nature—the farther we get from the human monkey's paw

—the more balmful is our greeting. The landscape enfolds the objectively contemplative in its poise-full peace, but the hum of human artificiality tortures. Tortures—that is if we have not learnt how to read aright from our own specially devised Child's Guide, then it cannot fail to bless, one and all.

Consider the lilies, how they grow ! Here is an incitement to the apotheosis of idleness—passive receptivity—active passivity ! An idleness—a passivity—fraught, however, with far-reaching potency. This potency has no end, nothing stands in its way ! This pertinent consideration of the lilies, of any other object (or idea), effects a wonderful transformation in the nature of the suggestions exhaled by both pseudo-conscious and pseudo-unconscious alike. For the nonce, the two thieves—the pseudo-conscious and the pseudo-unconscious—are persuaded to agree. The lilies toil not consciously, neither do they spin consciously—of conscious volition—yet through the transparency of their resource-full passivity there reaches them the perfection of that which a lily is. The process is just the converse of that presented by the human. The latter presents the tragic or farcical spectacle of a vehemently active conscious pseudo-being which is, in the main, antagonistic to the sway of unconscious pseudo-being. Though the opacity of his resource-less conscious activity the human usually attains only to a concrete demonstration of what man is not ! N.B., the trouble with the human is not that either of the pair—conscious or unconscious pseudo-being—is wrong, or that neither of them is right ; the whole trouble is that these are contrary the one to the other. In the case of the lily, rudimentary conscious is so little removed from the unconscious that even mortal misunderstanding can do little to misrepresent universal concinnity !

The simple beauty and majesty of the lily proceeds from within outwards, albeit the lily, *qua* lily, is an object or idea—something relative to and conditioned by the forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject in relation to whose conditioned knowledge, only, it exists as such. The forms and fashions of knowing of the knowing subject

condition the form and the fashion of this which is made manifest, never this which is made manifest. The apparel which the human is clothed upon with is sought for and obtained from the "without", by the taking of much care-full thought. A parable indicating in forceful fashion wherein human instinct errs! Realise, clearly and immediately, that the countless miseries of the human arise in consequence of seeking in the "without" this which abides "within". The genuine individual man neither hungers nor thirsts nor lacks the wherewithal to be clothed upon with in consummate perfection of beauty and majesty, for he is fed and apparelled in shining raiment by This which is "within". He is led, governed, and controlled, from "within" by the moving spirit which in its innermost being is the totality. Hence his sublime grandeur and the ineffable concinnity of his ideal environment.

To cease from being the fool of false dominion and to become the sage of true dependency, i.e., to rest in the deft, happy, play of One-player, seems to the human like swapping horses crossing the stream. Certainly, it is so, if he attempts to effect the swop by taking "thought" about it, if he attempts to effect the change by means of unstable-minded introversion, or by means of conscious contrivance. The human is so accustomed to attempt to shape the events of to-day and to-morrow off his own bat, so to speak, by means of his own strictly limited initiative, by means of his own strictly limited power, by means of his own strictly limited intelligence, that it comes very hardly to him to enter into "My Rest". The human, seemingly, has nothing else to rely upon except his own strictly limited initiative, power, wisdom and intelligence. The human must render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's, the human, *qua* human, must continue to take thought for the morrow, to scheme, plan, organise, execute. It is in this respect that a glorious inconsistency is so effective. For the human can continue to put into practice human wisdom and human expediency and at the same time autosuggest transcendent truth without ceasing. The transcendent truth that (genuinely) all are at-one through the "within" with the unconditioned One and are led, controlled, and governed

from "within" by the simple Self-poised One. That One subjective-moving-spirit "within" has as its inevitable objective reflex the wherewithal to satisfy illimitable hunger, thirst, the desire for glorious raiment, and illimitable scope for infinitely varied activities. Of course, if there genuinely were two of each of us—a mortal being divided-against-itself and a perfect individual man—there genuinely would be a swopping of horses in mid stream. But fortunately there is genuinely only one of each of us, a perfect individual man who has never left and never could leave "My Rest". Mortal selfhood is no more than an illusion, an illusion eternally and infinitely set at naught by the fiat of grand Verity!

When we give ourselves to a pertinent consideration of (that which we term) unconscious Nature, when we realise objectively the consummate beauty and grandeur, the warm effusiveness of affection, finding expression in the landscape—taken either in detail or as a whole—in the lilies, in the field, the forest, or the garden: in moor or mountain, in haugh or hill; in sun-kissed cliff or in placid ocean caressed by the summer breeze—it is scarcely possible to avoid, if only momentarily, being caught up into "My Rest"!

Pertinent consideration reveals that:—Within One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again. If One-point be within all reflex-ness there is no swopping of horses in mid stream to be effected! It is the interposition of the Mayas supposedly disproportionately extended which gives rise to the hallucination of mortal selfhood.

In the midst of activities keep on turning to pertinent consideration. But do not make the mistake of pertinently considering only one of a pair of opposites, do not confine pertinent consideration, only, to that which the human labels the good, the beautiful, the pure. Do not pertinently consider only that which loves the human! Pertinently consider everything! Even a black old wall up a dingy alley, if pertinently considered, is fraught with "the unutterable message". By this pertinent consideration of everything you will be setting one and all free from the illusion of the pairs of opposites conflicting with one another!

Freed from the illusion of the pairs of opposites all are revealed to be gleefully at home in "My Rest"! All "feel" utterly free and spontaneously unhampered, seeing that all are utterly possessed of One-moving-spirit which in its innermost being is unconditioned therefore in its innermost being free!

LUX MUNDI

"I" is the light of the world or of the universe! "I" is a duality—duality in at-one-ment and at-one-ment in duality—the identity of the knowing with the willing subject. And when we come to think of "willing" let us think of a subjective moving-spirit irrepressibly welling forth out the unfathomable "within"—out of the being "within" which in its innermost is One-unconditioned-totality, therefore in its innermost being unknowing and unknowable—the unconditioned being-for-self which is no-being-at-all-for-knowledge, no-being-at-all-for-another (since in unconditioned being-for-self there is no other) "I"—the light of the universe—in its duality, is the process of reflex-ness within the One-point and which the One-point is within again.

In this purely metaphysical consideration do not think of light as one of a pair of opposites in antagonism the one to the other. In this connection light may be the antithesis of darkness, it is not the antagonist of darkness! There is no antagonism between this type of light and this type of darkness. This, which for want of a better name we term darkness, is merely the unconditioned being which is no-being-for-knowledge. From the standpoint of knowledge, the infinite potentiality of all knowledge, of all actual being, all actual knowing, and all actual doing. From the standpoint of knowledge, this being appears to be no-being, but it is only from the standpoint of knowledge that it has no being. In itself and of itself it is all the being there is, except being-for-knowledge! And light is the making manifest to knowledge of This which in its innermost being is unknown and unknowable. The (in itself) unknown welling forth irrepressibly and inexhaustibly into the

actually known—the "unconscious" welling forth irrepressibly and irresistibly into the content of consciousness—of actually conditioned consciousness. "I", in its dual capacity, is the conditioned manifestation of This which in its innermost being is unconditioned—"I" is the conditioned light of the conditioned universe!

From the illusory human standpoint, light and darkness are a pair of opposites conflicting with one another. There is an "I" which is the light of the world which is "I"'s idea and an "I" which is the darkness of the world which is "I"'s idea. From the standpoint of human expediency it behoves all to seek to attain to being a Lux Mundi—to being a light in the pseudo-darkness! Understanding is light, misunderstanding is darkness. From the standpoint of human expediency it behoves all to seek to bring it to pass that misunderstanding shall be swallowed up of understanding, universally. In this quest, there is no effectual expedient other than this of studying the Child's Guide To Understanding—of taking up the Cross daily—of autosuggesting transcendent truth in response to the promptings of daily mundane experience—of feeding patiently in the heart upon the most blessed sacrament of mundane experience.

Do you want an exercise in reading from your Child's Guide To Understanding? If so, choose a summer Bank Holiday and take a seat just inside the North gate of Regent's Park Gardens. From ten o'clock in the morning onwards there will defile past you a ceaseless throng. All sorts and conditions of human beings! Some in jags, and some in rags, and some in silken gowns! Little mothers, mere babes themselves, staggering along with a baby in their arms: prim little girls, very pompous and important in new silk frocks and the daintiest flower-decked hats: a party of urchins, all talking at once, clad in patched and worn garments, carrying apologies for hats, stumps, and ball; here a father marshalling a quiverful, determined to enjoy by proxy that which can scarcely be a holiday to him. Here a pair of young women whose appearance bespeaks patient endurance—patient endurance of a round which seldom varies from tapping away for hard life in a dreary

office, breathing a soot-laden apology for air, and standing in a hot stuffy bus on the way to and from a domiciliary edifice which is not a home. There a boy who stands out from the group he is accompanying, an indefinable something marks him out, a bit of breeding, he's got a touch of blood about him, perhaps if it were not for a bar sinister, he might be wearing a top hat and a white tie at Eton—blood is thicker than water, and for all the kneading of environment, of usage and habit, nature is stronger than nurture—all-unconsciously he demands something more of existence, a different style of company, than has fallen to his lot, may be that accounts for the wistful expression on his keen, eager, face. All are on holiday-making bent, and none but he of the order of the flinty heart could fail to be profoundly moved and hope that they will all achieve a happy holiday—a holy or whole day—a day upon which the fiend of the illusion of self-imposed-by-self will also take a holiday and retreat into his native nothingness. How shall you read a passage out of your Child's Guide? How shall you attain to being Lux Mundi?

Well, you might take a taxi home, dig out a number of bats, stumps, and balls, and join up with a party of youthful sportsmen who are ill-equipped in this respect. To participate warm-heartedly in human fellowship may be the line of least resistance to reading from the Child's Guide to the benefit of one and all. In the company of those restless urchins, you may find "The Comrade Himself"! In Thatness you may see beyond Thatness whilst sharing their holiday! Who knows? It is wise not to despise the day of (seemingly) small things. Out of the mouth of babes— notwithstanding that these babes are clad in jagged up stuff and that their faces have but a distant acquaintance with soap and water—may come to you the "unutterable message", so that your fear of death (impeded activity), for one and for all, will be done away!

Talking of the fear of impeded activity, it comes so hard to us to believe that the activity of the Lux Mundi is unimpeded—that it has no end, that nothing stands in its way, that there is (genuinely) nothing to stand in its way! That there are no (genuine) forces to abide (avail) against

the Lux Mundi, and that therefore the very stars in their courses do fight on the side of the son of Mary and his Lux Mundi! One can hear so many humans saying:—"What earthly use is it for you to sit musing and mooning there? Why do you not be up and doing to rebuild *your* city? Get up you tired blighter and join in the sport;" It is *your* city! In so far as it consists of a number of human things obsessed by the notion of limited, impeded, circumscribed, activity and sport, it is your misrepresentation concerning the sport of the Unimpeded One. As such it is a city of (anything but beautiful) nonsense! There are two fashions of dealing with the nonsense! One is Martha's fashion, to come out strong and send several parties home at the end of the day carrying with them the resolution (*nem. con.*) that it has been the day of their lives. Elaborate paraphernalia are by no means essential to the time of one's life! That is Martha's way, it may be the only course open to you, do not despise it! But Martha (directly) can only do away with symptoms, whilst leaving unaffected that of which the symptoms are symptoms!

Mary and her sons, on the other hand, seek *first* to do away with that of which the symptoms are symptoms. These seek *first* to attenuate the illusion of mortal selfhood which is the illusion of impeded activity, of impeded sport. The be-all and end-all of actuality is sport, the sport of the Unimpeded One. (This grand fact is frequently demonstrated even in the hurly-burly of human affairs, in that the natural, seemingly happy-go-lucky, sportsman succeeds in huge undertakings where the learned, elaborately trained, strenuously methodical, human machine fails.) It does come so hardly to us humans to have faith like unto a grain of mustard seed and to believe in the invincible efficacy of the meditation of Mary's heart and of her Lux Mundi. Martha, at her busiest, is merely maintaining "with phantoms an unprofitable strife", the meditation of Mary's heart does not seek *first* to put things right in accordance with that which mortal misunderstanding deems to be right, it seeks *first* to attenuate the illusion of mortal selfhood and so indirectly to reveal that there are no phantoms to impede the sport of the

Unattainable One. How, when, where? That is no concern of Mary's! Mary and her sons strive to enter in at the strait gate of understanding. It is of no importance whether one or whether many find the way in at the strait gate and along the narrow way—so long as one does! How so? Because if "I" be lifted up from the earth—from the instinctive subjective notion of wills many, spirits many, selves many—"I" must draw all with it to the same at-one-ment. Inscrutable to the "realist" in the street, may be, but none the less true!

From the illusory human standpoint, the mills counterfeiting the activity of the Unattainable One grind slowly. Yes! but they grind surely! The mills grinding out the negating of a negative seem to grind slowly; nevertheless they move—surely!

Of course if there were, genuinely, such a thing as an object-in-itself, then, it *would* be necessary for each and every object-in-itself to find the way in at the strait gate and along the narrow way. But fortunately there is, genuinely, no such thing as an object-in-itself. Fortunately, the actual is always the ideal, "I"'s idea concerning This which in its innermost is the Unknowable—the Unattainable One. Fortunately there is, genuinely, no mortal "I" to be the darkness of the world which is it's idea. Fortunately, within One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again. The meditation of Mary's heart reveals this transcendent verity—just in proportion to her assurance!

And so in the case of the holiday-makers wending their way to the Zoo or to the playgrounds in the Regent's Park—they enlisted our sympathy and our fervent good wishes, did they not? Because however sanguine one might feel about them, whatever brave show they might make outwardly: inevitably there obtruded the notion that they represented (not the Unimpeded One, but) the impeded (or liable to be impeded) many! That their activities would represent (not the sport of the Unimpeded One, but) a more or less successful attempt at sport on the part of the (liable to be) impeded many. In the world—amongst the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding—ye shall

have tribulation. "There's always something!" In the content of misunderstanding, there is always the possibility of "something" cropping up to spoil the sport and fun of the (liable to be) impeded many.

Through the interposition of the Mayas (the forms and fashions of knowing actually conditioning the knowledge of the actually knowing subject) is the Unimpeded One seen as the unimpeded many! Through the interposition of the Mayas is the One seen as the many participating in endless, care-free, delight-full, games of joy—in sport unending—in fun, friskiness, frolic, and festivity without ending—a fancy-free fairlyland! Through the interposition of the Mayas supposedly disproportionately extended is the Unimpeded One seen as the impeded or liable to be impeded many (That is where Maya or illusion purports to creep in—in the notion of impededness—in the instinctive notion of toil and trouble, of hope turned to dust, of thwarted wish, of imperfection!) Through the interposition of the Mayas is the One-comrade seen as many genial, sport-loving, welcome, comrades, all agog for merriment, all aglow with vigour, all attuned to make melody. Through the interposition of the Mayas supposedly disproportionately extended is the One-comrade seen as many potential adversaries, as many potential spoil-sports, as many kill-joys. It is the illusion that the interposition of the Mayas could be disproportionately extended—all the same as the illusion of mortal selfhood—which (humanly speaking) needs to be set at naught.

It is in this connection that the son of Mary takes up his cue and reveals the power of the Lux Mundi. Because all the possibility of impededness, all the possibility of unsatisfied longing for a real holy day or whole day, all the possibility of wistful ponderings over what might be, all the possibility of imperfection, exists only in and for misunderstanding misrepresentation—and nowhere else. It all arises in consequence of the prevalent mortal illusion that "I" and the One-totality-father of "I" are not at-one. For if "I" and the Totality-father of "I" be at-one and oned, there could be nothing to impede the activity—

the sport—of the Unimpeded One—the sport of One Bliss ! But so long as the instinctive illusion persists that there could be many object-in-itself wills—spirits—selves—all independent of one another and of the One-father of all—well, one human's meat is another human's poison, what is bliss to one human is gall and wormwood to another. With the best of intentions, these separate selves can't help getting in one another's light, cannot help impeding and hampering one another ! That is where the son of Mary takes up his cue !

It is good to appreciate the beauty of the world and to share it's sorrow. From the standpoint of enlightened self-interest it is wise to embrace within the sphere of one's own well-being multitudes that none can number ! It is not wise to bury one's head in the sand by declaring that there is no sorrow—not without due and proper qualification. The proper qualification being that sorrow exists only in relation to the prevalent illusion of mortal selfhood. Set at naught the illusion of mortal selfhood with its misunderstanding and there remains no possibility of sorrow. True ! But you must not omit the proper qualification, or you are talking very vile nonsense ! Why vile ? Because, only through the *complete* death of false hopes can the quest for genuine life begin. By declaring (without proper qualification) that there is no sorrow, you are tending to keep alive false hopes. Therefore I say that (relatively to the illusion of mortal selfhood) sorrow and suffering are relatively beautiful, calling us away from the miseries of the illusion of mortal selfhood to the splendours of at-one-ment with the Simple One. Of course, the omnipresence of the strait gate may be revealed by other means than sorrow and suffering—through the intermediary of intense, vivid, realisation of joy and beauty. The illusion of a limited mortal selfhood may be revealed to be inadequate to contain an infinity of joy and beauty—the puddle (or the sea) overcomes the moment of the surface tension of liquids and the puddle receives into its womb the sea ! But more often than not, it is through the complete death of the false hope that there ever could be satisfaction found in the illusion of mortality. Lamartine thought himself the highly

favoured of the heavens because his eyes were seldom free from tears! To the true seeker tears of sorrow are tears of joy!

And as you sit at the gate of the Temple—the gate of Regent's Park Gardens—in the greater city of London, just mentally realise that (all testimony of mortal experience to the contrary notwithstanding) it is this selfsame city into which, by the eternal fiat, there shall in no wise enter anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, nor maketh a lie. The suggestion pictures of sadness, of thwarted or impeded ardour, of dissatisfaction, of making the best of imperfection, exist only in relation to a lie of misunderstanding. A complicated pseudo-mental process in the pseudo-mind of a pseudo-being purports to have resulted in the pseudo-presence of pictures (of imperfection) there. Where? In the pseudo-mind of a pseudo-being—and nowhere else! Truly, there is but one pseudo-mind and one pseudo-being, however many there may appear to be. And that one pseudo-being (the illusion of mortal selfhood) is eternally and infinitely set at naught by invincible Verity. If that illusion of mortal selfhood could smuggle itself into the city, well, it would be the thing that defiled, that worked abomination, and made a lie! But grand Verity declares that (genuinely) there is no such thing to smuggle itself into any city! It is in relation to the eternal naughting of the illusion of mortal selfhood by the Cross—grand Verity—that it is vital to have faith like unto a grain of mustard seed—not to harbour the false belief that there is no sorrow or suffering where (in the illusion of mortal selfhood) sorrow and suffering are inevitable. Faith like unto a grain of mustard seed to say unto this monstrous mountain (of nothingness)—the illusion of mortal selfhood—be thou revealed to be that which thou truly art—just nil—and it must be so!

Genuinely, there is nothing to impede the sport of the Unimpeded One. Through the interposition of the *Mayas* is the One (unimpeded) seen as the many (unimpeded). Genuinely the *Mayas* cannot be disproportionately extended so that through their interposition the One (Comrade Himself) is seen as many unwelcome adversaries, hamper-

ing and impeding sport. It (that procession of holiday-makers) is the sport of the Unattainable One, look within and behold how the moonbeams of this Hidden One shine in all !

“ I ” (the conditioned manifestation of this One which in its innermost being is unconditioned) is the light of the world and of the city. And (genuinely) there is no “ I ” thievishly laying claim to the prerogatives of the Only One, neither “ within ”, nor “ without ”, nor anywhere ! By the light of “ I ” is the sport of the Unattainable One, concretely and actually, seen, known, and felt as the unimpeded sport of the attainable many. Look within and behold how the moonbeams of this Hidden One shine in all !

THE VIEWPOINT

All actuality, as such, is ideal! A given definite actuality is the One viewing itself from a given definite viewpoint. There could be no limit to the number of viewpoints from which the One could view itself. Every (genuine) viewpoint—every actually knowing "I"—is within the One-point and the One-point is within every (genuine) viewpoint—every actually knowing "I"—again! From a viewpoint within the One-point, this which is viewed, known, seen, or felt could be known, seen, or felt only as the altogether lovely and the altogether sweet! The illusion of mortal selfhood purports to consist of this: the mortal selfhood postulates itself to be a viewpoint which is not within the One-point and which the One-point is not within again. And from a viewpoint supposedly outside the One-point, the view purports to be divided-against-itself into parts lovely and parts perfectly beastly. That's all! It all depends upon the viewpoint. On nothing else!

Now when we think of a viewpoint, we almost inevitably think of an optical viewpoint. When Byron said:—"High mountains are a feeling", he was giving us a lead towards understanding the viewpoint. The viewpoint is a somewhat complicated affair to describe in terms of mental abstractions, nevertheless, in the concrete, it is quite simple. This simplicity can be maintained in the description of it, if we insist on dealing in thoughts and not merely in words.

If we except the viewpoint of man—of individual man—the viewpoint consists entirely of "feeling". The viewpoint of individual man is something more than feeling. Individual man has a viewpoint of abstract rational knowledge in addition to the viewpoint of "feeling". In the individual man (and in the suppositional human) the viewpoint of feeling and the viewpoint of abstract rational

knowledge are so closely interwoven that it requires a nicety of hair-splitting to differentiate between them !

In common parlance we differentiate between optical perception and feeling. So we might, at first sight, demur at the Byronic statement that high mountains are a "feeling". But properly speaking, anything present in consciousness which is *not* abstract rational knowledge has to be scheduled as "feeling". Is the optical perception of high mountains a concept, is it abstract rational knowledge ? It is not ! Therefore it must be classified as "feeling" and Byron's definition is a correct one.

In common parlance, only one of the five senses is called "feeling". Nevertheless, we should not object to the term "feeling" being applied to that which is experienced by the senses of tasting and smelling. But when we come to consider the process of hearing, a doubt may arise as to whether the term "feeling" may legitimately be applied to the experience of this sense : still more does the doubt obtrude itself when we come to consider the process of optical perception. The reason why we question the appropriateness of applying the term "feeling" to optical perception is that in this process the subjective sensation is so inconsiderable in proportion to the vast intellectual operation which elaborates this relatively inconsiderable subjective sensation into objective perception of high mountains. Whereas in the case of that which is present in consciousness as the result of the subjective sensation afforded by the senses of hearing, feeling, tasting, smelling, the intellectual process set going by each or any of these four senses is no more considerable than the sensation itself, if as considerable. But the intellectual process which elaborates subjective sensation into objective perception is not an affair of abstract rational knowledge—not even in the case of human perception of high mountains—it is an intuitive affair, therefore it must be classified as "feeling". The understanding (intuitive, instinctive, understanding, a priori, of the nature of cause and effect) attributes the affection of the immediate object—the body—to a cause ; i.e., knows this affection of the immediate object to be the effect of a cause. Simultaneously it calls to its aid the

intuitive understanding of the nature of space (also available a priori within the intellect) in order to remove the cause beyond the immediate object—the body. The whole process is an intuitive activity of the understanding (or misunderstanding): it is not a rational process, the reason plays no part in it. A sheep is not endowed with the faculty of reason, nevertheless a sheep can feel high mountains. The intuition "high mountains" does not arise in consciousness by means of abstract ratiocination, through the employment of the faculty of reason, therefore it must be termed "feeling"! (N.B., nothing in the foregoing must be construed to support the notion that there could be such a thing as an object-in-itself. Object and idea of perception or feeling are one and the same!)

It is rather startling to discover that the viewpoint (even the viewpoint of man) consists of "feeling". Even in the case of man, abstract rational knowledge—the reason—plays quite a secondary part in the viewpoint. The reason can only ratiocinate about that which is given to it by "feeling". In a manner of speaking it can only ratiocinate from a viewpoint determined by feeling. It is intuitive "feeling" which determines the nature of that which is viewed from a given viewpoint. In the case of a mortal supposedly occupying a viewpoint outside the One-point, the notion of the pairs of opposites conflicting with one another lies in "feeling". Erroneous knowledge in the abstract cannot be held responsible for discordant "feelings" because it does not enter into the proceedings. A sheep feels things to be nice or nasty, although it cannot reason. Nor can the senses be held responsible for the feeling of pairs of opposites conflicting with one another. For instance, the same sensations which in a normal human give rise to the "feeling" of nasty salt water, may, in the case of a hypnotised medium, give rise to the feeling of choice wine with a luscious bouquet. It is "feeling", the intellectual process habitually associated with definite sensation, which must be held responsible—in which lies—the illusion of the pairs of opposites opposing one another. It is misunderstanding which is responsible!

We are apt to speak of the conscious and the uncon-

scious, as though there were a sharp line of demarcation between the two. There is no such thing! "Feeling" extends beyond consciousness. A plant feels, feels its way into the sunshine, opens and closes its petals in response to light or shade, warmth or cold, whichever it be. We do speak of dull plant-like consciousness, so we do concede to the plant some measure of consciousness. When a stone is set in motion in response to an impact, does not that necessarily imply some sort of feeling? Of course it does. Only it is conventional to call it by another name, viz:—reaction. There are, I submit, no hard and fast lines anywhere in that which we term Nature. There is no hard and fast line between the conscious and the unconscious, these merge by delicate degree of gradation the one into the other.

Even in the plant (we have no means of tracing it further in the direction of the unconscious) we find in "feeling" the feeling of the pairs of opposites in a mild degree. The creeper feels that it is good to be on the sunny side of the wall, and evil to be on the shady side of the wall, and will train itself round the angle to get into the sun. (N.B., the plant which I feel, as such, is my idea or feeling. It is not an object-in-itself!)

Actual feeling may in some cases be chiefly an intellectual process, i.e., the feeling of high mountains. In some cases it is no more than pure sensibility, e.g., the process by means of which the Sensitive Plant closes its leaves when these are touched.

So if we are seeking to eliminate the illusion of the pairs of opposites from misunderstanding "feeling", it behoves us to start at bedrock—as low down (so we term it) as possible. That is why in advocating the procedure of autosuggestion of transcendent truth, I speak of setting an unconscious to affect an unconscious.

We jump to a hasty conclusion when we assert that a sensation sets in operation an intellectual process which eventuates in "feeling" or in perception. The latter is merely a more elaborate process of feeling. The reason why we jump to this hasty conclusion is because we believe that there is such a thing as an object-in-itself (outside there)

which is the cause of a subjective idea. But the space—outside there—in which the object-in-itself purports to be situated, is merely a subjective fashion of knowing conditioning the actual knowledge of the knowing subject. So that we have no reliable grounds for asserting that it is a sensation which sets in operation an intellectual process—which starts the ball rolling, so to speak—from which eventuates objective perception—the “feeling” of high mountains. May be it is an intellectual process—a subjective process—which gives rise to the sensation—which starts the ball rolling. Equally well so!

Feeling may be said to extend into both conscious and unconscious being. Who can say where it begins or where it ends?

The diversity of that which may be present in consciousness and included within the category of “feeling” is surprising. *Vide* the chapter “On Listening”.

Matter in the abstract is the objective reflex or correlative of the subjective notion of the capacity—the ability—to act or to feel—to act actively or to act passively. And the matter of mortal experience purports to be the objective correlative of a subjective illusion of the non-capacity to act, the inability to act or to feel as desired. It purports to be the embodiment of impededness—of self-impeded-by-self. The impededness should be attributed to the illusion of mortal selfhood, not to matter.

The whole world of mortal experience, groans and travails in an agony of suppressed “feelings”—waiting for the revelation of genuine actuality! Oh! the inexpressible agony of that suppressed feeling! There (in the illusion of suppressed feeling) worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched! And the suppressor, the inhibitor, of “feeling” is naught—naught but the illusion of mortal selfhood. The agony, the misery, the torment, of suppressed “feeling” is ineffable! In mortal misunderstanding it surges up ceaselessly—within and without!

And what is needed in order to allay the torment of suppressed “feeling”? From the illusory human standpoint, it is necessary for “I” to go to the Father—for a viewpoint to be attained to which is within the One-point.

From any one of the infinite number of viewpoints within the One-point and which the One-point is within again, there could be no impediment to feeling, no inhibition of feeling, no suppression of feeling. For the subjective need to express or the desire to experience any definite type of "feeling" has as its objective reflex the opportunity to express, the opportunity to satisfy the desire to experience, that definite type of "feeling". Oh! what a feeling that must be. Every sort and description of feeling adequately expressed, every sort and description of desire to experience feeling utterly satisfied. A deep deliberate bliss! There is no hurry, there is no question of opportunities to "feel" being lost! For every variety of "feeling" is infinitely available within the One-point and within every variety of "feeling" is the One-point infinitely available again! There is no question of one type of "feeling" being right and another type of "feeling" being wrong. The illusion of mortal selfhood is the only thing which could believe in pairs of opposites—right and wrong—conflicting with one another! This illusion is eternally set at naught by grand Verity!

There is truly no question of "I" going anywhere. There is no question of anything having to be improved, nor evolved. It is not a question of a human having to improve his self till he is a fit and proper type of person to be admitted to the viewpoint. No! Truly, there is no question of having to attain to a viewpoint which is within the One-point. That there could be any "I"—that there could be any viewpoint—which is not within the One-point is pure illusion. The illusion of mortal selfhood. There is nothing to do—there is no traveller, there is no road—there is no attaining to the viewpoint! The illusion of mortal selfhood is eternally and infinitely set at naught for all by the irrefragable fiat of Verity. All that is necessary is to endorse this fiat.

Genuinely, right here, right now:—Within the One-point is every viewpoint and within every viewpoint is the One-point again!

THE WAY

Jesus saith . . . , " I am the way, the truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. "

Does it mean that no object-in-itself human cometh unto an object-in-itself Father except through an introduction by an object-in-itself Jesus? That the latter is a sort of glorified groom of the chambers who alone has the privilege of introducing visitors into the presence of the Father! Consider it well! Does it?

Or does it mean that in giving utterance to this cryptic speech, the Sage Way-shower was identifying himself with one or more subtle notions? That he meant :—No human can come to the genuine conditioned presence of the One-unconditioned Father except by means of that which I stand for. I stand for the living presence of understanding! I stand for the living embodiment of the spirit of at-one-ment! I stand for the living embodiment of the instinctive understanding of the transcendental oneness of all and the transcendental all-ness of One! There is no other way of attaining to a genuine appreciation of the genuine conditioned presence of the omnipresent Father, save this!

The word " way " may be variously interpreted. In accordance with the doctrine of " Realism, " it might denote a passage from one object-in-itself place to another object-in-itself place. It might denote a length of space, i.e., a great way or a little way. The " way " which we are here concerned with has nothing to do with traversing space. It would be better described as a point than as a way. The point of this discourse is that the spurious actuality of mortal experience purports to be a reflex-ness within a no-point and that this no-point (the illusion of mortal selfhood) is within the reflex-ness again. The point is that if the illusion of mortal selfhood be set at naught, it is immediately revealed

that there is nothing to be present in consciousness save the genuine conditioned presence of the One in Itself the Unconditioned. There is no question of the imperfect being improved until it becomes perfect !

From the illusory human standpoint, it is the striving of the imperfect to attain to the perfect which *indirectly* indicates the way. To paraphrase Kabir :—So long as the human clamours for the pseudo—" I " and the pseudo-Mine all his works are as naught. (I.E., so long as the human imagines that he, *qua* a human, can achieve anything in the way of putting things right or improving things, either in his pseudo-self or in his pseudo-environment, all his works are as naught.) When all belief in the efficacy of the pseudo—" I " and the pseudo-Mine is dead, then the way is found. (I.E., it is revealed that there is no illusion of mortal self-hood.) For Martha-ing has no other efficacy than the revelation of how to be a son of Mary, possessed through and through of instinctive understanding of " the one thing needful ". When this revelation is attained to, then Martha-ing, *qua* Martha-ing, is put away ! (It is necessary to say " *qua* Martha-ing ", because genuinely there are not two of each of us (1) a mortal possessed of the devil—a being divided-against-itself—and (2) an individual man possessed through and through of the One-self. Genuinely there is only one of each of us, the perfect individual man, possessed of the One-moving-spirit which finds actual expression in wholly grace-full, utterly spontaneous, concinnous activity.) When Mary-dom is completely attained to, then immediately it is revealed that there is no wayfarer, no way, no traveller, no road ! Immediately the wayfarer is at the goal ! Immediately the supposed wayfarer is revealed to be at home in the omnipresence altogether delight-full !

But to revert to human wayfaring, human way-seeking, human way-finding. In his book on " British War Dogs ", Lt.-Col. Richardson tells how the messenger dogs would find the way—in the dark, through strange country, despite barrage, shot, and shell, surmounting all obstacles—usually in a bee line—to the master whom they loved. Love found the way for the messenger dog ! The dog would be possessed of a fervour to reach his master, would yield

himself to this instinctive prompting, to this overmastering impulse, and love found the way.

The accounts of the dog's way-finding suggest many practical expedients to the human way-seeker. The average human is very much concerned about the vicissitudes and events—the pseudo-events—by the way. Very natural! He attaches great importance to the roadway being exactly of the type which his conscious pseudo-mentality deems to be a fitting and proper roadway. He probably has a notion that the dictates of his conscious pseudo-mentality are "right" and that the dictates of his unconscious pseudo-mentality are usually "wrong". The messenger dog found the way through abandoning himself to the instinctive urge of love and the sense of direction was in this instinctive urge. Human conscious pseudo-mentality may be a tolerable judge in matters of human expediency. Is it of any value as a guide along the pathway to genuine actuality? Personally I would rather trust to the promptings of heart than of head in this undertaking. In this way-finding, inconsistency is required. In one sense, it is a great asset to be totally indifferent about the vicissitudes by the way. In another sense, it is of vital importance to be intensely interested in the happenings by the way. The way reveals itself only to the enthusiast, to the ardently keen, to one possessed of a vehement, an immeasurable, desire that misunderstanding shall be swallowed up of understanding universally. How should the way be revealed to the indifferent? There must be the intense ardour for the quest, and the instinctive guidance is in this very urge. For each individual the finding of the way is an individual flair. No general instructions can be given. To some the way is found through autosuggestion of transcendent truth in response to the promptings of daily mundane experience. Who shall assert that this is the pathway for all?

In this connection it is useful to consider that which Kabir describes as "the secret of love and detachment". To love immeasurably (not supposed objects-in-themselves, but) This which is made manifest conditionally in all (genuine) objects or ideas. One cannot love vehemently the abstract notion of life, or love, or energy, or joy, or

beauty. One cannot love immeasurably the Unattainable One in Itself, can one? One can only love the Unattainable One in so far as this One is made manifest in the attainable many. Of course, one can realise in abstract rational knowledge that all the attainable lives, loves, joys, beauties, etc., are the conditioned manifestation of this One which in its innermost being is unconditioned. Yes! This immeasurable love for the attainable many, coupled with understanding of the secret of love and detachment, is the panoply and equipment for finding the way. In order to find the way, it is necessary for the mortal to forsake "all that he hath", all his illusion of mortal selfhood, all the pseudo-excellences of that pseudo-selfhood, and to be possessed of the spirit of at-one-ment. (In this connection, human expediency demands that there shall be glorious inconsistency.)

Jesus said:—"And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." In the person of the beautiful Jesus, "I" was lifted into at-one-ment with the One: in the person of the Way-shower, the way was found! To paraphrase:—The spirit—the "feeling"—of at-one-ment will come again, universally, and receive all unto itself, that where "I" am (i.e., possessed of the spirit of at-one-ment) there all must be also.

A somewhat similar interpretation may be put upon the exoteric story related in John 6:16. The disciples—the way-seekers—entered into a ship to cross the sea. And it was dark, and the sea arose by reason of a great wind that blew. The seekers seemed to be dispossessed of the spirit of at-one-ment, that accounted for the darkness and the impeded progress to the land whither they went. But when the spirit of at-one-ment appeared to them walking on the sea and drawing nigh unto the ship, at first, they were afraid! (It does inspire fear to be asked or incited to abandon that which one has always clung to as the only guide and mentor.) But when they willingly received the spirit of at-one-ment into the ship, immediately the ship was at the land whither they went. The same applies to all true seekers, when the instinctive spirit of at-one-ment is

willingly received into the ship, immediately the ship was at the land whither they went.

There is no traversing of space, no following of pathways, no quest, no journeyings, genuinely. The illusion of mortal selfhood is the antithesis of the spirit of at-onement. If this bewitched no-one be set at naught, immediately the genuine—actuality fraught with ineffable concinnity—is revealed here, now !

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT

"I don't understand you," said Alice, "It's dreadfully confusing!"

"That's the effect of living backwards," the Queen said kindly: "it always makes one a little giddy at first."

Alice had climbed through the looking-glass world—you probably read the story as a child without a notion that there was anything in it except entertaining nonsense. But there is a sight more! In the looking-glass world everything was backwards-forrards. If you wanted to get to a place, you had to walk away from it; and if you tried to walk towards it, you found that you were going away from it. Alice knew this, as a matter of mere knowledge in the abstract, when she climbed through the looking-glass, but that did not prevent her from being constantly mystified, fooled, and surprised, in the looking-glass world. We humans are born and bred in the looking-glass world, all backwards-forrards. We are so accustomed to backwards-forrards-ness that we call it "the natural". All the same its so-called natural backwards-forrard-ness fills us with wonder and surprise at times. Sometimes this wonder and surprise at backwards-forrard-ness attains to such dimensions as to make us attempt to guess what right-way-round-ness is like. And then it is dreadfully confusing. The utter impossibility of attempting to reconcile right-way-round-ness with backwards-forrard-ness is so overwhelming and its dreadfully confusing to be told that the notions which you have always considered to be a passport to heaven direct are just the very notions which are keeping you out of it. The fact is that it is not possible to reconcile backwards-forrard-ness and right-way-round-ness, the only working expedient is to be gloriously inconsistent. To go on doing things in a backwards-forrards way in daily mundane affairs, whilst

autosuggesting without ceasing our best conjecture as to what right-way-round-ness is like. It does no good to try and force right-way-round-ness into the backwards-forrards world !

As an example of how right-way-round-ness is just the opposite of the expediency in backwards-forrards-ness, the Sage Way-shower who in Thatness always saw beyond Thatness had to say :—" for whosoever will save his life shall lose it : and whosoever will lose his life . . . the same shall find it." In other words, in backwards-forrard-ness, if you want to get to a place you must walk away from it. If you want to find life illimitable in the " Supreme Land of Bliss ", you must deny—set at naught, cross out—your seeming of object-in-itself self—the illusion of mortal selfhood. Because it is just the subjective illusion of mortal selfhood which reflexes itself objectively as backwards-forrardsness and purports to be able to exclude from life illimitable in supreme bliss.

Do not worry about the backwards-forrardsness of Blunderland ! The nearer you attain to a complete conjecture as to the conditions obtaining in genuineness, the more backwards-forrards will Blunderland appear. The more backwards-forrards the supposed objective reflex of an illusion of mortal selfhood appears, the easier will it be for you to deny and utterly forsake the pseudo-excellences of the pseudo-self. The easier will it be for you to put into practice :—*Nothing* in my (mortal) hand I bring, simply—quite simply—to the Cross I cling !

But when we try to conjecture what right-way-round-ness is like, at first, " it's dreadfully confusing ! " Nevertheless, by incessantly realising mentally what right-way-roundness is like (whilst still patiently plodding along outwardly conforming to backwards-forrardsness) must it, gradually or rapidly, be revealed that every man is veritably a King (or a Queen) indeed ! The more vividly we conjecture what the genuine is like, the more backwards-forrards will the world of mortal experience seem. That will be all the better, better, and better, and better ! We shall end up by being so deliciously inconsistent that by this will all know that we are disciples of the Sage Way-shower

in that we have abounding love towards all our fellow sufferers in Blunderland ; and yet attain to being disciples of the Sage in that we *hate* the mortal misrepresentations masquerading as father, mother, brethren, etc., yea and the mortal misrepresentation masquerading as *our own* life also ! We shall hasten away each from *his own* life, only to find that exquisitely concinnous life is infinite, unavoidable, irrepressible, inextinguishable. Each will find his life in the genuine—supreme bliss !

"Living backwards !" Alice repeated in great astonishment, "I never heard of such a thing !"

" . but there's one great advantage in it, that one's memory works both ways."

"I'm sure *mine* only works one way," Alice remarked, "I can't remember things before they happen."

"It's a poor sort of memory that only works backwards," the Queen remarked.

"What sort of things do you remember best ?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Oh, things that happened the week after next," the Queen replied in a careless tone. "For instance, now, there's the King's Messenger. He's in prison now, being punished : and the trial doesn't even begin till next Wednesday : and of course the crime comes last of all."

A quaint imagining, is it not ! Provocative of much merry-making ! But not one whit more absurd than the carryings on of us humans would appear to a dweller in a world the right way round. How such an one must laugh over the antics we cut ! Honestly I don't believe that such an one would be moved to pity—merely to mirth ! It must all seem so absurd to a right-feeler ! Besides the way of escape from Blunderland is so obvious to a right-feeler that he could not believe that we retained the illusion of backwards-forrardsness for any other reason except that we liked it. Just as we say about some fussy old woman who has a grievance which he is hawking round all the smoking-rooms in town :—"Don't you worry about him, he simply revels in gloom !"

The human is in the same predicament as the King's Messenger. He is in prison, now, being punished : and the

trial doesn't even begin till next Wednesday : and of course the crime comes last of all ! The human is in prison, now, being punished—that is obvious enough ! But it is not so obvious that the trial hasn't even begun yet, still less that the crime comes last of all. But it is so. Now, what does the trial consist of ? Has it got anything to do with one human looking out through a thumping great beam in his own eye and desecrating a multitude of motes in his brother's eye ? Has it got anything to do with the backbiting and slandering, with the wholesale condemnation served out all round by Mrs. Grundy, in ultra-conventional habiliment, or by a long-faced Barabbas of a canting moralist ? Has it got anything to do with the self-righteous indignation, finding vent in merciless denunciation or fierce recrimination, which the human is prone to feel about the goings on of the other humans ? Nothing at all ! All that is part of the being in prison, now, being punished. The psychologist tells us that, frequently, violent hostility towards a given form of activity is a symptom that the person experiencing the vehement hostility is suffering from suppressed libido for that given form of activity. Perhaps, if we could see far enough, we should discover that the picture of a miscreant, outside there, perpetrating a misdemeanour arises in and for misunderstanding as the objective reflex of a thwarted, suppressed, libido for that very form of activity. The self-righteous condemnator of the misdemeanour is hankering after that very form of activity, termed a misdemeanour, the longing is suppressed but its there, very much alive, all the same. Murder will out ! Blunderland is a welter of suppressed " feeling ", in consequence of the illusion of mortal divided-against-selfness which claims to divide the indivisible against itself into parts good and parts evil. Conversely, human vice is merely suppressed virtue—merely virtue turned inside out and backwards forrards !

The trial proper has not even begun yet. Of course there are people considering the case, going through the evidence as a preliminary to the trial, on the quiet. In the main, however, we have got no further than being in prison, now, being punished. The crime of course comes last of all ! That is the rum part of living in backwards-forrards

Blunderland. For the crime is not a crime, properly speaking, until it is clearly realised in respect of what this living in Blunderland, precisely, is a crime. The antics perpetrated by the mortal are merely blunders in Blunderland, in perpetrating them the mortal is no more than the victim of the devil—the illusion of mortal selfhood—of which he purports to be possessed. So soon as it is clearly realised and felt what, precisely, would be the crime if there were one, there isn't any of it! What would be the crime if there were (genuinely) such a thing? Answer:—An illusion of mortal selfhood. Suppose that "he" never commits the crime! "That would be all the better, wouldn't it?" The genuine man never does commit the crime! That's better still, better, and better, and better!

The fact is that when we come to the trial proper, there is no criminal to try! How so? Why so? Because when, after he's done his imprisonment and punishment, we seek to arraign the culprit at the bar for trial, precisely in the degree in which we are able to isolate the criminal is it clear as the noon-day that there is no criminal. The being in prison, now: the being punished, now: the blunderings in Blunderland: are not the objective reflex of a mortal selfhood, if they were, there would be the criminal—the mortal selfhood—to arraign at the bar for trial. But Blunderland and the blunderings purporting to take place there are the supposed objective reflex of a subjective *illusion of mortal selfhood*. That's quite a different thing to a mortal selfhood. How much is an illusion? Can you say that it is anything (genuinely)? Is it anything? "Contrariwise, if it was so, it might be: and if it were so, it would be: but as it isn't, it ain't. That's logic".

Could an illusion be a criminal, could an illusion commit a crime? Ignorance of the law excuses no human! Ignorance concerning the only genuine law is just that which constitutes the being in prison, being punished, now. The unfortunate human conforms to the only laws he knows of, and the only laws he knows of are contrary the one to the other so that the unfortunate human does not know what the devil to be after. There is nothing criminal, properly speaking, about the blunderings in Blunderland—as a fact,

the human can blunder because he *must* blunder—until it is seen precisely what the criminal would be if there were a criminal. And in the selfsame moment that the criminal is isolated as an *illusion* of mortal selfhood is he set at naught. May be, at first, he is known to be illusory only to knowledge in the abstract, but autosuggestion of transcendent verity soon transforms abstract knowledge into concrete instinct !

The blunderings in Blunderland are so quaint when analysed impartially, i.e., from a standpoint outside conventional prejudice. Seen from this standpoint, blunderings which the human anathematises and for the commission of which he exacts the direst penalties appear only as easily condoned venialities : whereas blunderings which the human holds to be virtues appear as the quintessence of criminality. It is remarkable that the Sage Way-shower never indulged in diatribes against those whose liveliness and irresponsibility rendered them victims to the surgings of human passion, he reserved the fire of his invective for those—the Scribes and Pharisees—whose energies were devoted to maintaining the dead letter of ecclesiastical formalism and superstitious bigotry. Moreover, the blunderings in the Blunderness have as their *point d'appui* and sustaining support the illusion of the pairs of opposites conflicting with one another—the pairs of opposites, good and evil, right and wrong, etc. Of course from the standpoint of human expediency there is always a right and a wrong way—relatively, relative to the concrete circumstances and conditions—of doing everything. But to imagine that salvation from the illusion of mortal selfhood is to be attained to by hotly espousing the cause of one of a pair of opposites, is one of the greatest blunders that could be perpetrated. To do so is merely to honour the divided-against-selfness of the illusion of mortal selfhood : is merely to hug to one's unmanly bosom the prince of this world and to seek at-one-ment with him !

When the being in prison and being punished are all over and the trial begins, then will it be patent to all that there never (genuinely) was either a crime or a criminal. Can there be a crime without a criminal to perpetrate it ?

It would appear so ! It will not be necessary for the judge to say :—" It never happened !" (Neither the crime nor the criminal ever happened, genuinely !) For the criminal will be revealed to be merely an illusion of mortal selfhood and the crimes—the blunderings in Blunderland—to be no more than the illusions of an illusion. How much would that be ? Just nil ! Can you make anything more of it ? I cannot !

Supposing that " he " never commits the crime. Supposing that there is no illusion of mortal selfhood to commit any crimes ? That would be better still, wouldn't it ? Better, and better, and better !

From a standpoint transcending empirical actuality, there is no " he ", no " that ", no " it ". There is only " I " ! " He is I ", " This is I ", " This thou art " ! Of course actual " I " is " he ", " that ", and " thou ", to the knowledge of another. But the " he ", the " that ", the " thou ", for the knowledge of another is only the same innermost being concretely known through the process of dual reflex-ness as the many others. The subject is " I " and the object is " he ", " that ", " thou " ; yes, but subject and object are each the reflex of the other in the natural miracle of reflex-ness within the One-point. One—innermost being—which reflexes itself and is reflexed by itself. And the proceeds of the genuine process of reflex-ness within the One-point and which the One-point is within again, could never be other than ineffable perfection—the embodiment of grace, poise, ease, affluence—made perfect in One !

ON UPRIGHT WALKING

In one of the clubs at which I am an occasional visitor, is a very large dining room. During the luncheon hour it is thronged by a multitude of the members, and the satisfaction of their several needs occasions a deal of bustling to and fro on the part of the waiters. Amongst these is one whose duty it is to take round the drinks previously ordered, so that his task entails constant perambulation of the large apartment. The first time I espied him so doing, I involuntarily ejaculated the Stevensonian maxim on the subject of "Upright Walking". (To this effect :—that it is honour, upright walking each with his own innate sense of the noble, the beautiful, the fitting—termed "conscience"—which we should aspire to : not fame, the general approval of our being and our doing. It is the upright walking, not the public opinion of the walk, which is of moment.) For there was something so arresting in that poise-full, graceful, carriage : so dignified and yet withal so spontaneously and naturally easy. A very epitome of the art of walking concretely visualised ! Having been a frequent spectator at a class where ingenuous youth is taught the art of walking, it naturally occurred to me to analyse the carriage—the fashion of holding the portions of an anatomy—which resulted in such superb progression. I noticed three things about this all-unconscious demonstrator of the art of walking. Firstly, that he carried his head high (as though he were pulling up on the cervical vertebræ all the time), secondly, that his cervical and upper dorsal vertebræ were held straight as a gun barrel, thirdly, that everything else about him seemed to be quite free and easy : a sort of go as you please, so long as you conform to the general movement indicated by the end in view, viz :—graceful locomotion to the desired goal.

It immediately occurred to me that I was here concerned with a paragraph in my own special edition of *The Child's Guide To Understanding*. Here was a sermon, not in a stone; a book, not in a running brook; but devised for my individual edification in the grace and deportment of an every-day, if not an ordinary, waiter serving out tankards of beer, whiskeys and sodas, or decanters of claret, at an ordinary, every-day, club luncheon.

The esoteric interpretation of the parable unfolds itself readily enough. What are the three primary essentials to a graceful, ease-full, walk? Firstly, to lift up the head; secondly, to hold the neck and upper part of the back straight; thirdly, to let go of everything else and let each portion of the anatomy conform spontaneously and naturally to the general progression. And similarly, for us humans, if we would attain to upright walking, the first requisite (in a manner of metaphor) is to look up and to lift up the head. Because the hour of redemption—emancipation from the illusion of mortal selfhood—draweth nigh? Does the hour of redemption draw near? I do not know! Anyhow—sure—it is good to look up and to lift up the head. Yes! and the heart also! Like Stephen, to look up steadfastly into heaven. To look for the things which are not known to mortal pseudo-mentality, which are not visible to mortal pseudo-vision. To ascend in heart and mind to a state of being in which all are possessed of One-instantive-moving-spirit and there continually dwell. The second requisite is to hold the neck and the upper part of the back straight. What do the vertebræ represent in a body or embodiment in consciousness? In the first place, the vertebræ, the spinal column and the spinal cord, start at the head and run right through the body proper, i.e., through the objectification of unconscious being. The spinal column and spinal cord connect up the whole embodiment, they are, as it were, the framework of the whole apparatus, just as the keel might be said to be the fundamental framework of a ship. What does the backbone represent in an embodiment? I have heard people answer:—strength of moral rectitude. To be helpful this statement requires considerable amplification. Moral

rectitude, for each individual man, consists in being true to the characteristics which constitute his individuality. Each individual man is the conditioned expression in an individual manner of the One (Only-ness) which in its innermost being is unconditioned. In a genuine actuality could individual man be anything other than, or wish to be anything other than, this he is? The way I see it, he could not be other than this he is, nor could he desire to be other than this he is! The illusion of mortal selfhood it is which occasions the belief that parts of the mortal selfhood are good and parts of it are evil, and gives rise to the mortal wish that the parts evil were something other than they are. In a genuine actuality, each individual man is possessed through and through of the Only-will—is led of One-utterly-spontaneous-moving-spirit—which in its innermost being is unconditioned, therefore in its innermost being *free*. Yes, but in the seeming of mortal experience, the mortal purports to be possessed of a will—of a spirit—divided against itself (the devil) and to be a sort of shuttlecock, batted about between the supposed fractions of a will divided-against-itself, now batted in one direction, now batted in another. Striving with "unconquerable constancy" to be true to a will—a spirit—a selfhood—an individuality—divided-against-itself. And the only effectual antidote to this seeming of conflict is to lift the mental gaze to the Cross—grand Verity—which reveals the genuine individual man giving expression to One-moving-spirit in an utterly spontaneous, heart-whole, fashion. The genuine individual man could never do anything else than hold his neck and back straight as a gun barrel, for it is constancy to his individuality which a straight back symbolises in man. A straight back might be said to typify, for each individual, faithfulness to his individual Christ idea. Why do I call it a Christ idea? Because the essence of the Christian mission was to demonstrate the oneness of all and the all-ness of One. That the One-will—the One-moving-spirit—of which all are possessed could never be divided-against-itself and that it has no opponent nor opposite. That being so, how could there be any restraint or constraint, how could there be anything but utter spontaneity—unimpeded activity? How

could anything be other than this it is, how could anything wish to be other than this it is? The Christian mission explained and demonstrated that (genuine) actuality is the One seen through the interposition of the Mayas as the many—as many ideas of the One. And that the host of men are the in Itself One made manifest as multiplicity of many ideas, each one individual.

Walking upright each with his own individual conscience every minute of the day! It sounds as easy as falling off a log, does it not? On the contrary, for each individual human, it is about the most bewildering, perplexing, and apostatic proposition under the sun! Apostatic in that each definite decision arrived at, must be for the individual in some degree and measure an apostacy.

R. L. Stevenson has pithily uncovered the perfidy and inefficiency of the human conscience in one of his poems. Wherein he points out that of all the scourges that the mortal can fear, the loss of his pals, the lack of the wherewithal to lead a full life, the fooling caprices of a young woman. There is just one thing he cannot stick at any price, and that is the human conscience. Only the canting moralist prescribing an absolute right and an absolute wrong with fatuous inconsequence could imagine that the dictates of human conscience are clear and unequivocal! For the conscience, like everything else as known to the human, is divided against itself. For a start, that conscience has the invidious task of trying to represent two parties whose aims are rarely convergent—whose interests are frequently in rank antagonism. On the one hand there is the mental complex of the individuality; naturally it is supremely individualistic and opines that the highest right is the vindication of individuality; that the greatest good of the greatest number must ultimately be brought about through the untrammelled expression of individual proclivities. On the other hand, there is the mental complex of the herd instinct which opines that peace, prosperity, and plenty, for the community can be secured only through the subordination of individual interests to those of the herd: can only be secured through the individual being prepared, during a portion of his time at

any rate, to pluck out his individual eye and to cut off his individual hand. And these—individual instinct and herd instinct—are frequently contrary the one to the other, so that the human *cannot* do the thing that he would. For subject to the sway of these contending impulses, the human does not know which is the thing that he wills to do, for the human purports to be divided against himself! Here again, as always, what is the universal specific for the seeming of a will divided-against-itself? Answer:—Prayer or autosuggestion of transcendent truth! The higher the fewer, for the higher or the more complete the transcendent verity autosuggested, the fewer the occasions upon which duty to the community will seem to conflict with spontaneous expression of individuality, the fewer the instances in which the spontaneous exercise of individual proclivity seems to conflict with joyful service of all-fellows. In genuine actuality, the inward and the outward are united, at-one through the "within" of all: the self and the not-self are not separated into two distinct spheres each mutually exclusive of the other, all being is at-one—perfect in One! The illusion of mortal selfhood it is which purports to be able to divide actuality against itself, into parts congenial and parts uncongenial. In genuine actuality all are possessed of One and demonstrate this fundamental unity in mutual accord and reciprocal service.

Even from the illusory human standpoint, to be spontaneously individual is, in the long run, to serve the community best. But the choice of vocation must be spontaneous and natural, the following of a natural bent and inclination. A fortunate human is he who has a decided inclination and aptitude for a definite vocation, so that his work is his pleasure and his pleasure is his work, filling the hours to overflowing with projects, ardently conceived and no less eagerly pursued. Yes! and the more remote the realisation of the project the grander the adventure? The natural bent of one human may be to be a banker; of another to command the Grand Fleet or an Army; of another to be a steward of the Jockey Club; of another to hunt a pack of fox-hounds; of another to be a supremely comic turn at the Hayley; of another to be a transcendental

philosopher, or an artist in prose, verse, sculpture, or painting; of another to be a farmer, or landlord, or statesman, or lawyer; a rigger, or a carpenter; of another to be a joyful mother of children, to adorn and bless the hearth and home; of another to be a son of Mary, to listen without ceasing to the glad tidings of great joy which are to all people, to keep all these things and to ponder them in the heart, and thus "illum'd with fluid gold" to walk abroad, all-unnoticed may be, being "eyes" to the blind, ears to the deaf, and a cry in the lips of those whose tongue had been tied. . . . , to be to the myriads who had found no utterance a very trumpet through which they might call to heaven." (Yes! For to the son of Mary, the blind, the deaf, and those whose tongue is seemingly tied, are not absolutely real objects-in-themselves, no, these are merely the supposed objective reflex of a subjective misunderstanding—something relative—the misrepresentations of a mortal misunderstanding concerning This which (genuinely) could be made manifest only as the altogether lovely and the altogether sweet.) Each serving the community best by being supremely and spontaneously individual.

"This above all—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

(N.B., the self as known to the mortal is divided against itself. With the best of intentions, this pseudo-self cannot help being false to itself and to all the other pseudo-selves.)

For those, the ruck of us, who have no preponderating proclivities, no vocation outstanding because we are pre-eminently fitted to follow it, expediency indicates some path of duty, the nearest to hand. Expediency prescribes that we shall get busy with something and strive to make the best fist possible of it. Answer the first call, so it be a call in earnest! It does not really make much odds, if so be that we look upon our undertaking and adventure as pages in our Child's Guide to Understanding. By this saving

* Extract from Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis," quoted by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co., London.

grace the path of duty must be the path to glory (genuine actuality). But—more subtilty—let us discriminate fully, let us see to it that we do not make a fetich of this notion "Duty", let us beware lest we should set up a stone to worship. The performance of duty is a great human social virtue, not to be lightly set aside! But to become engrossed in activities whose chief claim to notice is their propinquity may degenerate into mere pusillanimous inertitude. That is if they be adopted through sheer inertness to the exclusion of some higher form of service. It is the old story of Martha and Mary over again! The human should aspire to the highest form of service accessible to him!

For those to whom social and economic considerations seem to raise up an insuperable obstacle to joyful service in a spontaneously individual manner, a frowning fastness, having the seeming proportions and massiveness of a mountain, there is only one thing which can move the seeming mountain. Understanding—seek it *first*! For it could only be in relation to misunderstanding that the spontaneous expression of individuality and glad service to all-fellows could seem to conflict each with the other: so that ye cannot do the thing that ye would! In genuine actuality—in the genuine reflex-ness which is within the One-point and which the One-point is within again—these must surely blend like notes in a harmonious chord! Revealing through their integral accord the universal Principle-unity of which they are the demonstration! So much for the human conscience—seemingly divided-against-itself—which so oft defiles the relatively good, confuses a clear issue, and, as such, is the deadliest gag and hindrance to the wholesome spontaneity which is "His righteousness"!

Now as regards the third essential to upright walking with grace and ease, viz:—to let go of everything except the carriage of head held high and upper vertebræ held straight. This parable of letting go has two esoteric meanings, both of them equally important. Concerning the first, it should be borne in mind that the policy here advocated is appropriate only to the true seeker proper. For the average human who has no intense prompting urging him to seek to rend the veil for one and for all—one

who is constantly immersed in human busy-ness—it may be expedient to adopt a stereotyped system of thought—a religion—founded upon authority deemed to be unassailable. But for the true seeker proper, it is imperative to be continually letting go of his most cherished theories and abstract principles, of his most highly prized theological, philosophical, or metaphysical systems of thinking. In other words to be continually getting out of the ruts which the aforesaid systems would otherwise compel him to shuffle along. (The new bottle of to-day has become an old bottle with the dawning of to-morrow.) This human learning constitutes the "riches" against the hoarding of which we are emphatically warned by the Sage Way-shower. Riches are good things to keep in circulation, but not to hoard! The only constant element in actuality is the constancy of its change. Love cannot be bound by alien constraint—by the dwarfish demon styled "convention"—against expansion into a more all-comprehending, all-embracing, love. No human truth is so lustrous but that it may be eclipsed by to-morrow's vision glorious. The human tends to hanker after settled habits and immobile doctrine! "People wish to be settled: only as far as they are unsettled is there any hope for them"—or for humanity! Now the human in the street, in the pulpit, or in the professorial chair, may seek to bind you by oath or covenant against the acceptance of a higher love or a more sublime truth! "Leave your theory" (and his theory) "as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot and flee."

Concerning the second esoteric meaning. Goethe sums it up in one line:—"Ich habe meine Sache auf nichts gestellt". Yes! Just because I have not set my heart upon any definite thing, nor upon any series of events, taking place in a pre-outlined manner, in any pre-outlined form or fashion—just for this reason—does the world (which is my idea) go so well with me! (What if from the illusory human standpoint, I'm like the wanderer, the sun gone down, darkness come over me, my rest a stone! Yet by my woes I'll be, yet in my understanding and conjectures I'll be, nearer to the realisation of the genuine. Nearer

the genuine !) Just because I leave go of any attempt to shape the events of to-morrow in accordance with the footling mis-prudence of human mis-guidance, mis-reckoning, and mis-take : does the world which is my individual interpretation of the sport of One Bliss, go so well with me. For the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself—just because I “ feel ” confident that out of the boundless, limitless, Ocean of love and sweetness can, in verity, come only this which is altogether lovely and altogether sweet. It is a wondrous wise habit that of just seizing the glowing present-moment and binding oneself by no covenant against the acceptance of a still more radiant adventure if such should supervene. Waiting, committed by no rash pledge given in advance, waiting for the unveiling of the great romance.

There is yet more to be said on behalf of the habit of upright walking. One could not fail to be impressed by the facility with which the unconscious demonstrator of the art of walking evaded the catastrophes which in a room thronged with hurrying waiters might so easily have befallen plate, glass, and decanter. The throng of servitors, each pursuing his own lawful occasion, each crossing the path of the other, merely served to enhance the charm of the graceful progression. There was no hesitancy, there were no ungainly shuffles, but each contingency evoked a fresh exhibition of graceful poise-full-ness ! Plainly the whole process was conditioned by the habit of erect head, straight vertebræ, and letting go of everything else. And it will be the same with us humans, if only by means of autosuggestion of transcendent truth we can attenuate the illusion that the Indivisible could be divided against itself, so that it is possible to walk upright each with his own conscience (his own individual Christ idea) every minute of the day. We shall find that there will be no catastrophes ! In pursuance of our mission we shall not be obliged to shun anything, nor to repress our heart-felt spontaneity. Wherever we be voyaging, by earth, sea, or sky, we shall have no occasion to exclaim :—“ How dreadful is this place ” ! No, for wherever we be, walking upright each with his own Christ idea (straight as a gun-barrel), we can exclaim in all verity :

!—"This is none other than the gate of heaven"! A strait gate may be! Great subtilty may be needed to deal with each contingency as it arises. But the requisite subtilty—that which permits of each combination of circumstances being dealt with (not in accordance with some inapposite rule of thumb, but) as the niceties of the concrete case demand—will reveal itself as needed, if so be that we ignore the shriek of faction and walk straight before us, each by the light of his own individual Christ idea. For the individual man, his own individual Christ idea is the only wisdom, the only justice, the only virtue, the only joy, the only beauty, so far as he personally is concerned. Moreover, in genuine actuality, to conform to it utterly is the only possibility! Yes! but the human purports to be an incarnation of the devil, a will, a moving-spirit, divided-against-itself. And it is only through the attenuation of this illusion, by means of autosuggestion of transcendent truth, that he is enabled, in some measure, to hold spontaneously, without the seeming of conflict, to the ideal which should unfalteringly and unswervingly be his. Happy is the human that findeth wisdom and getteth understanding. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things which an unenlightened human can desire are not to be compared unto her. Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace!

Walking upright with a conscience whose dictates are rendered single and unequivocal by the lustration of prayer or autosuggestion of transcendent truth, nothing can collide with the man nor he with anything. The path of the just (the upright walker) is as the shining light, that shineth more and more until the perfect day. The perfect day in which it shall be revealed that there are not two of each of us, (1) a damnable mortal, experiencing one damned thing after another, and (2) the perfect man, but only one of each of us, the perfect man exulting in the exquisite grace and poise-full ease of upright walking. The perfect day in which it shall be revealed that all actuality is the One seen through the interposition of the Mayas as many spontaneous unrestricted lives, as many spontaneous unrestricted loves, as many spontaneous unrestricted energies, as many

spontaneous unrestricted graces, as many spontaneous unrestricted joys, as many spontaneous unrestricted beauties, as many spontaneous unrestricted wills—moving spirits—understandings—wisdoms—intelligences—all perfect in One ! The perfect day in which universal concinnity is the profoundly natural and inevitable, for in the perfect day it is felt universally that :—Within One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again !

PERFECT FREEDOM

What is "freedom"? Just pause and consider the precise mental abstractions which this word labels! I can think of two—by no means identical. In one sense the term is employed to denote "liberty", the liberty to do as one pleases. The phrase "as one pleases" inevitably presupposes that one's actual volition is definitely conditioned, that one definitely pleases to be this and definitely not to be that: that one definitely pleases to do this and not to do that.

In concrete experience, one can easily think of some degree of relative freedom, some degree of relative liberty to do as one pleases. But this freedom is only comparative, greater freedom or liberty to do as one pleases than is enjoyed by some other being. We set out however to discuss "perfect freedom", which is something quite different!

The theological "Realist" affirms that the service of his postulated object-in-itself Deity is perfect freedom. I submit that the service of an alien, however benevolent the alien, could never be "perfect freedom"—i.e., perfect liberty to do as one pleases. This service of an alien Deity might well be some degree of relative freedom, comparatively greater freedom than that enjoyed by one who was the sport of a will divided against itself. Yes! But the only possible way in which actual definitely conditioned being could attain to perfect freedom would be if that actual being in its innermost being, through the "within", were at-one with the Only-totality! There could then be no alien to hamper nor impair the perfect freedom. Actual being possessed through and through of a will which in its innermost being were the Only-will—actual being possessed through and through of a moving-spirit which in

its innermost being were the Only-moving-spirit—would enjoy perfect freedom. I submit that there could be no actual perfect freedom on any other basis! Consider it well! How could there be perfect freedom under any other conceivable conditions?

The word "freedom" is attached as a label to another type of mental abstraction. In this sense, the word "freedom" denotes the state of being unconditioned. No actual being could be unconditioned being! For the spheres of the concepts "actual" and "conditioned" overlap considerably in this connection! Only the unconditioned could be free in this meaning of the word! The "unconditioned" must be One!

Now this oneness of the One (Unconditioned) is a unique type of oneness! There is no other type of oneness like unto it! What constitutes the oneness of the One? This type of oneness is not the same as the oneness of an object, for an object is one in contradistinction to a multiplicity of objects, or a multiplicity of that particular type of object. Nor is it the same as the oneness of a concept, for a concept is one in that it has been abstracted from a multiplicity of objects or concrete ideas. The One (in its innermost being) is One in that (in its innermost being) it transcends all conditions—all the forms and fashions of knowing conditioning actual knowledge, in relation to which alone could the subjective notion of, or the concrete perceptibility of, more than oneness arise!

In a genuine actuality, all the items severally composing it enjoy perfect freedom seeing that they are all the conditioned manifestation of this One which in its innermost being is unconditioned. Consider it well! The only actual perfect freedom consists of transcendental at-onement (through the "within") with the One-totality! In a genuine actuality, in a state of genuine being, this transcendental at-onement with the One is universal! What a gorgeous "feeling" this perfect freedom must be! Definitely conditioned demand and definitely conditioned supply each the reciprocal reflex of the other! If one thinks about it, there could be actual perfect freedom only in a state of being in which definitely conditioned actual

demand and definitely conditioned actual supply were each the inseparable reflex or correlative of the other ! Perfect freedom could exist only on this basis !

The only obstacle to this perfect freedom, here, now, is the illusion of mortal selfhood—the illusion that there could be an interposition of the Mayas supposedly disproportionately extended. Consider it well ! There could be no other obstacle to instinctive subjective understanding of complete at-one-ment with the One-totality—which is perfect freedom, which is rest-full activity perfect in One ! The Cross—grand Verity—sets this illusion of mortal selfhood at naught—eternally and infinitely. So be of good cheer ! Into the understanding of this perfect freedom all are being borne irresistibly ! Genuinely, there never could be anything but " perfect freedom " ! Perfect freedom is perfect heart's ease !

THE ATTAINABLE

Human conscious misunderstanding is apt to banish all health, wholeness, all sublimity, to the far away by mentally projecting all complete and perfect sublimity onto an object-in-itself Deity, deemed to be somewhere else, outside there ! This object-in-itself Deity, in which is vested the only perfection, by this mental process becomes " another ", " the other ", becomes " He ", becomes " Thou ", " That ", or " It " !

In " Thatness ", in any belief in " Thatness ", is dis-ease ! In order that misunderstanding may be swallowed up of understanding, in Thatness we must see beyond Thatness—" Thatness " must be swallowed up of " Thisness ". Only in " Thisness "—only in instinctive understanding that " This is I ", that " He is I ", that " This thou art "—can the bee of the heart be entirely immersed and desire no other joy ! (After Kabir.)

Genuinely, actuality consists of " I AM THIS I AM " ! Or :—" THIS just IS THIS which THIS IS and beside THIS there is nothing ! "

In " Thisness ", in instinctive understanding that there is naught but " Thisness ", perfection of sublimity is easily attainable—within and without !

TRUTH AND SPLENDOUR

"Pilate saith unto him, what is truth?" Browning
through the mouth of Paracelsus makes reply :—

"Truth is within ourselves ; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
There is an inmost centre in us all,
Where truth abides in fullness ; and around,
Wall upon wall, the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect, clear perception—which is truth,
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Binds it and makes all error : and to KNOW
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendour may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light,
Supposed to be without."

Through and through is human conscious mentality, *qua* human mentality, full of poison. It is so hard for it to escape the thralldom of the pairs of opposites conflicting with one another. Do you remember in Dickens' Christmas Carol how Marley dragged about with him a chain composed of cash-boxes, ledgers, etc., which made a hideous jangling and clanking whenever he moved. And Scrooge was warned by the spirit that the chain which he dragged about with him was considerably longer than Marley's chain. For all Scrooge-like busy-ness and activity added to the clanking chains which encircled him. It is just the same with us humans when we attempt to seek for truth by means of human intellectualism and human ratiocination. The busy-ness of human conscious pseudo-mentality merely adds to the shackles hobbling us, or purporting to do so. Our mythical ancestors, Adam and Eve, were hobbled by one pair of opposites, only, viz :—good and evil. Since then human pseudo-mentality has

multiplied the illusion of one pair into the illusion of legion. A legion of devils! The more strenuous the search for truth by means of human intellectualism, the greater the length of the fettering chains. So that the up-to-date human, Laocoon-like, writhes in multiple constraints which enforce pang on pang and stifle gasp on gasp. To the original theme of an illusory pair of opposites—good and evil—there has been added the illusory pairs of opposites—the spiritual and the carnal, the spiritual and the material, truth and error, etc., *ad nauseam*.

Do not set the "spiritual" and the carnal or the material in antagonistic opposition the one to the other! Such a mental contortion being devoid of any precise meaning is no help but a hindrance in the quest for genuineness. Abstract, rational, knowledge analyses actuality and discloses that this may be considered (in abstract, rational, knowledge) as a duality. Subjectively, "within," there is a definitely conditioned moving-spirit which has as its reflex the actual objectification of this subjective moving-spirit. The subjective moving-spirit is the notion of a definite type of activity (active or passive) plus the desire to actualise and substantiate the notion. This subjective desire is more of an instinctive "feeling" than a desire arrived at by a process of deliberate ratiocination. As such, it fades away by delicate degree of gradation into the hidden depths of the unknown, into this which we vaguely term the "unconscious", into this which is invested with no formality or form by form-giving mind. The formality of the form-giving mind with which we are familiar is the forms of knowing. (1) time, (2) space, (3) causality (the notion of the capacity to act or to feel in general). The subjective notion causality has as its objective reflex or correlative matter (not necessarily the matter of mortal experience, for this is the supposed objective reflex of an illusory distortion of form-giving). Concrete matter is the objective substantiation of the forms of form-giving mind. Genuinely, it is not in antagonistic opposition to the subjective moving-spirit: genuinely, it is the objective reflex of this, necessarily in perfect accord with this, seeing that it is merely the same externalised and objectified.

"Realism" postulates that an object-in-itself, outside there, is the cause of a subjective idea. Experts who have given the subject profound consideration say:—"We cannot tell whether it be an intellectual process which gives rise to a subjective sensation or whether it be a subjective sensation which gives rise to an intellectual process". And when we say "gives rise to" we merely indicate that the one precedes the other by an inappreciable interlude of time. (And time is merely a fashion of knowing of the knowing subject, properly speaking of subjective not of objective origin.) In either case, the notion of acting enters into the proceedings, if the subjective sensation does not act upon the intellect, the intellect must act by giving rise to the sensation. There can be no perception without the notion of the capacity to act entering into the proceedings. Matter in the abstract is the objective reflex of the subjective notion of the capacity to act in general. (N.B., the space, outside there, in which "realism" believes that the object-in-itself exists which is the *cause* of a subjective idea, that space is a subjective fashion of knowing conditioning the actual knowledge of the actually knowing subject.) To assert that there is no matter is to assert that there is no actuality. Actuality—life—actual being—is a process of reflex-ness in which subjective moving-spirit reflexes to itself the wherewithal to consummate the actualisation of the moving-spirit. Do not make an enemy of the material or the carnal (its the same thing), to do so is to banish genuine actuality to the far away. There can be no actuality without matter—the objective reflex of the forms of form-giving mind.

The concrete matter of mortal experience is the supposed actual embodiment of an instinctive subjective notion of antagonism and contrariness, of impediment. Yes! And it is quite legitimate to say:—Despite the testimony of mortal experience, genuinely there is no antagonism nor impediment. To do so is to take a flying leap into the light. The mortal misunderstanding takes a leap into the dark when it associates the concrete actualisation of discord with definite subjective sensations. A leap into the light is necessary as a corrective to the leap into the dark

supposedly taken by misunderstanding. Faith is required to take this flying leap into the light !

The two most valuable qualities in a perfect hunter, to my thinking, are these, (1) that he will jump boldly without a lead, (2) that he does not want to race the other horses, and is indifferent whether he be going in the same direction as the other horses or no. To be willing to be the first to negotiate a formidable obstacle requires the highest courage, the unknown is so terrifying ! To brave the unknown in good company is comparatively easy. To take a bold leap alone, without knowing quite where one is going to or where one is going to land, is another story. It is this superb courage which is of such supreme value in the perfect hunter. The predicament of the true seeker is very similar. He must make the bold leap alone ! Why so ? Because each individual looks forth from an individual viewpoint, his truth is not, necessarily, the truth of another ; nor is the truth of another, necessarily, his truth. Moreover the " without " as known to the mortal is of its father the devil and usually tends to mislead. A definite system of thought needs to be modified and translated into terms of individual truth, otherwise it can be no more than a dead letter which kills. It is the spirit of truth—always individual—which maketh alive !

To a good man on a good horse, when once he is " released from the throes of the blundering mass " it is a comparatively easy matter to keep with hounds. But it is that which happens during the first few seconds, at the start, when often from the most sketchy data the pilot has to decide " which way ", which counts for so much. As the maxim runs :—It is better to go the wrong way at once, than to hesitate at the parting of the ways. What was the right way may no longer be so after prolonged hesitation. If one does go the wrong way *at once*, one can usually take a short cut across to the top of the hunt and have lost little. The case of the true seeker is a similar one. Courage vitalised by faith prompts him to make a bold leap towards that which he deems to be the light. He who hesitates loses the opportunity to take a part " in freedom's crowning hour ". It may seem possible for the true seeker

to take a flying leap in the wrong direction. He can't ! If he be a true seeker, he must find ! The true seeker is led, often by his mistakes, oft-times by his woes, along the pathway to the genuine.

" Truth is within ourselves ! ", that is all right when we have conceded to the poet the licence to which he is entitled. But properly speaking " truth " means correct knowledge in the abstract—correct conceptual knowledge—in contradistinction to erroneous knowledge in the abstract—erroneous conceptual knowledge. Knowledge in the abstract counts for so little, it is " feeling " which is of paramount importance. Let us paraphrase and say :— In the " within " (space does not enter into the consideration at all, the " within " indicates the being within which is so little a being-for-knowledge, and in its innermost is no-being-at-all-for-knowledge) is genuine being. The genuine in contradistinction to the spurious : the terms " truth " and " error " can legitimately be employed only to designate knowledge in the abstract concerning the spurious or the genuine. (Correct knowledge in the abstract concerning even the spurious would be truth, relative truth !) In the " within " is the genuine being possessed of One-moving-spirit—of One-will—of One-understanding—which recognises one glorious possibility of opportunity and could recognise none other ! It is not a carnal or material mesh which hems it in, even from the illusory human standpoint. It is the illusion that the Mayas could be disproportionately extended to constitute an illusion of mortal selfhood which does the hemming in. The splendour is escaping eternally and infinitely, here, now—escaping illimitably, here, now ! But the illusion of mortal selfhood purports to divide the escaping splendour against itself into parts splendid and parts drab, dreary, and damnable. That's all there is about it ! The escaping splendour is felt and known " within ", is felt, seen, and known " without ". And the illusion of mortal selfhood purports to be able to divide the escaping splendour against itself—to set self against self—to set self to harass and impede self. The fleshly, the carnal, the material, as known to the mortal is merely

the objectification of the illusion that self could be divided-against-self and impede and inhibit self ! Consider it well ! To put all the blame on to the carnal or the material is to drag a red herring across the line and to draw the patient line-hunters off on a false trail. It is to bamboozle oneself !

There is, here, now, an inmost centre in us all where at-one-ment with the One—nay more, where the One-unimpeded—abides in full-ness, in wholeness or holiness : and to Be (genuinely) rather consists in setting at naught the illusion of mortal selfhood which claims to be able to divide the escaping splendour against itself, than in opening out a way whence the splendour may escape. The splendour escapes illimitably, here, now—there is nothing but splendour to escape !

The escaping of the splendour is none other than the " Formless " investing itself with definite form through the natural miracle of the process of definitely conditioned reflex-ness.

Do you realise that every time we make use of the term " God ", if we are not very careful, we are suggesting to ourself that all sublimity, all joy, all beauty, is somewhere else—far away—that all sublimity must first be found, outside there, and then an entry into the " within " effected for this sublimity. What more deadly notion could be entertained ? The wonderful, naïve, Jesus shows the way when he declares :—" the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works "—" Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me ". And every time we employ the word " God " thereby implying that the quintessence of splendour is without, we are sustaining the wall purporting to imprison the splendour ! Consider it well !

In the seeming of a wall is a door. Genuinely the door is ever open ! To the mortal it seems as though the door were locked and the key lost. So often the poets, particularly the Oriental poets, fit a perfect key to the door supposedly locked, but they do not tell us how to turn the key and so to open the door ! What do I mean by turning the key and opening the door ? To many people turning the key and opening the door means to deliberately attempt to put things right (right in accordance with that which

human myopy deems to be right) amongst the misrepresentations of mortal misunderstanding by means of autosuggestion (for autosuggestion it is, whatever fancy names the process be euphemistically invested with). Let us keep the issue clear, in its primitive simplicity! The door never was shut, never has been shut, the splendour is escaping right here, right now. But mortal misunderstanding purports to be able to divide the escaping splendour against itself into parts splendid and parts drab, dreary, and damnable. What earthly use is it to attempt to alter the parts drab, dreary, and damnable, outside there, by autosuggestion or by any other procedure, when these appear to be such only in relation to mortal misunderstanding? Surely the only valid and effectual method of procedure would be to seek *first* that misunderstanding should be swallowed up of understanding. It is through the effective agency of understanding that this which escapes is invested with actual splendour, that its splendour is actually and concretely felt, seen, and known. All actuality, as such, is actually such, only in relation to definitely conditioned understanding!

"Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door" I, the living presence of the understanding of the transcendental oneness of all and of the transcendental all-ness of One, am the door! The living presence of this understanding could never divide the escaping splendour against itself! This is an eternally open door through which escapes splendour and naught else!

Take up the Cross, daily, hourly, minutely, it crosses out eternally and infinitely the illusion that the Mayas could be disproportionately extended to constitute an illusion of mortal selfhood. N.B., the mystic symbol "the Cross" has no connection with the notion that it is virtuous for the human to force himself to do that which he does not like to do! On the contrary "the Cross" is this which reveals that there is nothing but the splendid, the ineffably attractive, the inexpressibly thrilling, to escape through the open door of the process of reflex-ness!

Pegasus was the winged horse mounted upon whom

Bellerophon slew the Chimæra (fabulous monsters), and upon whom he attempted to fly to heaven. When one seeks *first* to put things right (right in accordance with that which human myopy deems to be right) amongst the misrepresentations of misunderstanding by means of autosuggestion of truth, one is attempting to put Pegasus in harness. To do so is to outrage the dignity of the winged horse! (To do so is to prostitute the most blessed sacrament!) Like Bellerophon one will fall back to the earth whilst Pegasus continues his daily flight to heaven. The aim in mounting upon Pegasus should be to reveal that the Chimæra are chimerical, the supposed creatures of a supposed distortion in form-giving. Do not attempt to slay the Chimæra by fighting against them, in defiance of the Christian injunction:—"I say unto you that ye resist not evil"! Just be content for the winged horse to reveal the chimerical nature of the fabulous monsters—this is to fly to heaven or rather for it to be revealed the heaven is "within", right here, right now!

There is an inmost centre in us all, right here, right now, where heaven abides in full-ness. Genuinely all are at-one with the One which is heaven, here, now!

Similarly, there is an inmost centre in us all where life—love—energy—health—wealth—strength—grace—joy—beauty—wisdom—etc.—abides in full-ness, right here, right now. And to live—to love—to be energetic—to be healthy, wealthy, strong, graceful, joyful, beautiful, wise, etc., rather consists in opening out a way whence the splendour may escape than in effecting entry for a life, a love, etc., supposed to be without. Nay, rather consists in setting at naught the illusion of mortal selfhood which claims to be able to divide the escaping splendour against itself into parts lively and parts deadly, parts lovely and parts perfectly beastly, parts energetic and parts tired, parts healthy and parts diseased, parts wealthy and parts poverty-stricken, etc., than in knocking down any walls or opening any doors!

Here is an example of how to turn the key and open the door—an eminently practical undertaking!
 "Verity declares—eternally and infinitely—inexorably and

invincibly—that (genuinely) there is infinity of splendour abiding in full-ness at the inmost centre of all, and that this splendour is escaping illimitably ! There are no walls upon walls, no closed doors, no grimy windows, nor anything at all to prevent the splendour escaping. Nor is there (genuinely) any disproportionate extension of the Mayas to constitute an illusion of mortal selfhood, claiming the power to divide the escaping splendour against itself. There is naught but ineffable splendour to escape, and there is no mortal misunderstanding to stultify the escaping splendour. All is ineffable splendour within and without. The splendour which is 'within' is 'without,' I feel, see, and know this and naught else !''

That is what is known as an autosuggestion of transcendent truth, i.e., of the truth transcending mortal misunderstanding. In order to be efficacious it should be embarked upon with no aim, object, nor aspiration, save that misunderstanding should be swallowed up of understanding universally.

Genuinely, all are possessed through and through of One-lustrous-splendour. There is naught to be expressed nor recognised save One-lustrous-splendour ! Lashings of joy-full, ease-full, poise-full, splendour ! The whole universe rests and revels in making manifest the lustrous splendour of the Unimpeded Simple One, and yet the One Itself remains unknown !

EX PEDE HERCULEM

"He that is washed, needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit". John 13:10.

The foregoing maxim was uttered by the Sage Way-shower in connection with the ceremony of washing the feet of the disciples when they were gathered together to participate in the Last Supper. Like every other incident in the Drama *par excellence* it has a profound esoteric meaning.

Who was it that washed the feet of the disciples (when in Thatness we see beyond Thatness)? It was the living presence of understanding!

Now although mortal misunderstanding (the beam which purports to be in very mortal eye) is most conspicuous in conscious pseudo-being, the element in misunderstanding which carries the greater sway, which is chiefly and virtually responsible for the misrepresentations, lies in the unconscious, in the instinctive, pseudo-being—lies in the beam which purports to be in the "unconscious", instinctive, eye. Cast out first the beam which purports to be in the "unconscious" eye, and the entire being is whole and clean every whit! The entire body—the objectification of both conscious and unconscious being—is full of light.

In this connection it is appropriate to recall that just as the hands represent the executive activity of the conscious being, so the feet represent the executive activity of the "unconscious" being. When we take a ramble through the Newlands Vale, over Buttermere Hause and Honister into Borrowdale, each step unfolds a new panorama. By means of the executive activity of feet, the perceiving eye, the body, together with the intuitive understanding to which these minister are conducted to fresh feeling. The

perceiving eye and the understanding working in conjunction with it, elaborate the Newlands Vale, towering Robinson, Buttermere, etc. N.B., towering Robinson is a feeling, not an object-in-itself! Perhaps you will say:—"There must be an object-in-itself Robinson, for all who pass that way perceive Robinson." They do, but all are possessed (more or less) of the same understanding (or misunderstanding) directed upon its course by (more or less) the same "unconscious" executive activity of feet. The feeling experienced, however, varies stupendously between rambler and rambler. Is the feeling—Robinson—the same to the mystic poet and to a matter of fact vulgarian, to one who computes the value of the ramble solely in terms of the units of swallowing capacity engendered thereby? Through the activity of understanding (or misunderstanding) directed upon its course by the executive activity of feet, that which lay (in potentiality) within the fathomless depths of the formless assumes actual, definite, form and fashion. Thus through the executive activity of feet directed by the "unconscious" eye does experience and environment unfold to "feeling." The executive activity of the hands would not be of much account if it were not directed by the eye, would it? (The sense of touch is a less elaborate fashion of seeing.) If the eye saw all cock-eye, the betting is that the executive activity of the hands would be all cock-eye also. Similarly with the "unconscious" being. The executive activity of feet directed by an "unconscious" eye which is single, guide along the way of peace: i.e., unfold an experience and environment fraught with ineffable concinnity. But the executive activity of pseudo-feet misdirected by an "unconscious" eye purporting to have a thumping great beam in it, mislead into the nethermost hell! Therefore if one would seek peace and freedom, and ensue these, the first essential is to cast out the beam which purports to be in the "unconscious" eye. This being effected, the beam is gone out of the conscious eye also. How shall we set about casting the beam out of the "unconscious" eye so that feet shall guide along the way of peace? Is it any manner of use to attempt to wash the head, by adopting a

new fashion of "thought", by hotly espousing a new abstract theory? A new theory (if it be faithful to pseudo-fact) can only tell us that mortal experience is fraught with woe, or (if it be unfaithful to pseudo-fact) force the lips to cry:—"All's well! All is peace and harmony!", whilst "feeling" and the whole world which is my misrepresentation are giving those lips the lie direct! Taking thought about it is of no avail as an effectual means to cast out the beam out of the "unconscious" eye! The effectual expedient is to wash the "unconscious" eye, or as it is presented in the allegory, he who aspires to be clean needeth not save to wash his feet and so is clean every whit! How shall feet be washed? By dipping them seven times (the complete number of times requisite) in the river of judgment—by partaking of the sacrament of mundane experience in the ardent assurance that this sacrament does make clean every whit. More conspicuously and effectively so, if in partaking of daily experience we autosuggest transcendent truth, with the sole aim and object that misunderstanding shall be swallowed up of understanding universally.

"So after he had washed their feet . . . , he said unto them, Know ye what I have done unto you? If I then, Lord and master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet."

Do we know what is done unto us daily in the automatic process of the washing of feet? Very likely not! But should we realise, in however rudimentary a fashion, what is done unto us, we should forthwith set to work to wash the feet of all and sundry. N.B., no instructions were given that we should wash the heads of others: i.e., attempt to convert them to our own pet, peculiar, theory as to what constitutes the truth! No! it is the feet of others which we are enjoined to wash, so that all may be clean every whit. We can wash the feet of others by casting out the beam out of our own "unconscious" pseudo-eye and by this process alone!

Just autosuggest without ceasing that there are no imperfect objects-in-themselves *outside there*, which it is up to me (*qua* a mortal human) to put right. Genuinely, there

is naught but the conditioned manifestation in a particular, in a specific, or in an individual, manner of This which in its innermost being is One-unconditioned—of the ineffably perfect ! Every moment and every incident of mundane experience gives a cue and a clue exactly in respect of what to autosuggest transcendent truth. To follow this prompting is to follow the line of least resistance in the washing of feet. Just autosuggest without ceasing that (genuinely) there is no disproportionate extension of the Mayas to constitute an illusion of mortal selfhood, but that (genuinely) the "unconscious" eye is directing the executive activity of feet so that they lead all through green pastures, beside still waters, from splendour to splendour, from glory to glory. It must be so, seeing that (genuinely) the "unconscious" eye in its innermost being is One-unconditioned—the Only-totality !

This procedure washes one's own pseudo-feet and all other pseudo-feet in the selfsame process !

LIGHT

There is light in the darkness, Seeker! Day is at hand!

But supposing that the light shined in the darkness and the darkness comprehended it not!

Don't you see? Of course you see that sin, sorrow, dis-ease, want, and woe, are the light shining in the darkness and the darkness comprehending it not. Sin, sorrow, dis-ease, etc., are merely the illusion of mortal selfhood proclaiming it's own ineffable futility and nullity. Is not that light shining in the darkness?

When the light shines in the light, there is no dis-ease. True! But the light shining in the darkness is dis-ease! Were it possible to be otherwise, otherwise it would be. Bank on it! So many people seem to think that ease in illusion is light and that dis-ease in illusion is darkness. Not so! Dis-ease in illusion is the light shining in the darkness!

Genuinely, there is nothing but light for the light to shine in. Genuinely there is no illusion of mortal selfhood to proclaim its own futility and nullity. Genuinely—right here, right now—there is no darkness for the light to shine in!

The destruction destroying in the twilight of dawn cannot destroy anything genuine. It can destroy nothing but illusion—the illusion of mortal selfhood. That is all, if that be anything!

Darkness is nothing but absence of light. Where light is, there is no darkness! In the dawn, the illusion of mortal selfhood is swallowed up of the "feeling" of at-one-ment with One-totality! Demonstrating that:—Within One-point is all reflex-ness—Light—and within all reflex-ness—Light—is the One-point again!

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY

The transcendental analysis of empirical reality discloses that although there is a causal relationship between the concrete objects of perception and between these concrete objects and the body of the actual perceiver (which is for him the immediate object), that at the body the chain of causes and effects ceases. That the relationship between the percipient subject and the immediate object—the body—is a relationship of reflex-ness and none other. Thus the body is a very important instrument in the elaboration of concrete actuality! I submit that the mortal body is a distorted caricature of something genuinely very wonderful, exceedingly beautiful, altogether lovely and altogether sweet!

Kabir has a deal to say about this vessel of the body. He implores us not to seek for flowers in a garden *outside there*. He tells us that the garden of flowers is within the body, and so are the seven oceans and the unnumbered stars. (Which is only a poetic way of saying that all actuality is ideal.) He likens it to a lyre and warns us that it is Brahma (a fashion of denoting the *in Itself* One Unconditioned) who alone can evoke perfect melody from this lyre. The body has also been likened to a temple, the temple of the Whole-moving-spirit.

How shall this body resurrect or rise *again*? The Sage Way-shower indicated the way. He said:—And "I", if "I" be lifted up from the earth (from the illusion of mortal selfhood) shall draw all with "I" to the same exaltation. All includes the body! He led the way by bearing in his body the sins of the whole world. Is it possible to win salvation from the dread illusion of mortal selfhood otherwise than by bearing in one's own body the sins of the whole world, i.e., otherwise than by seeking *first* that

misunderstanding shall be swallowed up of understanding *universally*? I think not!

If "I" be lifted up from the illusion of mortal selfhood, this must reveal that within the body is no pseudo-"I" to create a delusion that the garden could be a woful waste of weeds, nor to occasion the hallucination that the lyre could give forth excruciating discords. It is the pseudo-"I" purporting to be within the body which gives rise to the belief that parts of the body are foul, and that the heart's desire is for the most part unattainable.

Genuine "I" is the conditioned manifestation of this One which in its innermost being is unconditioned. Therefore (genuinely) it is "the Lord"—the unconditioned One—who is within this vessel of the body. This One continually touches the strings of the lyre and evokes the sweet and gorgeous music of the spheres!

To understand all this intuitively and instinctively is the resurrection and the life—is the resurrection of the body and of everything else!

THE PRAYER OF THE LIVING PRESENCE OF UNDERSTANDING

"Our Father which art in heaven!" Where is the Father? In the "within", in the inmost centre, of all, which in its innermost being is unconditioned. Where is heaven? In the subjective "within" of all! Heaven is the subjective moving-spirit "within", which can be known only in so far as it actually moves. In its innermost recesses the moving-spirit is One-unconditioned, as such it has no-being-for-knowledge. In heaven the One-moving-spirit actually moves to the actual expression in definitely conditioned form and fashion of actual life, of actual love, of actual energy, of actual grace, of actual joy, of actual beauty, etc. To the actual exercise of understanding, wisdom, intelligence. To the actual expression of will—will to definitely be this—will to definitely do that

And what is earth? Earth is the objective reflex—"without"—of the definitely conditioned subjective moving-spirit "within" (The "without" is the content of definitely conditioned consciousness) Earth is the subjective moving-spirit idealised, realised, actualised, and substantiated by means of the natural miracle *par excellence*, the process of reflex ness within the One-point—the Father. But if the earth be the objective reflex of One subjective moving-spirit, the will or actually moving-spirit must be faithfully reflexed in the earth—the will of One must be done in earth as it is in heaven! The earth must be all-hallowed seeing that it is the potentiality of Nature in the One actualised and concretely embodied—it is the kingdom actually come, i.e., substantially actualised!

Daily bread—the definitely conditioned supply inevitably reflexing itself in response to definitely conditioned demand—must be available in exquisite

concinnity. There can be no trespasses in the conditioned manifestation of One-unconditioned ! There is no temptation to do otherwise than rest in the seventh day—to do otherwise than rest in the deft, happy, play of One-player ! There is no evil or the thwarting of the Only-will definitely expressed. For the kingdom of earth is none other than the substantial, ideal, actualisation of the power and the glory infinitely available within the Father—the One-point. The Father—the One-point—transcends time ! All notion of time is in the Father and the Father in all notion of time ! Within the Father is all reflex-ness—all form and all fashion—and within all reflex-ness—all form and all fashion—is the Father again !

THE COMING OF THE SON OF MAN

"Therefore be ye also ready: for in such hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh."

What does the cryptic expression "the Son of man" designate? I submit that it signifies genuine actuality, which as the content of the conditioned consciousness of which man is possessed might in poetic metaphor be termed "the Son of man"!

In this connection do not think of an object-in-itself Son of an object-in-itself "God". Genuinely there is only one "in Itself" and this is no thing, no object. The only genuine God is This within which is all reflex-ness between subject and object!

And how will "the Son of man" come? Will it be something coming from "outside there"? There is no "outside there" except that which is the objective reflex of the "within here"! This which is "within" is within, here now! Actuality is the "within" projected onto the "without" by means of the natural miracle of the process of reflex-ness within the One point. There could be no object-in-itself "outside there" to come!

What does it all mean then? The whole of this chapter—Matthew 24—is an allegorical utterance in poetic metaphor!

In terms of precise literal mental abstractions it might be rendered as follows. The illusion that the Mayas could be disproportionately extended to constitute an illusion of mortal selfhood—an intuitive misunderstanding—dividing the Indivisible against itself, is automatically attenuating itself. In a manner of speaking, some fine day this illusion will disappear like a burst bubble. From our human standpoint, the bursting of the bubble may appear to be a gradual process, just as the inception and growth of the illusion may appear to have been a gradual process. In this connection do not let us imagine that some new faculty of rational intuition is being evolved—some new faculty which

has never existed before. Understanding, the process whereby actuality is elaborated by means of the process of definitely conditioned reflex-ness is an intuitive affair—understanding is intuition. Misunderstanding is a supposed stultification of the sublime process of intuitive understanding. (The animal is not possessed of the faculty of abstract rational knowledge, it is nevertheless possessed of intuitive understanding whereby objective actuality is elaborated.)

In connection with the notion of the second coming of "the Son of man", let us rather conjecture a reversion to understanding which was universal before the supposed intrusion of misunderstanding. That misunderstanding attained to pseudo-being during the twinkling of an eye—during the wink of an eyelid, only. Although, from the illusory human standpoint, this wink of an eyelid may seem to have been extended over æons of time. Let us rather say, with "the coming of the Son of man" misunderstanding is swallowed up of understanding again. Could there be the wink of an eyelid over the all-seeing eye? All that we can say is that from our human standpoint it would appear so.

In connection with this notion of a reversion to universal understanding, do not think of understanding as something rigid, stereotyped, unvaried, immutable. The conditions conditioning intuitive understanding and conditioning the processes of reflex-ness change without ceasing. The only constant element in them is the constancy of their change. Moreover, not only do the conditions conditioning intuitive understanding vary, but the poles between which the swing of the Ocean of joy sways to and fro approach one another and recede from one another. Thus the mighty sound which breaks forth in song not only varies in melody but swells and diminishes—increases and diminishes its gamut, the gamut of actual possibility varies. (I speak as a human fool!)

From the illusory human standpoint, the return of understanding sends not peace amongst the misrepresentations of misunderstanding but a sword—affliction and tribulation. The re-union with the Beloved is seemingly accomplished in woe, nevertheless is it a *joyeuse réunion*!

Moreover all are specially warned against the lure of the false prophet—he who indicates a wide gate and a broad way—he who puts forward methods of procedure which commend themselves to a superficial appreciation of the case, methods which commend themselves to human myopy. Easy ways of attaining to ease in illusion. There is but one way to attain to ease, viz:—that misunderstanding be swallowed up of understanding, universally! The only effectual and practical means of bringing this to pass is to take up the Cross, daily, hourly, minutely: to pray or autosuggest transcendent truth without ceasing in response to the promptings of daily experience. This is to make ready for the coming of "the Son of man". This is to prepare a way for "the Lord", to make his paths straight!

And in the "hour ye think not the Son of man cometh"! But every hour of the mortal day, the mortal thinks that it is impossible for the Son of man—genuine actuality—to be revealed, here, now! And in every hour that the mortal thinks that it is impossible for the Son of man to come, he comes! Why so? How so? Space does not enter into the consideration at all! The living presence of understanding is here always—with us always—there is no coming from somewhere else about the business! The only obstacle to the immediate revelation of the Son of man is that neither the heart nor the head of the mortal are ready.

How to make ready? Just autosuggest, without ceasing, in response to the daily promptings of experience:—
 "Grand Verity declares that there never was nor could there be a disproportionate extension of the Mayas to constitute an illusion of mortal selfhood through whose interposition the Indivisible could be divided against itself. Through the interposition of the Mayas (always in concinnate proportion) is the One revealed as the many exulting in ineffable perfection. Through and by means of the natural miracle of reflex-ness is the Unattainable One revealed as the attainable many, making manifest the majestic glory and gentle sweetness of the Unconditioned One!"

Behold! Now is the appointed time, now is the day of

THE SHEPHERD

" Behold the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him : behold, his reward is with him. . . . He shall feed his flock like a shepherd : he shall gather his lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

The foregoing is a great truth related in the form of metaphor, the metaphor in which the Oriental delights. These metaphors are an admirable way of expressing esoteric truths, but, in order to be helpful, we must avoid the pitfall of postulating any objects-in-themselves. We must not postulate an object-in-itself " Lord God," or an object-in-itself anything else. The erroneous notion that there could be such a thing as an object-in-itself is all the same as an illusion of mortal selfhood. There is no distinction between the two !

To deny the limit is to affirm illimitability ! The first sentence of the metaphor, above quoted, has meaning only from the illusory human standpoint. The sentence might be paraphrased as follows :— The setting at naught of the illusion of mortal selfhood will come with strong hand, and behold its reward is with it—the reward is automatically revealed along with it. It shall feed the flock like a shepherd : it shall gather the lambs with its arm, and carry them in its bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young. To deny the limit is to affirm illimitability.

However terrible, however heart-rending, the vicissitudes of mortal experience, believe me, these are naught but the Shepherd shepherding the sheep into the gaping jaws of perfect happiness—into the gaping jaws of beatitude.

The jaws of beatitude are gaping wide—right here, right now ! There is naught else but the gaping jaws of beatitude, anywhere. Right here, right now, the Shepherd is shepherding the sheep—blindfolded, may be, are the sheep ; loth, may be, are the sheep ; unwillingly, may be, are the sheep shepherded ! Nevertheless are the sheep being gently led right into the gaping jaws of beatitude. Into the omnipresent, yawning, gaping jaws of beatitude !

THE TABLE

A table is prepared before me daily, in the presence of mine enemies ! My head is anointed with oil, daily : my cup runneth over !

Supposing that every morning on waking, we were to look forward in ardent expectancy to the day's experience as to table deftly set out before us in the presence of our enemies. As a readily available means whereby the head may be anointed with oil and the cup filled to overflowing. Supposing that every morning each were to say :—I do not presume to approach this table trusting in my own merits (*qua* a mortal). I dare not partake of this mundane experience save as a sacrament for the remission of the illusion of mortal selfhood ; to be fed upon in the heart by faith with prayer (auto-suggestion of the truth transcending the illusion of mortal selfhood) and thanksgiving. In this spirit I dare all ! For the only thing which can be lost in this venture is the illusion of mortal selfhood ! If that be set at naught, the heads of all will be revealed to be anointed with oil, the cups of all will be revealed to be full to overflowing !

The head is the embodiment of understanding, wisdom and intelligence—of conscious utterance and conscious response to utterance—of conscious expression and conscious recognition. To anoint the head with oil is a metaphor designating coronation and blessing. At-onement with the unconditioned One—realised consciously and unconsciously—is the only coronation and the only blessing needed !

A table is prepared before me daily in the presence of mine enemies ! There seem to be a lot of enemies in the daily round of mundane experience, don't there ? The enemies in the daily round of mundane experience are merely the One seen and felt through the interposition of the Mayas supposedly disproportionately extended—the

illusion of mortal selfhood—as many enemies. However many enemies there may seem to be, these are all variations on the original theme of the illusion of mortal selfhood! Grand Verity sets this illusion at naught!

Hastily appraised, the incidents of mundane experience may seem to be no more than “one damned thing after another,” without consequence, consistency, congruity, or constancy! But they are a great deal more than that! The environment of each mortal is the objective pseudo-reflex of the pseudo-unconscious purporting to be his. The elements of discord and futility purporting to exist in the pseudo-environment of each mortal are the objective reflex of the inevitable divided-against-selfness of the illusion of mortal selfhood. Is it not well that the enemy should be uncovered in the light of day, that his insufficiency should be made clear as the noon-day? Thus the enemy is self-accused, self-condemned, and self-executed! Inevitably self-executed, make no bones about it! Just approach the table prepared daily, just feed from off the table prepared so deftly daily and then wait—wait for the head of one and of all to be anointed with oil and for the cup of one and of all to be filled to overflowing.

Let not your heart be troubled at the self-execution of the enemy! To partake worthily from off the table prepared daily, is with thine eyes to behold and see the reward of the ungodly (the bewitched no-one) but—it shall not come nigh thee!

Genuinely, the head of each individual man is inevitably anointed with oil, his individual cup is filled to overflowing, it runneth over into the cup of all. And he dwells in the ineffable concinnity, inseparable from complete at-one-ment with the unconditioned One, for ever—infinity!

THE DWELLING PLACE

" Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in generation and generation."

The Psalms should, I submit, be considered as a marvel in symbolic poetry. Thus, the word " Lord " as employed here is a poetic metaphor to denote this which in precise literal terms must be described as the in Itself One, the in Itself the Only, the in Itself the Unconditioned. To the Oriental dweller in tents, the word " generation " has a poignant meaning, for as employed in this poem it designates (so I am informed) an assemblage of tents. The generations or assemblages of tents were always on the move, shifting from place to place. Are you a home-lover? Have you ever been in the predicament of having nothing more than a few dilapidated boxes which you could call a home? If so, then you will appreciate the soothing charm of the notion of " home " being always with you, of always feeling at home, of always having an established, enduring, dwelling place—without variableness neither shadow of turning—in generation and generation !

In the empirical reality of mortal experience, the illusion of mortal selfhood purports to be able to separate demand and supply. Friends may be separated from us by many lands, many mountains, many tides. Perhaps the " course on earth is o'er " of our special best pal and complementary affinity. There is an empty chair by the fireside and at the tea-table, an empty bed, and a void in the home, which all the faith-full " feeling " and abstract knowledge of the grand verities cannot prevent from being an aching void. The home of our childhood fraught with happy memories may be occupied by strangers, and the fields where we were wont to sport or wander in the bright day-dreams of youth may be given over to the jerry-builder. And yet

(genuinely) :—" Lord, thou *hast* been our dwelling place in generation and generation !"

The instinctive belief in some other object-in-itself dwelling place it is which constitutes the illusion of mortal selfhood. The instinctive belief that the spirit of the first and second Jewish commandments *could* be violated it is which constitutes the divisor purporting to be able to divide the Indivisible against itself and so separate demand and supply. In at-one-ment with the (in Itself) One is a secure, inviolable home and dwelling-place. There could be no separation between demand and supply in the dwelling place ! Genuinely, friends, *the* pal and complementary affinity, home, hearth, park, pleasure grounds, and playing-fields, abide constantly in *the* dwelling place, where supply and demand are the inseparable correlative and inevitable reflex each of the other, and could by no genuine possibility be separated the one from the other.

All actuality is " generation and generation " ! Change and ceaseless variation are the very nature of actuality ! Change and variation are the very nature of form-giving. The form and the fashion vary illimitably, it is their nature to ! Their happy nature ! This which is made manifest in the form and fashion (in its innermost being) alone is without variableness neither shadow of turning. In genuine actuality, it is " felt " that " Lord, thou art our dwelling place in generation and generation !" In the genuine, the whole, wide, breezy universe of actuality is a little cosy corner for you and me—and for all. For the definitely conditioned demand for a definite style of comradeship and the definitely conditioned supply of this definite style of comradeship are at-one in the dwelling place. Both " You and I " are eternally at home in the dwelling place, in generation and generation. There " You and I " have an abiding habitation in generation and generation !

What are " You and I " ? In the concrete, " You and I " are an actual, definitely conditioned, reflex-ness within the One-point and which the One-point is " within " again ! The subjective form-giving of mind—viz., time, space, and causality—has as its objective reflex the form of generation and generation including " You and I." This which is

made manifest in the form (in its innermost being) transcends all forms and all form-giving. This is not in time, neither in space ; but all time and all space—the subjective notion of these—is within This ! Therefore is This (in its innermost, unconditioned, formless, and fashionless being) the permanent home !

Within the One-point is all reflex-ness and within all reflex-ness is the One-point again ! The One-point is our dwelling place, an abiding habitation, without variableness neither shadow of turning ! So that in generation and generation, “ You and I ” are always at home ; happily at home in many glorious mansions, gleefully at home in the infinite Rest Unbounded which is unimpeded activity. All that there is to do, in generation and generation, is to rest in the unimpeded activity and be thankful that the One and Only is our dwelling place !

THE SEVENTH DAY

“ Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work : But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God : in it thou shalt not do any work. . . . ”

In the six days the heaven and the earth are full of busy-ness, but in the seventh day they enter into “ The Rest ” !

There is a very profound esoteric meaning to be discerned in this metaphor ! One of the most instant practical importance ! Theological “ Realism,” seemingly, can make nothing of it, except that an object-in-itself “ God ” has issued an edict that on one mundane day out of seven, human business shall be suspended, and that it is verging on immorality to take part in games on that seventh day !

The Orientals constantly make reference to the Lotus—the Lotus which blooms at the heart of the spinning wheel of the universe. The Lotus is the emblem of rest. Now, just as the oneness of the unconditioned in Itself One is a special type of oneness, so this “ rest ” at the inmost centre—at the heart-of-hearts—of all actual being is a unique type of “ rest.” From the standpoint of conditioned knowledge, the unconditioned must be “ rest,” because it is only in relation to definitely conditioned reflex-ness between subject and object that multiplicity of objects (or ideas) exists, and that this multiplicity of objects can be active, i.e., can act upon one another. So that the concept “ rest ” in this connection is synonymous with the concept “ unconditioned,” and means no more ! Moreover, the “ unconditioned ” being necessarily the Only, there could be nothing to circumscribe the only-ness of the Only-unconditioned. That is another aspect of this unique type of “ rest.”

Conditioned actuality must be active, busy-ness is its very nature ! We find a confirmation of this in the fact that the



THE UNUTTERABLE MESSAGE

human is happy only when he is busy—actively busy or passively busy. But actuality is the conditioned manifestation of This which in its innermost being is unconditioned. There is no gulf separating the conditioned from the unconditioned, for these are at-one and oned through the “within.” (Genuinely) there are six “days” of conditioned activity which are always resting in the seventh unconditioned “day.” Why “day”? In dealing with such profundities, one word is about as appropriate as another. Every human word, every human name, tends to call forth the *error* of dualism, *i.e.*, to postulate a gulf separating the conditioned from the unconditioned. Supposing we call it a grade of being or a phase of being and say:—The six grades or phases of conditioned being rest in the seventh (unconditioned). The seventh is their rest of which they can never be deprived. For all conditioned activity (genuinely) rests eternally and infinitely in the unconditioned One!

It is this mystic notion which is responsible for the biblical metaphors:—“Rest in the Lord,” “They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength: they shall mount up with wings as eagles. . . .” The activity of an object-in-itself must of necessity be liable to be hampered, the energy of an object-in-itself must be strictly limited energy, but conditioned activity resting in One-unconditioned has no opposite nor opponent!

You know the state of rapturous applause we are sometimes thrown into when we suddenly see something done which is exquisitely neat, which with prodigy of deftness saves what would otherwise have been a very awkward situation. The unexpectedness of the proceeding and its extraordinary deftness strike us all of a heap, involuntarily we clap our hands or give vent to some other expression of applause. We delightedly exclaim: “Well, I’m jiggered!” or words to that effect, and then burst out laughing for sheer joy. That, more or less, is what is always going on in genuine actuality. (Except that there are no possibilities of awkward situations.) The whole universe—the whole of the six “days,” the whole of the six grades of conditioned activity—is eternally “still” in

the midst of all its varied activities, "still" because of the unconditioned One. The unconditioned One, which dwelleth in the "within" of all, doeth all the works that are done in all the six "days," in all the six grades of conditioned activity—doeth all the works with the apotheosis of neatness, with prodigies of deftness. And all that actual, conditioned "I" has to do is to say: "Well, I'm blessed!" You must not, however, think of actual "I" as being merely a spectator at the pageantry of deftness. "I" is a duality, the identity of the knowing with the willing subject. In the latter capacity actual "I" (man or what not) is the sublime neatness and exquisite deftness. There is no distinction—no separation—between the conditioned and the unconditioned in the concrete, the distinction between these exists only for abstract rational knowledge. Actual man expresses within him and recognises within him and without, the prodigies of dexterity and deftness. Actual man is the definitely conditioned actualisation in individual fashion of the ineffable perfection indigenous to being the conditioned manifestation of this One which in its innermost being is unconditioned—the totality!

(Genuinely) actual man could never dream of doing otherwise than keeping whole or holy the seventh "day." He is always "still" (in the seventh day) in the midst of all his fervent activities. Waiting—still—hushed with rapturous expectancy—upon "the Lord," the unconditioned One! He rests eternally in "the Lord,"—the unconditioned One!

His heart dances with joy all day and every "day," and he makes melody with heart and voice, crying:—"O praise this Simple One in this wholeness! Praise This in the firmament of this power! Praise This in these glorious acts! Praise This according to this excellent greatness! Praise This with the timbrel and dance: praise This with stringed instruments and organs! Praise This upon the loud cymbals: Praise This upon the high-sounding cymbals! Let everything that hath breath—Praise this Simple One!!" Selah!

POSTSCRIPT

Metaphysic without Psychology tends to be merely an academic theory. Psychology without Metaphysic may be a will o' the wisp beguiling into the morass. Blend a sound Metaphysic with a sound Psychology, add to these Faith, and the Gospel Message in all its primitive simplicity, with all its invincible efficacy, is attained! This Gospel Message can never be adequately uttered by human tongue nor pen; hence Kabir's term: "THE UNUTTERABLE MESSAGE."

A thorough mastery of the technique of autosuggestion is **imperative**. Bearing *ceaselessly* in remembrance that (genuinely) there is but **ONE** Source of All-suggestion—"Our Father"—that dwelleth at the inmost centre of all. And that the involuntary purpose of all "contention" (autosuggestion) is the complete realisation that (genuinely) there is perfect and utter continuity—at-one-ment—between the "Formless" (the subconscious) and all actual form and fashion—between "Our Father" and all perfect-in-form Children. That the only "endopsychic censor" is "Our Father," which is *never* repressive but all-expressive!